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RAID ON A THIRD-CLASS RAILWAY CARRIAGE AT TRALEE STATION, IN SEARCH OF ARMS.



CONSTABULARY CHASING AN ARMED PEASANT.

WITH GENERAL BULLER IN KERRY: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The public curiosity—"morbid curiosity" would appear to be the proper term for it—has been considerably excited during the past fortnight by newspaper paragraphs setting forth that, on a particular day, the trustees of the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn-fields would, acting on instructions left by the founder, open a certain room at the quasi-Gothic institution in question; the said room having remained locked up ever since the death of Sir John Soane.

Mystery! What, a tremulously expectant public might be assumed to have asked, did that sealed chamber contain? Sir John was an assiduous collector of rarities. Perchance, in that locked-up room might be found the dried and grinning skulls of the decapitated traitor Thistlewood and his crew, and the very axe with which the not-yet-discovered Man in the Mask chopped off the conspirators' heads after they had been cut down from the gallows. Or, what do you say to the Highland dress assumed by Sir William Curtis, Bart.—to the Royal horror—on the visit of George IV. to Edinburgh; or, at the very least, to several dozen of "Comet" port?

Well, the Chamber of Mystery was opened on the afternoon of Nov. 29, in the presence of eight of the trustees, among whose names I notice those of Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., and Alderman Sir Robert Carden. It is probable that both these gentlemen knew Sir John Soane personally. The so-called "room" turns out to be a cupboard, inclosing a nest of sixteen pigeon-holes containing, apparently, nothing more important than "documents relating to various public buildings with which Sir John Soane was professionally connected, and to a well-known family dispute." So, then, mystery resolves itself mainly into a mare's-nest.

There is not the slightest use in raking up old scandals; so one need not dilate on the circumstance which led the aged, eminent, and wealthy architect of the Bank of England and the (now demolished) Law Courts at Westminster to cut his eldest son off with a shilling. It may just be noted that the writer of this page remembers George Soane, M.A., the Disinherited, very well, as an industrious man of letters-of-all-work. He wrote, among other things, the libretto (adapted from Théophile Gautier's story of the ballet of "Giselle") of Edward Loder's most melodious opera of "The Night Dancers," for which Mr. William Beverly painted some exquisitely beautiful scenery. Unfortunate George Soane, M.A.—or B.A., was it?

Mem.: There is a characteristic etching of Sir John Soane in the "Maclise Portrait Gallery" (No. 74). Maginn, in the letterpress accompanying the portrait—which is that of a cadaverous, hatchet-faced old gentleman in black "shorts" and stockings—is not very complimentary to him. He calls him "Old Soane, of the Antiquarian Society, ex-architect to the Old Lady in Threadneedle-street," and prefaces his remarks with a quotation from Fielding's comedy of "The Miser."

Mr. Dick, in "David Copperfield," found it practically impossible to keep the head of King Charles I. out of his memorial. The Distressed Compiler experiences almost equal difficulty in excluding from this page the cocked hat of the Duke of Wellington, as worn at the battle of Waterloo, and as reproduced in clay, to be perpetuated in bronze at Hyde Park-corner, by Mr. E. J. Boehm, R.A. The model lately exhibited—horse, rider, single rein, buckskins, boots, frock-coat, cocked hat and all—having been "passed, approved, revised, and settled" (as the lawyers say), it would be manifestly impertinent on the part of the Compiler (who, besides, is not, in this place, at least, an art critic) to raise any objections from an artistic point of view to the work of Mr. Boehm; still, the Compiler may mention that he has already received a round dozen of letters re-echoing his humble protest against a plume being added to the Duke's hat.

Mem.: There is a passage in Mr. Boehm's vindication of his model, addressed to "Atlas," of the *World*, which I do not quite understand. "I also," observes Mr. Boehm, "left out the cropper on the horse's back, not to spoil the outline." I have heard, time and again, of a gentleman riding to hounds and "coming a cropper" in the hunting-field; but the "cropper," as I have always understood, has been "off" the horse's back, and not on it. Perhaps "crupper" was meant.

Thank you, Mr. G. A. Henty, veteran and valiant writer of books for boys (aye, and for men and women, too!), for the pleasure derived from reading "With Wolfe in Canada; or, The Winning of a Continent" (Blackie and Son). It is not only a lesson in history, as instructively as it is graphically told, but also a deeply interesting and often thrilling tale of adventure and perils by flood and field. But I wish to make, Mr. G. A. Henty, one brief and trifling remark. I read a great deal in this capital book of the services rendered to Wolfe at Quebec by a certain Captain James Walsham; but I am unable to find any reference to a certain master mariner—he was in command of a sloop—named James Cook. He was "pilot of the boats"; and his nautical skill and native presence of mind made him of splendid use to Wolfe in landing his troops. The world heard afterwards, and is still by no means tired of hearing, of that notable master mariner and pilot of the boats, as Captain Cook, the illustrious circumnavigator.

"Kindly enlighten me," writes "W. L." (Concepcion, Chile), "as to the derivation of 'I'll put a spoke into his wheel.'" "W. L." proceeds to say that he supposes that the proverbial figure of speech in question has something to do with the Wheel of Fortune. No; I scarcely think that "putting a spoke in a wheel," or the analogous French expression about "Les bâtons dans les roues," has anything to do with rotary luck.

Dear Sir, at Concepcion, did you ever see a party of railway navvies at work with a "tip-waggon"? At a given time, as the waggon passes at full speed a long stick is thrust between the spokes of one of the wheels, and almost immediately "tip," or

over, goes the waggon, discharging its contents over the incline. Chile is a long way off; else I would advise my correspondents to try to see Mr. Heywood Hardy's capital picture of "a tip-waggon" just on the point of "tipping," drawn from nature as the Kettering and Manton Railway was in course of construction.

Mem.: Why do English geographers spell Chile "Chili"? Anglo-American geographers and journalists spell it as the Spaniards do.

I generally receive about five spiteful letters—anonymous, of course—every week. I was consigning the last batch of spitefulness to the waste-paper-basket, when the following nice little query caught my eye: "Why do you use the first person singular so often? Fifty times, and more, in your present 'Echoes,' do we read, 'I, I, I.' It is always the same."

Spiteful Sir, do you know why a donkey has ears? I write "I" very often, because I write in the first and not in the third person singular. How would you have me express myself? "Numskull has received another anonymous letter?" "One was passing through Regent-street, when one saw someone whom one knew one-and-twenty years ago"? If I wrote "we," would that accord with the initials with which this page is signed?

Mem.: It is generally on post-cards that the spiteful and anonymous persons write. I suppose that they think that I shall become an object of loathing and derision to the letter-carrier, who reads (only he doesn't read) the abusive cards; and that the parlour-maid who brings them in will consider her employer to be a monster of iniquity because I have spelt Hellas with one "l." Here is a kindly soul (on a post-card) who abuses me for having written "Anglesea" instead of "Anglesey"—"the island of the Angles." I turn to "Oliver and Boyd's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World" (Edinburgh, 1883), to "Ainsworth's Illustrated Universal Gazetteer," and to "Chambers' Encyclopædia," and I find "Anglesey" or "Anglesea."

I wonder whether any other writers, infinitely my superiors, have, writing in the first person singular, often fallen into the sin of "I, I, I-ism." Let me see. I take up the "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada," by James Anthony Froude, M.A. In the preface of eighty-eight lines (say, 792 words) "I" will be found repeated twenty-two times. Next, I turn to "The Spectator," No. 1, March 1, 1710-11. In a hundred and twenty lines (say, 1300 words) "I" is repeated forty-one times. In thirty lines of the introduction of "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy" ("Democritus Junior to the Reader") "I" occurs nine or ten times. So the Distressed Compiler has certainly sinned in the way of egotism, but in the best of all good company.

Original architectural designs are extremely rare; and the very finest of modern public buildings are usually, more or less, modifications of earlier exemplars. Sir John Vanbrugh has always struck me as an architect with an originating turn of mind; but his reward for originality was the suggestion in the cruel epitaph—

Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

The above couplet is a cunning reversal of the tender spirit of the well-known lines in Martial, "On a Slave-Girl, Six Years Old," which have been thus translated:—

Soft be the turf that shrouds her bed,  
For delicate and soft was she;  
And Earth, lie lightly o'er her head,  
For light the steps she laid on thee.

Next to a purely novel design the best, perhaps, is one the existence of which few have hitherto been aware. Do many students of architecture know much about the plans, sections, and elevations for a proposed Temple of Immortality in the Champs Elysées, Paris, put forth in the year 1802 by a certain M. Sobre?

I chanced upon the design in question while turning over the pages of Landon's "Annales du Musée," as a corrective after scanning the engravings in the French illustrated papers of M. Eiffel's hideous tower which is to disfigure the Champ de Mars in 1889. M. Sobre's Temple of Immortality was to be an exact hemisphere in white marble, representing half of the terrestrial globe, with the different countries thereof engraved in outline. Round the widest part of the circumference ran two zones, each about ten feet deep. The first was adorned with the signs of the zodiac; the second was embellished with bas-reliefs. In this lower zone, and at the four cardinal points, were placed the bronze doors of entrance; while the summit of the hemisphere was crowned by a circular colonnade: the columns of dark blue marble, with capitals of gilt bronze.

The originality and the charm of the work consisted in this: that the projected Temple was to be placed in the centre of a circular lake, of which the diameter should be broad enough for the hemisphere and colonnade to be reflected in the water. Thus the edifice would present the semblance of a perfect globe, suspended between air and water. Has this pretty thought ever been carried out, even in miniature? The effect, I take it, would be enchanting.

The discourses of Jeremy Taylor, South, Latimer, and Hall excepted, I do not know many sermons that are interesting as well as edifying. But if you wish to read a lay sermon, nearly three hundred octavo pages long, which from first to last shall fill you with almost fascinating interest, read the just-published "Dogaressa" (Remington and Co.), a translation by Clare Brune—what a pretty name!—of Prof. W. G. Melmonti's "La Dogaressa in Venezia." The text of the sermon is that "All is vanity." In Clare Brune's translation there passes before us a glittering procession of the spouses of the Doges of the Serene Republic. "The dress of the Dogaressa surpassed all others in magnificence; she wore the ducal mantle, and enjoyed for her pin-money the revenues of the taxes on fruit, and she was received at the Palace with extraordinary pomp."

And then turn to the last Dogaressas. The penultimate Dogaressa, the wife of Paul Renier, had been a dancer on the tight-rope; and the last Dogaressa of all, Elizabeth Manin, was ashamed of and detested her high rank. "She would not appear at any of the feasts," wrote a devoted admirer of the last Doge, "but has fled, according to some, to Murano; while others declare she has hidden herself in the steward's house." Vanity of vanities!

At a recent meeting of the Clifton Shakspeare Society, Mr. Leo H. Grindon communicated a note on the botany of "The Merchant of Venice," in which note he remarked that there was scarcely any other play of the Bard so devoid as the drama in question of allusions to trees, plants, flowers, and fruits. Of course, Mr. Grindon did ample justice to the beautiful lines in the fifth act—

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise.

And again, the equally noble passage touching Diana "with a willow in her hand," and Medea gathering "the enchanted herbs."

But has it not struck Mr. Grindon that there is a very good reason why Shakspeare says scarcely anything about trees, plants, herbs, flowers, or fruits in "The Merchant of Venice"? For an equally good reason he says nothing about flowers in "Othello." Fruit, it is true, occurs three times in that mournful tragedy; but *not until the second act, when Othello and Desdemona have left Venice, never to return thereto.* There is one allusion to "planting nettles." Trees are mentioned twice, but *far away from Venice.*

Why have the above lines been italicised? Because I would suggest that Shakspeare had visited Venice (every Veronese is prepared to make affidavit that the poet was familiar with every street in Verona), and that he knew the Queen of the Adriatic by heart. Venice is not a "botanical city"; it is a sea-girt and a sea-sected one; a city of canals and sculptured stones; and in Shakspeare's time "La Bella Venezia" had certainly no Giardino Pubblico. But when the poet gets Portia to her villa at Belmont, which is on the banks of the Brenta, *on the mainland*, he begins to talk about trees, and herbs, and other things botanical. Shakspeare "knew his book," and it was the book of nature and truth. Who told him that Portia's villa was on the mainland? He took a gondola, I surmise, from the Molo to Mestre, and inspected Portia's villa with his own eyes.

In the matter of Russian railway stations being known as Vauxhalls, "A. T. S." Moscow, obligingly informs me that the Russian railway station, called in the vocabularies a "Stantsia," is colloquially and officially termed a "Vogzal," which word is a corruption of the German word "Warte-Saal." Among other Russian corruptions of foreign words, my Moscow correspondent cites "Kreuzmeissel," sophisticated into "Kleitzeister," and the amusingly phonetic Russification of the French *aux fines herbes*, into "O fin zerb." One may also cite the "Vasistas"—the small Judas-trap in a window, occasionally opened to admit a little fresh air in winter time—which is a corruption of "Wass ist dass."

Mem.: There have been forwarded to me two widely different explanations of the reason why Russian railway stations are called Vauxhalls. But enough of the "Muscovs" for this week. I will "Vauxhallise" again, anon.

A correspondent is anxious that the present writer ("I, I, I") should give the public "some recollections of the famous singer, Miss Paton, afterwards Lady William Lennox, and lastly Mrs. Wood. What was her origin, what were the circumstances of her life and death? Did not her father teach her Majesty writing, arithmetic, &c.? Does any memoir or life of this once grand vocalist exist?" The Distressed Compiler pauses for breath. Is there not a Universal Information Bureau somewhere near Southampton-street, Strand, where, for a shilling a query, you may learn who wrote "Eikon Basiliké"; who was the Man with the Iron Mask; what was the cause of the Banishment of Ovid; and who killed Cock Robin? To give my correspondent even an abridged memoir of the once grand vocalist would fill a column of the "Echoes." There may be, but I am not at all sure on the subject, a life of Miss Paton in Miss Clayton's "Queens of Song."

Mem.: I remember the celebrated cantatrice, as Mrs. Wood, singing with her husband (a stalwart tenor) at the old Princess's Theatre, more than forty years ago. She was still extremely pretty. I think that the *ci-devant* Lady William Lennox had passed some time in a convent before she married Mr. Wood.

Vegetarianism to wit. A correspondent at Leeds suggests that my little title-pageless vegetarian cookery-book, published in 1829, was probably compiled by Mrs. Brotherton, wife of Joseph Brotherton, first member of Parliament for Salford. The devotional tone of the cookery-book is due, my correspondent adds, to the fact that it was produced for the use of a religious body, whose place of worship was in King-street, Salford, and who were total abstainers from animal food and fermented liquors. Of this congregation Mr. Brotherton was a minister.

Mem.: Oddly enough, since alluding to the work *sans* title-page, I have found on my shelves another vegetarian cookery-book, with a title-page, describing the author simply as "A Lady." The date 1852, and the places of publication London and Manchester; and on the fly-leaf is written "From Miss Brotherton, August, 1867."

It might be thought difficult to invent anything new in the way of public meetings, especially those of a political nature. Dr. Tanner, M.P., however, seems to have struck out an entirely new departure in this direction by holding what one of the newspapers term "Marching meetings." Arriving at Sligo recently by the night mail-train, the doctor began next morning a series of peripatetic conventions. He marched first, his enthusiastic supporters marched with him, and the police marched after him; and whenever opportunity offered itself he made half a speech, or a quarter of a speech, or the tenth part of a speech, just in the proportion of his being able to steal a march on the "Peelers." He succeeded in speaking for ten minutes from an hotel window. *Solvitur ambulando.* G. A. S.

## THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The first exhibition of this society since the election of Mr. Whistler as president, goes far to justify the council in the bold step they then took. Those who for years have, in spite of discouragement of all kinds, followed the annual exhibitions in Suffolk-street, must have felt that they had long ceased to be representative of any School of British Artists which was worth keeping in evidence before the public. Mr. Whistler, by his energy and personal influence, has brought about something little short of a revolution, and if he does not at once succeed in placing the Society of British Artists on the topmost rung of the ladder, he will scarcely fail to establish his rights to something more than a *succès d'estime*.

It is no discredit to the present exhibition, and still less to the exhibitors, to say that much of the best work in it is imitative. Mr. Whistler's best claim to hold his present position arises from his having established a school; and it would be foolish to quarrel or find fault with younger men who range themselves under his leadership, or that of Sir J. E. Millais, or Mr. Stanhope Forbes, or Jules Breton, or François Millet.

To begin with the President's own work, his portrait of "Lady Colin Campbell" (259), a harmony in white and ivory, will probably attract the most attention of all the pictures. Like many of the artist's works, it gives the idea of too tall a woman, albeit her gracefulness carries off this exaggeration without effort. One meets with it again in the figure "Harmony in Red" (227), as Mr. Whistler calls a belated reveller under an unseen gas-lamp; and in the "Arrangement in Black—No. 10" (312), which is the least satisfactory of his three full-length studies. But Mr. Whistler is not without his rivals, even in ghostly elegance; and the younger Mr. A. Ludovici sends half a dozen works, in all of which he displays no small ability. Of these, his "Terpsichore" (170) is the most important, and "La Première Danseuse" (344) the most delicate—both souvenirs of ballet life, and painted with more than ordinary dexterity. In landscape art, Mr. Richard Toovey's "Thames by Moonlight" (31), we have, too, something more than a mere parody of Mr. Whistler. Mr. Padgett's "Camp Fire" (39), Mr. Hepworth's "Ready" (112)—a girl dressed in grey—and some others show more or less of the same influence. Foremost among the works which stand on their own merits must be placed Mr. Jacob Hood's "Portrait" (250) of a young girl seated, lifelike, dressed in black, and looking directly towards the spectator. There is not in the whole of this masterly work a weak line or a doubtful tone. The artist understood his model and his purpose; and the result is a work of Dutch directness, largely modified by modern French taste and grasp. Mr. Jacob Hood sends two other works, "Jim" (117) and the portrait of "Miss Scarlett" (168), in both of which his power is visible, but not to the extent shown in his larger work. Mr. G. Clausen sends a "Girl's Head" (229), far prettier in feature than he usually condescends to portray, and well worthy of the place of honour it has received. Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, is, of course, strongly represented; and although his largest canvas, "A Summer Day" (245), is, we think, spoilt by the wooden figures of two of the naked boys at play, yet the expanse of sand, sea, and sky in bright sunlight is very clever. In his "Pastoral" (438), done in pastel, he brings out his more brilliant colours; but even here the picture is overdone by the amount of sky. His other two works are a portrait of "Miss White" (231), with a dark background, and "A Village Street" (272), somewhat hard and cold. Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Sur la Plage" (237) has none of these failings. He is not afraid of treating sea and sky with breadth, and giving them their fair share in his canvas; but he is careful to throw colour and interest into his figures and buildings, as may be seen in his "Holland" (23), "Pappendrecht" (49), and "Dordrecht" (323). Another picture which will arrest attention is Mr. Ayerst Ingram's "Incoming Tide" (254), in which the dark stormy waves under a cold moon are admirably rendered. We cannot do more than name some of the more important pictures which remain; and there are many which we pass by with regret at not being able to do them full justice. Among these we must mention Mr. Shannon's "Study" (7) and "Corner of My Studio" (104), Mr. Sherrard's "Lush Grass" (8), Mr. Fred. Hall's "After the Storm" (15), M. Théodore Roussel's "Hettie" (44), Mr. George Hare's "Withered Rose" (58), Mr. Frederick Millard's "Sunday Afternoon" (61), Miss C. E. Wright's "Old Friends" (63), Mr. Godward's "Girl's Head" (68), Mr. Millie Dow's "In the Wood" (71); Mr. Matthew Hale's "Dead" (82), a girl, bruised and naked, lying in the snow; Mr. Norton's "Silver Sea and Shining Sands" (92), Mr. W. A. Finch's "Flemish Peasant" (100), Mr. Stephen Coleridge's "Thames at Chertsey" (107), Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Portrait" (115), Mr. Fortescue's "Fish-Pag" (135), Mr. Claude Hayes' "Bridge" (150), Mr. Ernest Parton's "Old Mill at Tidmarsh" (153), Mr. Henry C. Fox's "Home Craft" (164), and Miss Dora Noyes' "Born to Labour" (167). All these are in the two smaller rooms. Passing to the large room, in addition to those already named, we should mention Mr. Alfred East's "Sussex Landscape" (192), Mr. Sidney Starr's portrait of "A. Van Wagner" (194), Mr. L. C. Henley's "First Impression" (198), Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Leigh" (204), Mr. Carlton Smith's "Morning Nap" (200), Mr. Lance Calkin's "Daffodils" (210), Mr. Stuart Lloyd's "Showery Weather" (243), Mr. Millie Dow's "Hudson River" (253); Mr. Walter Sickert's "End of the Act" (260), a young débutante overcome by a sense of failure; Mr. Edwin Ellis's "Evening" (271), Mr. G. Glindoni's "Music hath Charms" (284), and, above all, Mr. G. H. Gadsby's "Reading the Motto" (282), in which Sir J. E. Millais will find a pupil who promises, at no distant day, to occupy a first place among the painters of children. The boy and girl here seen spelling over the mottoes of their bon-bons is one of the many attractive and solidly good works of this exhibition. In the South-east Room Mr. Melton Fisher's "Convalescent" (311), Mr. Trood's admirable collection of puppies, "Unity is Strength" (317), Mr. Sidney Starr's "Side Glance" (329), and Mr. Woolner's "Golden Age" are the most noteworthy. The water-colours include many good works, represented by Mr. James Hayllar, Mr. T. C. Gotch, Mr. Lessore, and Mr. Wyke Bayliss, but we have no space to dwell upon them. Enough has been said to show that the Exhibition of the British Artists is much above the average of former years; whilst the number of new or little known names we have cited shows that the council still keep in view the principle of bringing forward young artists; and by their careful selection they prove that amongst these are many whose works deserve recognition and public support.

A notice of the Royal Institute Exhibition is unavoidably deferred.

At a meeting of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, held on Tuesday, Mr. Tom Lloyd was elected a member; and Sir Frederick Burton, director of the National Gallery, and Mr. E. Burne Jones, A.R.A., rejoined the society, the former as an honorary member.

## THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

There is always considerable difficulty in rendering account of an exhibition like that of the "Old Society," of which the members are restricted, and whose styles of painting, once fixed, vary but little. The utmost one can say is, whether the exhibition is above or below the usual average, or whether any particular artists have distinguished themselves in any peculiar way. On the present occasion, one is inclined to say that the level of original work is not very high; but against this there must be put the fact that the winter exhibition here is regarded only as one of sketches and studies. It is always a pleasure and a privilege to find assembled together the works of such skilful interpreters of Nature as Mr. Thorne Waite, Mr. Eyre Walker, Mr. W. Pilbury, Mr. S. P. Jackson, Mr. William Collingwood, Mrs. Allingham, and others; but their works suggest few new ideas; and it is with regret that we find Mr. Alfred Hunt, Mr. G. Boyce, Mr. G. Fripp, and Mr. Clarence Whaite unrepresented on the present occasion. On the other hand, Mr. J. W. North is to be seen at the best advantage in his "Barley-field over the Hedge" (15), under the warm setting sun; and Mr. Charles Gregory, in his wonderfully-finished study of the "Banks of the Wey" (276), and in the clear work, "Behind the Village" (248), affording proof that he is rapidly coming to the front rank of our water-colourists. Mr. Paul Naftel, a veteran in years perhaps, renews the success of his earlier day with half-a-dozen delightful sketches, of which "Pont-y-Caffyn" (33), "Devonshire Stream" (34), and "Among the Boulders of Moel Siabod" are the most distinctive. Mr. Herbert Marshall attacks boldly the picturesque bits of Holland over which Miss Clara Montalba hitherto held undisputed sway, and in his "Street Market" (9) and "Zwyndrecht" (121) he touches a chord which is beyond the lady's reach. It is interesting to be able to compare the renderings of their respective impressions of the picturesque town of Dordrecht, as shown in this gallery; and without abating our admiration for Miss Montalba's individuality, we are forced to admit the greater truthfulness of Mr. Herbert Marshall's atmosphere.

Mr. Charles Robertson's studies of Eastern life are as bright and fresh as when, on their merits, he was first elected; and Mr. Tom Lloyd worthily maintains his position among those who see in English agricultural life homely episodes worthy of all the artist's skill and care. Mr. Albert Goodwin is somewhat more fanciful than ever in his "Sunset" (22) and "The Righi from Lucerne" (57), but he has acquired a right to treat Nature à la Turner by his delicate sense of colour. We should add that Mr. Stacy Marks, Mr. Beavis, Mr. Matthew Hale, and Mr. Henry Wallis are especially well represented; and of Mr. Holman Hunt's four studies, those of "Ivy Bridge" (237) and the "Road over the Sussex Downs" (296) are especially noteworthy.

Among the minor art exhibitions opening this week, and of which we are compelled to postpone a more detailed notice, may be mentioned Mr. Sutton Palmer's "English Lakes" at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries (133, New Bond-street), Mr. John Brett's sketches on the Scottish coast, at the Fine Art Society, English and foreign pictures at the Palladiense Gallery (62, New Bond-street), Mr. Vicat Cole's "Summer Rain" at Messrs. Hogarth's (473, Oxford-street), Professor Vinkor's (of Antwerp) picture of "Lady Godiva" at the Gainsborough Gallery (25, Old Bond-street), and Mr. T. Nelson Maclean's statue of the "Resurrection," executed for Wiesbaden, at the artist's studio, 13, Bruton-street.

## ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

The plaster cast of Mr. Boehm's equestrian statue of the first Duke of Wellington has been temporarily placed *in situ* at Hyde Park-corner. Artistically, the figure is a great improvement on its predecessor, which for so many years occupied a place on the top of the triumphal arch. The likeness in Mr. Boehm's statue is less of a caricature, and the figure is seated easily and firmly on his horse, in which a remembrance of "Copenhagen" is well preserved. In the present cast the shoulders of the horse seem too flat and heavy, and the hind-quarters somewhat square; but, in other respects, it is very successful. The first site suggested was on the slope of the hill in close proximity of St. George's Hospital—of which the architectural features are not ornamental. This has been luckily abandoned; and when the casting is complete—about twelve months hence—the figure will be erected on the plot opposite Apsley House.

Miss J. E. Harrison's lectures on "The Myths of Attica" have drawn to the South Kensington Museum a large audience, nearly filling the capacious theatre attached to that institution. Her subject was limited, on the first occasion, to the legends which had grouped themselves around the earth-born, serpent-tailed Cecrops, the first King of Attica, and his immediate successor, Erichthonios. Two most interesting illustrations were introduced into the lecture—one of a kalpis found at Kertch, and now in the vase collection at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg; and the other a terra-cotta plaque found in, or near, the bed of the Ilissos, and now in the Berlin Museum. On the former is a design symbolical of the contest of Poseidon and Athena for the land of Attica; and the latter representing the story of the birth of Erichthonios. The second lecture was devoted to the story of Theseus and the myths which group themselves around this great hero of antiquity. The course will cover the period of Attic art between B.C. 480 and B.C. 300, the most fertile period of legendary myths.

The British School of Archæology at Athens is at last housed; and, as would seem, most pleasantly, in a substantial building, from designs by Mr. Penrose; and copies of the rules and regulations under which students may be received as "boarders" may be had on application to the honorary secretary, Mr. G. A. Macmillan, Bedford-street, Covent-garden.

On Tuesday last, at St. James's Hall, Mr. Edmund Russell, the exponent of Delsarteanism, commenced a series of twelve lectures on Art Principles and Criticism. We described, at length, the aims of the Delsartean in the course of the summer; and we need now only add our fear that the short days of our fellow-countrywomen are too much occupied to find time to cultivate or study this Fourierism of the muscles.

By permission of the Archdeacon of Westminster and Mrs. Farrar, a drawing-room meeting of the Art for Schools Association will be held at 17, Dean's-yard, Westminster, on Tuesday next, at three p.m. Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Percival, Mr. Sidney Colvin, and Professor W. M. Conway will be among the speakers in support of the objects of the association.

A very pretty print, entitled "Saying Grace," after a picture by Mr. A. H. Burr, has been published by M. Mendoza, of King-street, St. James's. The engraving is by Mr. R. S. Clouston, a pupil of Mr. Herkomer; and being a pleasing subject, well executed, it is very suitable for framing.

The Leeds Corporation Fine Art Committee met yesterday week to consider the plans sent in for the proposed new gallery. The plans sent in by Mr. W. H. Thorp, of Leeds, which limit the cost to £8000, were adopted.

## SKETCHES IN IRELAND.

It is announced this week that Major-General Sir Redvers Buller has been appointed, for a short time, not to exceed six months, Under-Secretary to the Government of Ireland, the office vacated by Sir Robert Hamilton, who will leave Dublin at the end of December, and proceed to his new office, the Governorship of Tasmania. Our Special Artist's Sketches, "with General Buller in Kerry," have represented various scenes and incidents attendant on the vigorous action of the Royal Irish Constabulary under the direction of that gallant officer while dealing with the local disorders and conspiracies of the "Moonlighters," whose deeds of violence had spread terror among the rural population. The affair some weeks ago at the Tralee railway station was mentioned at the time in several papers; a young man, about to start by the train in a third-class carriage, having got into an altercation with his fellow-passengers, and behaving improperly, was obliged to come out upon the platform, and the police constables, noticing his suspicious appearance, found that he had something concealed in his coat-pocket, which proved to be a six-shooter revolver. As this was an offence against the law in a proclaimed district, and as he was identified for one of the associates of the organised band of agrarian terrorists, the police took him into custody and led him away to the county prison. The other Sketch is that of a peasant running from the police, who are going to take his gun from him; but he is about to cross a bog in which he may possibly hide it, if he can succeed in getting a little while out of their sight. The nimble Paddy, on his native moors and bogs and mountains, has a natural advantage over his pursuers, with their semi-military regulated pace; and the capture of such a fellow is not an easy feat.

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., is under Government prosecution for speeches made by him at Keenagh, in the county of Longford, on Nov. 5, and at Murroe, in the county of Limerick, a fortnight ago, with reference to the Galway evictions. He has nevertheless continued to address the tenants of Lord Clanricarde and Lord Dillon, inciting them to refuse payment of rent. On Tuesday last, in the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, the case of Mr. John Dillon came on, when Mr. Healy appeared for him, and obtained an adjournment to the 11th inst. The National League at Killarney has announced a popular meeting in the town for Sunday week, with Mr. Dillon and Mr. W. O'Brien as the leading speakers. A meeting at Sligo, which was to have been held last Sunday, was prohibited by the Lord Lieutenant in a proclamation issued on Friday evening, and was prevented by a strong force of police, supported by military collected in that town.

## THE STOCKPORT STATUE OF COBDEN.

The large cotton-manufacturing town of Stockport, six miles from Manchester, on the Cheshire bank of the Mersey, was the first place that elected Richard Cobden to a seat in Parliament, in the early days of the Anti-Corn-Law League, forty-five years ago. A bronze statue of that admirable public man, the work of Mr. G. C. Adams, sculptor, of London, has been erected on a pedestal of Aberdeen granite in St. Peter's-square. It was unveiled last Saturday by Miss Cobden, his daughter, accompanied by the Marquis of Ripon, who made an interesting speech on Free Trade and Reform, and by Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., who resides in the neighbourhood, Mr. Jacob Bright, and other members of the Liberal party. Mr. John Bright was unable to be present, but wrote a brief letter expressing his sympathy with those who honoured the memory of Mr. Cobden, and his strong faith in the principles which Cobden taught to his country and the world. The Mayor of Stockport, Mr. Joseph Leigh, the Aldermen and Town Councillors, with a procession of the townsmen, carrying a banner on which was displayed a portrait of Mr. Cobden, with a bunch of corn and a Free Trade motto, walked from the Mechanics' Institute, through Wellington-road, Heaton-Lane, and Market-street, to St. Peter's-square. There was a great popular assembly, to whom Miss Cobden was introduced by Mr. Alderman Walthew, and by whom she and Lord Ripon were heartily cheered. The Mayor, on behalf of the Corporation, thanked the committee of subscribers for the gift of this statue to the town. The proceedings ended with the singing of the National Anthem.

## THE METROPOLITAN POLICE AND CABMEN.

The retirement of Colonel Sir Edmund Henderson, K.C.B., from the office of Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, has been attended with a very gratifying incident. He has been presented by the cab-proprietors and cab-drivers of London with a handsome testimonial, which he received on Friday (yesterday week) with a suitable address, at an evening meeting in St. James's Hall. Lord Wolsley presided, and observed that the late Chief Commissioner of Police had, besides other good services to the metropolis, conferred benefits on the cab trade, and on those who make use of cabs. It was he who established the four-mile radius, who abolished the secret inquiry system for complaints against cab-drivers, and who relaxed the strictness of certain regulations about plying for hire; he had enabled a driver to obtain a license without loss of time, and he instituted an admirable system for restoring lost property left in cabs and other public vehicles. Mr. Justice Denman, in proposing a vote of thanks, assented to these remarks. An illustration of the lost property office at Scotland-yard, with some account of its working, has appeared in our pages, and we now give one of the scene at the taking-out of cab licenses. The inspection of cabs is regularly conducted by the police inspectors at the district stations, on appointed days in the month or week, in twenty different parts of London. The gift to Sir Edmund Henderson, provided by a subscription to which eighty-nine cab proprietors and 1816 cab-drivers have contributed, is a pretty and very appropriate article, which is shown in the Engraving. It is an exact model of the new Floyd hansom cab, made in silver, every detail of which is exactly copied. The glass windows are made to be raised or lowered, and the doors to open; the lamps are made to remove, and the seat of the cab lifts up to form a recess for matches. The base on which the cab and horse, with driver, stands, is utilised as a cigar and cigarette cabinet, on which is a silver plate engraved with an inscription stating that it is presented to Sir Edmund Henderson, "in acknowledgment and appreciation of his efforts to improve the social position of the London cabmen." This beautiful model is the work of the well-known art silversmiths, Messrs. Hancocks and Co., of New Bond-street, and has been much admired for the excellence of its finish in every detail.

A want has long been felt for some substance which will remove tarnish, rust, or stain, and at the same time leave no unpleasant trace behind. Brooke's soap will answer all these purposes, and must be pronounced as useful as it is economical. It may be used with equal success for cleansing brass or marble, steel or wood. Brooke's soap is not intended for ordinary washing, but as a household requisite for the cleaning of kitchen utensils; and for polishing any bright surfaces it will be found equally satisfactory.



OAKEN FIGURE OF A "BLACK WATCH" (42ND REGIMENT) HIGHLANDER, AT BLICKLING HALL, NORFOLK.



STATUE OF COBDEN, UNVEILED AT STOCKPORT ON SATURDAY.



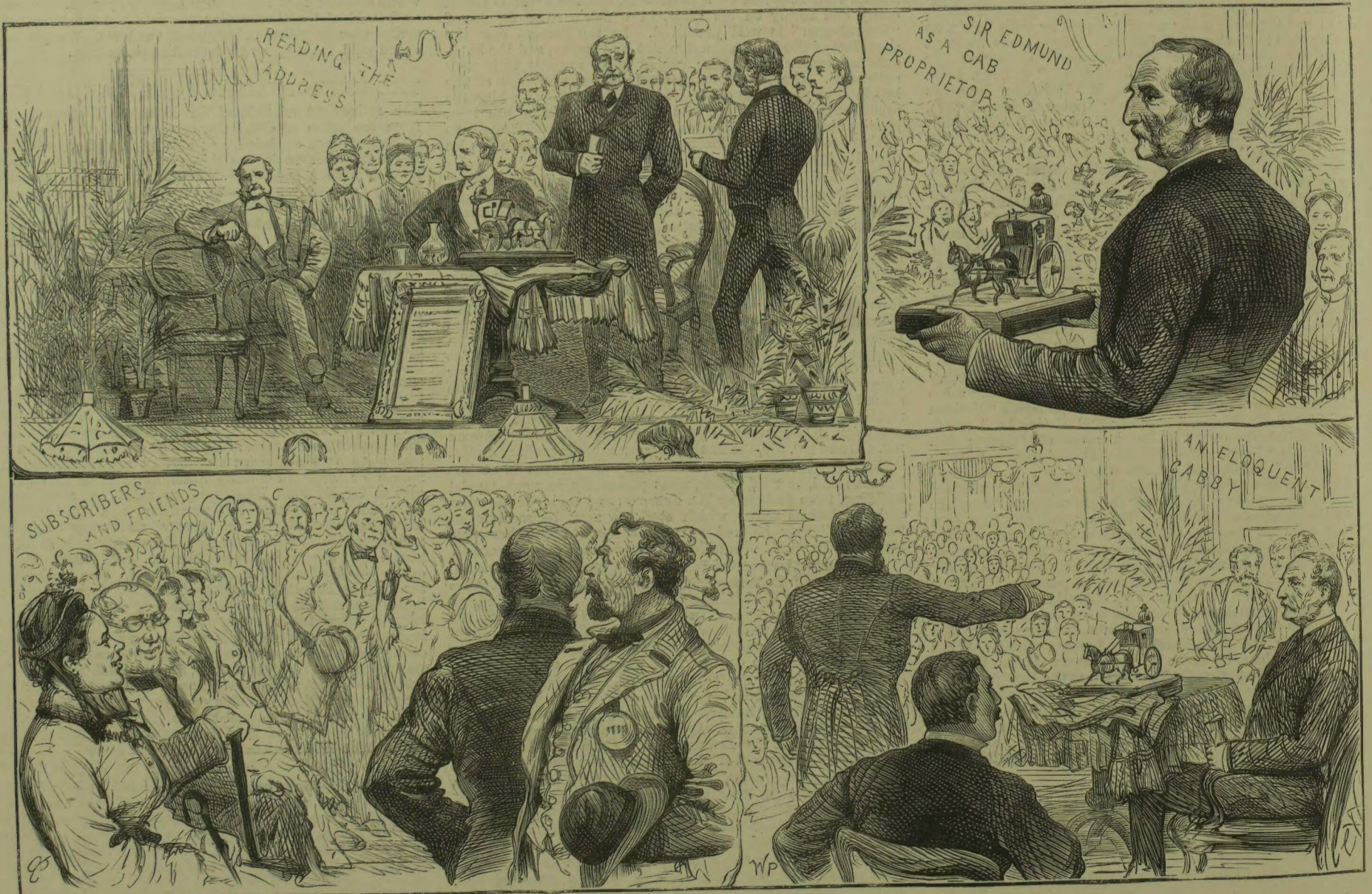
BACK VIEW OF THE "BLACK WATCH" HIGHLANDER, AT BLICKLING HALL, NORFOLK.

### THE OLD HIGHLAND COSTUME.

The discussion that was raised some months ago concerning some details of Highland costume, with reference to the proper original dress of the old 42nd Regiment, the "Black Watch," obtains most authentic information from the figure represented in our two Engravings. This figure has been brought to our notice by Lord Archibald Campbell, is one of the carved oaken "newells" of the grand staircase at Blickling Hall, the mansion of the Marchioness of Lothian, in Norfolk, a fine old Jacobean edifice of 1620; the figures, which are 2 ft. 6 in. high, representing soldiers of different regiments, have been lent to the South Kensington Museum. We invite readers to compare the present drawings with those given in the

work of Mr. Francis Grose, F.A.S., published in 1801, in two fine volumes, entitled "Military Antiquities." Volume I. contains, at page 168, "A Piper of a Highland Regiment"; at page 166, "Highland Soldiers"; and at page 164, "An Officer and Sergeant of a Highland Regiment"; plates illustrating the dress of the 42nd Regiment. The history of the raising of the Black Watch is too well known to need repetition. It is sufficient to remember that the Earl of Crawford, who was brought up at Inverary, under the eye of "Red John," the Duke of Argyll, was the first Colonel of the regiment, when it became the 42nd. The regiment wore the dress of the natives of the district, and this carving is contemporaneous with the epoch at which the regiment was raised. There is one mistake the carver has made, where, placing the knot on

the left shoulder, he has failed to give the portion that was looped up from behind, as, after folding the dress round the waist, and buckling the same by the belt, the end portion was looped to the left shoulder. The placing of one of the pistols high up on the left breast is strictly correct, according to Grose and Logan; but the dirk or dagger point is made to fall on the inner part of the right thigh, which would incapacitate the wearer from going up hill. It is obviously too near the sporran or pouch. The rest of the detail of dress is perfectly correct, and is more accurately represented in our Engravings, especially the back view, than in Grose's work. This figure is to be reproduced by Mr. Boehm, and perhaps in Berlin iron, which will be a good and cheap way of settling the great Highland kilt question.



TESTIMONIAL TO SIR EDMUND HENDERSON, LATE CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF METROPOLITAN POLICE, FROM THE CABMEN OF LONDON.



TAKING OUT CAB LICENSES AT THE METROPOLITAN POLICE OFFICES, SCOTLAND-YARD.

## "WELCOME FOOTSTEPS."

The young woman in an attitude of pensive expectation, in our Artist's drawing, who seems about to be roused by the "welcome footsteps" of her approaching lover at the garden entrance, wears a dress with ornaments of gold coin or medals, like that of women among the nations of the Levantine coasts. But the situation is common to feminine experience in all countries and in all ages, though such details of costume are worth observing, and their picturesque effect may enhance the romantic interest of the figure. Readers of Byron may call to mind how Medora sits awaiting the return of Conrad from one of his corsair expeditions, when he overhears her singing, and comes in suddenly with the remark:—

My own Medora! sure, thy song is sad?

To which the lady replies—

In Conrad's absence, how can it be glad?  
Would that these days were over! Wilt thou ne'er,  
My Conrad, learn the joys of peace to share?  
Sure, thou hast more than wealth, and many a home  
As bright as this invites us not to roam;  
Thou know'st, it is not peril that I fear,  
I only tremble when thou art not here;  
Then, not for mine, but thy far dearer life,  
Which flies from love, and languishes for strife,  
How strange that heart, to me so tender still,  
Should war with nature and its better will!

In spite of this gentle pleading, Conrad will soon be off again, to follow his trade of piracy; and Medora will look out in vain, day after day, for his returning sails, until, as the story says, she dies of a broken heart.

The Bishop of London, who fell last week and broke a rib, has been compelled to forego all engagements for a fortnight.

The Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M.P., has been elected Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University, by a majority of twenty over Sir John Lubbock.

It has been resolved by the Middlesex magistrates to petition her Majesty to divide into two the Coroner's district of East Middlesex, which has now a population of three-quarters of a million.

At a meeting of the Executive Council of the Newcastle Exhibition, the Earl of Ravensworth, who presided, reported that the firm of Sir William G. Armstrong and Co. had agreed to display not only guns manufactured at Elswick, but to exhibit an historical collection of ordnance; and it was agreed that a space of 4640 ft. should be allotted to the company.

The Adelaide Jubilee Exhibition for 1887 promises to be a great Australian festival. British manufacturers and merchants desiring to exhibit are requested to communicate forthwith with the official agent, Mr. H. B. Hardt, who will facilitate the shipping and arrangement of goods on application being made to him at 12, Albert Mansions, Victoria-street, S.W. The requests for space in the Exhibition must be made before the 15th inst.

A quarterly court of governors of the excellent charity the Brompton Consumption Hospital was held in the board-room of the hospital last week. From the report of the committee of management, read by the secretary (Mr. Dobbin), it appeared that since the last court the main building had been dis-tempered and cleaned, and the whole of the beds (to the number of 321) in both buildings had been reoccupied. Owing to the approach of the winter season, when the shelter and comforts of the hospital are so peculiarly valuable, the list of applicants has become larger, and there are now 232 waiting admission. The expenses of the institution are greatly increased in winter, and the funds are sadly in need of help.

Mr. George Hatton, whose name is indissolubly bound up with the St. Giles' Christian Home, of which he is the Superintendent, earnestly solicits help for the deserving poor of St. Giles. He greatly fears that, bad as the distress has been in former times, the condition of many who are personally known to himself and staff of house-to-house visitors is likely this year to be far worse. As in former years, he purposes to provide 250 families (more if able) with the provisions necessary for a Christmas dinner at their own homes, as also to give an evening party to 1500 poor children from the courts and alleys of this needy district. Any donations for these purposes will be thankfully received by the treasurer, Mr. F. A. Bevan, 52, Lombard-street, E.C.; or by himself, at 4, Ampton-street, Regent's-square, W.C.—Old boots and shoes, and warm clothing for distribution amongst the poor would be most acceptable, and should be sent to Mr. Hatton.

The Viceroy of India arrived at Hyderabad on the 24th ult., and was received by the Nizam, Mr. Gorder, the British Resident, the principal British, civil, and military officers, and the chief nobles of the Hyderabad State. The route along which the Viceroy passed was lined with troops, and decorated in honour of his Excellency's visit. On the 25th Lord Dufferin exchanged visits of ceremony with the Nizam. A grand banquet was given in the evening in honour of the Viceroy's visit. His Excellency delivered a speech, in the course of which he eulogised the loyalty shown by the State of Hyderabad. The city was brilliantly illuminated at night. Lord Dufferin left last Saturday night for Mysore, where he arrived on Tuesday evening, and was received by Mr. J. B. Lyall, Resident and Chief Commissioner, the Maharajah, and the local officers. The municipal authorities presented an address, in reply to which Lord Dufferin said that no native State in India was better governed or possessed a more enlightened ruler than Mysore. The town was gaily decorated, and there were illuminations and a display of fireworks in the evening.—General Sir F. Roberts inspected the troops at Mandalay yesterday week. Major Symonds, with a force of Mounted Infantry, has captured near Chindwin the camp, arms, and transport train of the Dacoit leader Hla-Oo, who narrowly escaped with his followers. An English regiment, under the command of Colonel Holt, found the enemy in a strong position at Puzan-Myang, and carried the position at the point of the bayonet.

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## MUSIC.

A French version of "Rigoletto" was produced by M. Mayer's company at Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday week. Some justification for this may be found in the fact of the book of Verdi's Italian opera being based on Victor Hugo's play "Le Roi s'Amuse"; but the policy of performing music which had already been so hackneyed here, and had been so often heard in association with singers of the highest eminence, may be doubted. In the performance now referred to, the title-character (that of the unhappy Court Jester) was sustained by M. Devries with much dramatic power; Madame Fides-Devries gave much pathos to the part of Gilda in the principal situations; and Madame Galli-Marié, as Madeleine, sang artistically in the fine quartet in the last act. M. Vergnet gave some of the music of the Duke with good effect, particularly the popular air "La donna é mobile" (according to the Italian text); M. Dauphin having been a very good representative of the villain, Sparafucile.

The opening of a new season of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts, at St. James's Hall, was briefly referred to last week. The programme could not be adhered to in all its items, the adverse weather having caused the absence of three important artists—Madame Valleria, Madame Norman-Néruda, and Mr. E. Lloyd. Miss Carlotta Elliott replaced Madame Valleria, and extra songs were contributed by Madame Antoinette Sterling and Mr. Santley. The selection comprised some old English ditties and pieces of the modern school, effectively rendered by the artists already named, and Miss M. Davies, Miss E. Rees, and Mr. Maybrick, besides some good part-singing by Mr. Venables' choir. Mr. Cowen's graceful new song, "In the Chimney Corner," and that by Mr. Stephen Adams, "They All Love Jack"—well sung, respectively, by Madame Sterling and Mr. Maybrick—were the novelties, or quasi-novelties, of the evening. Mr. Frederic Lamond's brilliant pianoforte playing in solos by Henselt, Brahms, and Liszt formed an agreeable variety. A morning concert was announced for this week.

The second of the London symphony concerts, conducted by Mr. Henschel, took place at St. James's Hall, on Thursday week, and the third during this week. On the earlier occasion an orchestral "Idyll," by Mr. F. Corder, was performed for the first time here. It is a graceful composition, in which "Evening on the Sea-shore" is suggested by music expressing well-contrasted sensations. Miss Fanny Davies gave a fine performance of Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor; and Mendelssohn's overture to "Athalia," Beethoven's symphony in B flat, and some of the ballet music from M. Saint-Saën's opera "Henry the Eighth" completed the instrumental selection. Some rather dull lieder were well sung by Miss Pauline Cramer.—The programme of the third concert included first performances here of Rubinstein's new symphony (No. 6), a "Hymne au Créateur," by Mr. Henschel, and a symphonic poem, entitled "The Triumph of Bacchus," by M. Duvivier.

As mentioned last week, a new oratorio, entitled "Gethsemane," was produced at St. James's Hall on the Friday evening—consequently, too late for comment until now. It is the composition of Mr. Sydney Shaw, who has been indiscreet in endeavouring to make himself first known by the production of a work dealing with sublime subjects such as should be touched only by a composer of high genius and proved skill. Mr. Shaw is apparently young, and may, perhaps, possess the power of hereafter distinguishing himself in subordinate forms of musical composition before again essaying so bold an attempt as that now referred to. At present, Mr. Shaw seems to possess neither the requisite imagination nor technical skill. The oratorios of the great composers have been the results of matured experience and previous reputation in other directions. The solo music of "Gethsemane" was fairly well rendered by Miss C. Perry, Mr. B. Davies, and Mr. W. Clifford; and the orchestral and choral performances were quite worthy of the occasion.

The Popular Concerts of last Saturday afternoon and the following Monday evening, at St. James's Hall, included fine performances by the eminent contra-bassist, Signor Bottesini. On the earlier occasion the solo pianist was Miss Agnes Zimmermann, who was to have reappeared on Monday, but, in consequence of her indisposition, was replaced by Miss Fanny Davies. The vocalist on Saturday was Mrs. Henschel; on Monday, Mr. Thorndike. The programme on each occasion was of sterling interest, although not offering any specialty calling for comment.

The concert at the Royal Albert Hall in celebration of St. Andrew's Day comprised a varied selection, chiefly of national music, and included effective performances by Madame Albani, Madame Sterling, Miss Patti Winter, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Foli, Mr. B. Foote, Mr. W. Carter's choir, and military bands.

Mr. Henry Holmes gave the second of his new series of "Musical Evenings" at Prince's Hall last week, when he produced an ottett for stringed instruments of his own composition. It is a work of much merit, laid out in symphonic form, comprising three principal divisions, each of which contains some skilful and effective writing, with an occasional tendency to the diffuseness that characterises much of the music of the present German school. The work was well rendered, with the composer as leading violinist, associated with worthy coadjutors. Other interesting but familiar details (including an excellent pianoforte performance by Madame Haas of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue) completed the programme.

Last week's Saturday afternoon concert at the Crystal Palace (the seventh of the present series) brought forward a fantasia for orchestra, composed by Mr. F. Praeger—one of three works by him of a similar kind that have been given at the Sydenham institution. That now referred to has a deep poetical intention, which is expressed through a series of movements of a strongly contrasted character. Some of the orchestral writing is effective, the general tendency of the fantasia, however, being towards over prolongation. A fine performance, by Pan F. Ondrick, of Beethoven's violin concerto; some refined singing by Mdle. Antoinette Trebelli, in arias by Rossini and Verdi, and other items completed the programme.

The Royal Society of Musicians will hold a festival at Westminster Abbey next Thursday evening, in lieu of the annual performance of "The Messiah."

Mr. Mapleson has, it is said, arranged for a short season of operatic performances at the Royal Italian Opera House, beginning in March; to be followed by the summer season, under Signor Lago's direction.

Mr. Isidore gave the first of four vocal recitals in Steinway Hall last Tuesday afternoon, assisted by a choir of ladies. He will give the other three at the same hall on Jan. 25, Feb. 22, and March 22.

Miss Rosina Isidor, an English singer, who has made an honourable name in Italy, announces a concert to be given this (Saturday) evening at St. James's Hall. She will be supported by eminent singers and instrumentalists.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

What a splendid theatre is the Theatre Royal, Manchester, and how the good people at Cottonopolis do enjoy a clever play and a popular comedian! Would that we had more theatres in London of this noble pattern. Playhouses where everyone can see, and hear, and be comfortable—just the proper size, not too large and not too small, with a noble stage, and a beautifully constructed auditorium. And how devoted are the playgoers at Manchester! They pay advanced prices to get early into the pit and gallery, and there they sit, these chilly November nights, comfortably reading their newspapers and chatting until the orchestra strikes up, and the play begins. I found myself down at Manchester last week "assisting," as they call it, at the first representation of "The Butler," a comic play designed by Mr. and Mrs. Merivale for that excellent and ever-popular comedian, Mr. J. L. Toole. If there be any truth in laughter, if the same witty moments and ludicrous scenes affect Londoners as Manchester men and women, then our friends have a treat in store for them when Mr. Toole, with his new and increased company, comes back to the little playhouse in King William-street next week. Seldom of late years have I heard such genuine and unanimous laughter. Not a line missed fire, and there was no dull moment in any of the three acts. The mantle of Mr. H. J. Byron seems to have descended on the Merivales. They are impressed with the value of appealing to the humorous faculties of simple, honest, middle-class life. This play, whatever may be said of it, is thoroughly English, sound and pure. Now, the methods of French and German middle-class life are not always ours. We have no exact equivalent for the bourgeois tradesman who goes out for a spree on a Sunday or for the German professor who lords it over his wife and family. But the Doublechicks and the Middlewicks of the Byron school are racy of English life. They are to be found in the Old Kent-road. They live in the good honest world that comes up to the Strand by bus and tram, and roars with laughter in the pit; they belong to a people who bring their wives and their daughters and their sweethearts with them, and who, during the intervals, squeeze the luscious orange, and suck the accustomed acidulated drop. David Trot, the butler, is, of course, Mr. Toole; and David Trot might have walked out of one of the many merry canvases painted by Byron. He is a good, honest, and amusing fellow—an old servant in the family of a City magnate who has been knighted; and he refuses to budge or to alter in his ways when his master and mistress have a handle to their names. I will not spoil fun by telling the story in detail; but it will be found ingenious and amusing enough. Its improbabilities are no stronger than those that are always permissible in farce; the construction is as neat as it is skilful, and the dialogue very much better, brighter, and more apposite than is usually found in modern comic plays. It is sometimes assumed that a writer who has proved he has poetry and pathos in his composition cannot at the same time have any sense of humour. It is regarded as a heresy if a dramatist who has made people laugh should ever attempt to make them cry. Why should this be so? The serious dramatist can often be a very amusing companion at the dinner table. Dickens was not always standing on his head or grinning through a horse-collar, so why should not the author of "The White Pilgrim" and "All For Her" describe for us the merry life of David Trot? Let us encourage clever work wherever we can find it; let us welcome wholesome work when it is presented to us. No sensible man or woman will think Herman Merivale less a poet, or less an earnest and serious writer, because he can see the comic side of the life of a quaint old butler. Unless I am very much mistaken, the character of David Trot, as conceived and filled out by Mr. Toole, will be found one of the very best in which he has appeared for years. He gains in animal spirits as the years roll on. He has been ill, but he has fought bravely with his illness, and now seems more vigorous than ever. The secret, the great secret, of Mr. Toole's success is that he thoroughly enjoys his work; he does not drag through his work, or think it a bore to amuse the people. He loves it; and the consequence is that his animation is communicated directly to his audience. It is the electric sympathy that makes acting enjoyable. Unless actors are in earnest they seldom succeed. When they become dull the audience becomes dull also. The regular company that has followed Mr. Toole's fortune so faithfully and loyally, inspired by his example, have seldom worked together so well. Mr. John Billington has made a great hit in the character of the snobbish old knight, who wants his boy to marry for money, the character on whom so much depends; and so has Miss Emily Thorne, who is the good-hearted, outspoken, homely body, who at intervals sits under and sits upon her dictatorial spouse. Mr. E. D. Ward and Miss Marie Linden, Mr. Shelton, Mr. Brunton, and young Mr. Lowne are all capital in this play, which will be praised for its unity of endeavour. But, best news of all, Mr. Toole has added to his company a favourite actress and a pretty recruit. Miss Kate Phillips is one of our very best serio-comic actresses, and in the humorous scenes she fairly divides the honours with Mr. Toole. He is the butler and she is the fascinating cook. Their love scenes are delightful. With her excellent sense of repose, her rare sense of fun, and her admirable method of delivery, she makes of Lavinia Muddle one of those rare sketches of comic character that used years ago to be identified with the honoured name of Mrs. Keeley. The recruit is Miss Violet Vanbrugh, a tall, pretty, and graceful girl of the Ellen Terry school, who has wonderful nerve, decision, and aplomb for a novice, and who has very favourably impressed the critics of Manchester. So, with these preliminary remarks, I must leave "The Butler" until he announces our names, next Monday, at Mr. Toole's Theatre.

Good news comes from Boston concerning Mr. Wilson Barrett's undoubted success in that city. He began with "Hamlet," and ended with "Clito," which has fairly weathered the storm and passed safely into calm again. Mr. Barrett, at Boston, has been both a social and dramatic success, and he can now continue the tour marked out for him without apprehension and with new courage. C. S.

The annual ball in aid of the funds for founding a National Italian Hospital in London was held, on Wednesday night, at Willis's Rooms.

Mr. J. N. Ellaby gives one of his truly pleasant recitals this afternoon at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, being a selection from "The Rivals"; and he will give at the same place, on the 11th inst., a selection from "Taming of the Shrew," &c.; and, on the 18th, from "The Merchant of Venice," &c.

The Theatre annual is a capital shilling's-worth, containing tales, sketches, and poems by George R. Sims, Violet Fane, Charles Hervey, Paul Meritt, Bram Stoker, William Archer, Mabel E. Wotton, E. J. Goodman, E. L. Blanchard, H. Savill Clarke, H. Pettit, Effie Rawleigh, H. Beerbohm Tree, H. Godfrey Turner, Austin Brereton, and the editor, Clement Scott, who has two pieces. Then there are four illustrations—portraits of Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Mary Anderson, Mr. E. S. Willard as Jim, the Penman, and Mr. George Alexander as Faust. What more can anyone desire?

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Nov. 30.

In the course of the discussion of the Budget of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on Saturday, M. De Freycinet was led to speak on the foreign policy of France, which is admitted, even by his adversaries, to be far superior to his home policy, if not quite satisfactory. Naturally, France wants peace, to enable her to consolidate her new Republican institutions, and to undertake the solution of the great social problems of the day. In Bulgaria, France has only general interests; and her policy is to guarantee the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and to maintain the balance of power in the Mediterranean. In Egypt, on the contrary, France has vital interests, a large colony, glorious traditions, and a share in the Suez Canal; she will, therefore, never allow the country to pass into the hands of a foreign Power, or England to transform her occupation into annexation. This declaration seems to give great satisfaction to the public in general.

For nearly twenty years public meetings have been allowed in France, with alternations of toleration and restriction, which, since 1880, have given place to almost absolute license. The authorities hardly interfere at all, and the citizens are left to themselves to keep order. Unfortunately, it has become customary for a pitched battle to be included in the programme of these public meetings, thanks to the Anarchists, and a battle not of words but of blows and knives. Last Sunday, in order to avoid an inevitable scandal, Senator Tolain invited his friends to a private political meeting; but, by some means, the Anarchists penetrated, and the meeting ended in a furious battle, in which many were wounded. Now, why should Senator Tolain excite the wrath of the Anarchists? Is he not a working man's candidate, like Martin Nadaud? Yes; but Tolain and Nadaud have outlived the generation which raised them to the legislator's seat; they are calm and conservative compared with Basy and Camélinat, who, in course of time, will in their turn be hooted and maltreated by a younger and more violent generation.

We have had a dull week in Paris, with nothing to amuse us but the annual distribution, at the French Academy, of the prizes founded by M. De Montyon for the reward of virtue. The discourse on virtue, this year, was pronounced by M. Caro, who was very philosophical and commonplace, and peculiarly severe on the evolutionist theories of Herbert Spencer. MM. Renan, Dumas, Sardou, and Pailleuron, when it was their turn to make their speech, were far more successful, because they comprehended that, for a French audience, they must treat the theme of virtue in an amusing manner, the more so as the Parisians read and talk about virtue only once a year, on the occasion of this annual meeting of the Academy.

Arrangements have been made for the celebration in 1887 of the fiftieth anniversary of the creation of railways in France. The great attraction will be an international exhibition of railway material and of all the industries connected with railways, which is to be organised at Vincennes, and accompanied by fêtes of various kinds, lasting from May to October.

Admiral Aube, Minister of Marine, seven months ago submitted to specialists the problem of constructing a light cannon-boat, combining certain qualities of speed, lightness, and stability. Experiments were made last week at Toulon with a cannon-boat, steaming 19½ knots and resisting perfectly the discharge of a cannon, 5½ in. bore, with a charge of 29 lb. of a special powder. This model is to be adopted by the French navy, the trials having proved completely satisfactory.

Apropos of war, at the suggestion of General Camponon, it was decided in 1885 that carrier pigeons should be registered in each department, just like horses, for the information of the War Office. This census was first taken this year. Now the patriots are suggesting that there are spies in the land, who are training pigeons to fly to Germany, and to give news to the foe in case of war. What is to be done? Simply extend the anti-German campaign from beer to birds, and denounce to the authorities any person suspected of espionage and of clandestine training of carrier pigeons for anti-patriotic purposes. All this seems very silly, and yet it is seriously written about in those queer Parisian newspapers which strike us as being so little serious. T. C.

The Spanish Congress unanimously voted, on Monday, the bill authorising an extraordinary expenditure of nine millions sterling on naval armaments, to be distributed over nine years, besides £1,700,000 for the annual naval expenditure. Of that expenditure £7,600,000 is for building twenty-one new fast, powerfully armed cruisers, 138 torpedo-boats, twenty-eight gun-boats, twenty steam-launches, and one transport.

The Swiss Federal Assembly opened its Session on Monday. The Session of the Reichstag was opened in the White Hall of the Royal Castle at Berlin, on Nov. 25, by Herr Von Boetticher, Secretary of State, who read the Speech from the Throne. It stated that the relations of the Empire with all foreign States are friendly. A bill was announced to provide for considerable increase in the peace establishment of the army. On Monday the Emperor William received the President and other members of the Reichstag; and, referring to the armaments of other countries, expressed his strong wish that the Army Bill should be adopted.

At the opening of the Roumanian Chambers the King said that though the political events on the frontier had caused uneasiness, they had not affected the country.

The Hungarian Delegation on Tuesday finally passed, without amendment, the Budgets for Foreign Affairs, War, and the Occupied Provinces, after which the Session was closed; and the Austrian Delegation completed its remaining business, it being officially announced that all its decisions were in conformity with those of the Hungarian Delegation.

The trial of ex-Alderman M'Quade, of New York, for bribery, ended in the discharge of the jury without giving a verdict. The majority of them were in favour of acquittal, because they put on one side the evidence of two of the prisoner's accomplices on the late Board of Aldermen. A new trial has commenced.—Earthquake shocks were felt last Saturday at Summerville and at Charleston.—Two more fools (one of them a woman) have rolled through the Niagara whirlpools in a tub.

A change of Ministry has occurred at Capetown, caused by the resignation of Mr. Upington; and a new Cabinet has been formed by Sir Gordon Sprigg, composed as follows:—Sir Gordon Sprigg, Premier and Treasurer; Mr. Upington, Attorney-General; Colonel Schermbrusker, Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works; Mr. De Wet, Native Affairs; and Mr. John Tudhope, Colonial Secretary.

A Reuter's telegram from Sydney states that the Hon. W. B. Dalley has refused the post of Chief Justice of New South Wales, and that it has been accepted by the Hon. F. M. Darley.—A match has been played between Shaw's English Eleven and Eighteen of Goulburn. The Englishmen won by an innings with fifty-nine runs to spare.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

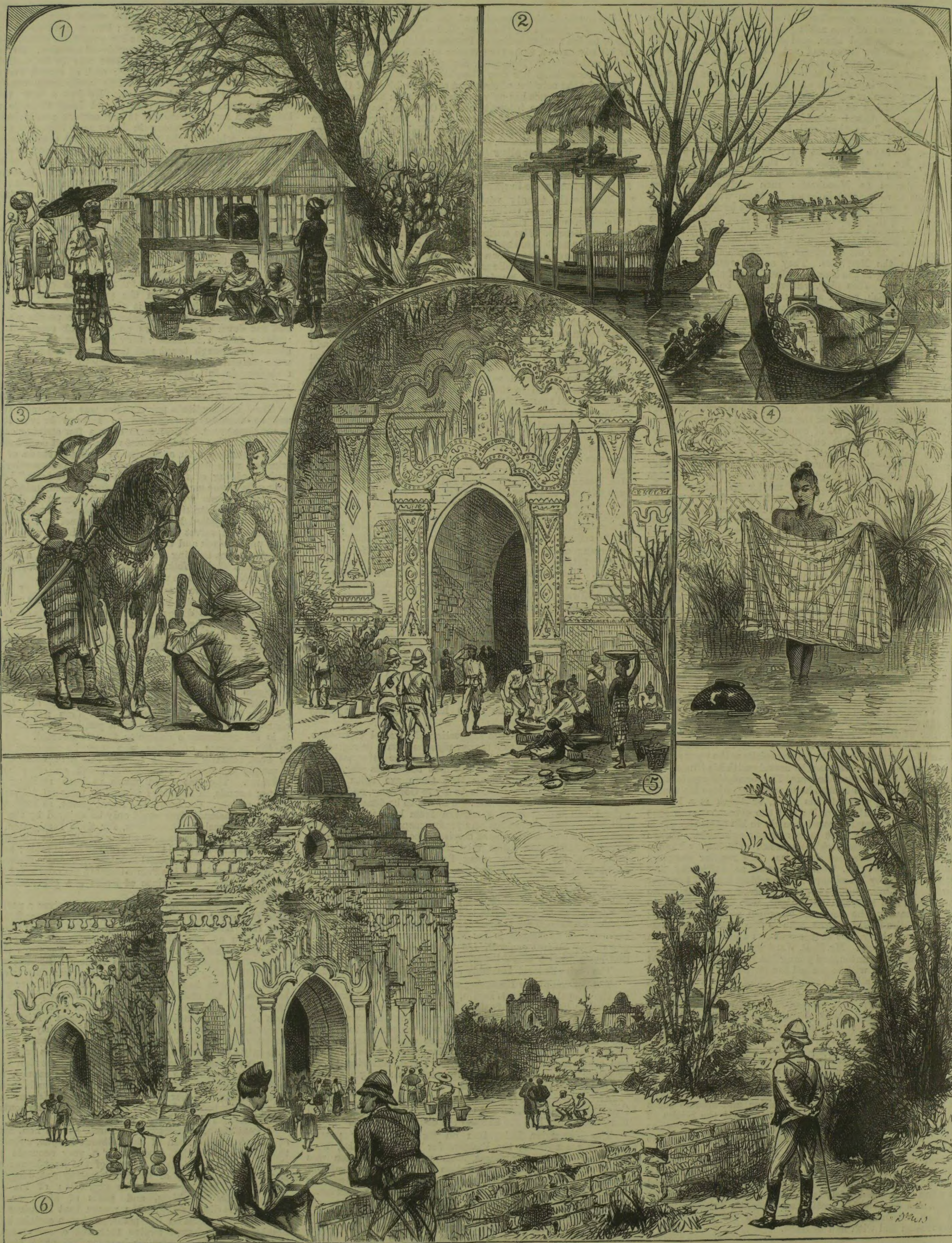
The private view of the Suffolk-street Gallery attracted more visitors this year than usual. Far from my pen be the rash attempt to fix the position in the world of art, technically so-called, of Mr. James Whistler; but, as a matter of social notoriety, I may remark that he has a veritable genius for that most difficult art of the great world—advertising. He, as the new president, gave out that there was to be no rubbish at the British Artists' this year: and, of course, everybody wanted to see a collection which audaciously announced itself in this arrogant fashion. He has a new portrait of Lady Colin Campbell there; and Lady Colin is something even more interesting to the curious public just now than merely "A Harmony in Ivory and White" by James Whistler; which is the title given in the catalogue to the slight figure draped in white muslin and lace, and posed against a cloudy white background, with no relief of colour whatever. Then, the new president caused it to be whispered loudly that the place of the "rubbish" that he had rejected was to be filled by some unique specimens of artistic wall decoration; so the world went to see what these might be. It is true that they turned out a deception and a snare; that they were merely "swags" of yellow sateen, leaving visible between them great ugly blanks of wall spotted with empty holes where nails had once held up "rubbish." Never mind that this was all there was to see; the rumour drew a crowd, and thus fulfilled its mission. The crowd went. A comical feature in the great gallery was an awning spread, lower than the gaslights, over the middle of the room, which gave it the appearance of the deck of a steam-boat on a Swiss lake. All the people who went and sat down on the chairs on this deck seemed to come under a malign influence; they grew silent, and looked out glumly, as though bored and tired, and sat as though they were compelled to sit; and so completed the resemblance to a steamer in full progress. The pictures, as a whole, seemed to me very good. The tiny water-colour room is really remarkable for its uniform high level—but this is not my department.

The Royal Institute private view was sufficiently full, but not so terribly overcrowded as I have known it to be in previous years. There were only a few striking costumes to be seen. One of the prettiest was a dress of dark heliotrope faille Française, with a mantle in a deeper shade of violet, trimmed with braces of iridescent bead passementerie, and with an edging of the fluffy pale-brown "Isabella" bear, the long ends of the mantle in front being formed entirely by the fur; with these went a high velvet bonnet in heliotrope. Another rather striking dress was of black velvet, with front draperies of jetted lace, and a side panel and plastron of striped black velvet and white silk; a black velvet bonnet, with mixed black and white bows of ribbon and a white osprey aigrette. Mrs. Stirling was there, and, of course, a number of artists and their "folk." But distinguished people outside the artistic circle there were none, so far as I saw.

The atmosphere was close at the Institute. I met the architect of the noble pile of buildings there, and he told me that he had just discovered that all his carefully-arranged ventilators were scrupulously closed! At Suffolk-street, I was shocked to find the air redolent of tobacco; the men were actually smoking—Mr. Whistler and other of the artists, I mean. I can think of no stronger proof of the degeneracy of modern manners than the increased coolness with which men smoke in the presence of ladies who are quite strangers to them, and whose permission they have not requested. The evil example has been set in high places; but, to me, a rude action does not change its character because it is done by a gentleman of high rank; it is the gentleman's character that is affected. To smoke in the presence of ladies who may be unaccustomed to, or even actually made ill by, the fumes of tobacco, is not a merely conventional discourtesy, but an essentially real rudeness. The Queen did much to keep smoking within proper bounds, in the days when her personal influence was felt in society. On board the Royal yacht, as Hobart Pasha tells, an occasional cigar could only be enjoyed by the officers who would seclude themselves, for their fumigation, in the cow-house, and keep company temporarily with the two little Alderneys that supplied the milk for the Royal table; and even this was regarded as a special indulgence, and was allowed only on the intercession of the Prince Consort, who did not, I believe, himself smoke. The Prince of Wales is a great smoker, and so is his eldest son.

The *Lady's Pictorial* of last Thursday gives a portrait of Miss Emily Faithfull, in connection with the recent grant to that lady from the Royal Bounty of the sum of £100, "in recognition of her labours in the cause of women." The biographical note printed with the portrait mentions that the *Illustrated London News* gave its readers a likeness of Miss Faithfull so long ago as 1861, when she was only twenty-six years old. She had then recently established her printing business, for the training of women as compositors. This idea had much opposition to fight against at first, in consequence both of public prejudice and trade jealousies. Miss Faithfull persevered, however, and succeeded in setting fairly on foot a new industry for women, which has grown now to such an extent that only a few weeks ago the compositors' trades union was led to resolve to admit female membership—a sure sign that the women engaged in the business are numerous enough to be a factor in trade calculations. Miss Faithfull has been a hard, earnest worker all her life, and the mark of favour referred to is worthily bestowed. She is at present a regular contributor to the columns of the *Lady's Pictorial*.

A gentleman, who describes himself as the hon. secretary of the plumage branch of the Selborne League, writes to say that he is an artist, that he is a very accurate person, that he writes occasionally in one of the least-known society papers, and a variety of other interesting auto-biographical information, leading up to the expression of his opinion that the use of birds, and parts of birds, as bonnet trimmings is diminishing. The reason that he gives for the faith that is in him on the point, is that a certain hatter in Bond-street has issued twelve thousand circulars notifying that he will no more trim his hats for ladies with birds. My correspondent writes as though the converted hatter became worth twelve thousand other hatters when he issued that number of advertisements. I do not quite grasp the calculation, but it sounds like the questions that some severe inspectors set at elementary school examinations:—If one ladies' hatter is worth twelve thousand circulars, how many hatters at one circular each would be required to abolish wings as trimmings? It was not my object in what I wrote to discuss the morality of wearing feathers other than such as have moulted from ostriches' tails. I wrote to give information; and the fact is, that wings and entire birds are as fashionable this season as ever, large birds being especially patronised. It is also a fact that the Princess of Wales last summer wore an osprey aigrette frequently, and had a bird on her bonnet at Ascot; and that her daughters have wings as trimming in their hats more often than not. The newest departure is to use bird of paradise tail feathers as aigrettes in place of osprey. F. F. M.



1. Supply of fresh drinking water for travellers.  
2. Scene on the river.

3. The Myonk of Pagan.  
4. Burmese girl at her morning ablutions.

5. Gateway of brick pagoda at Pagan.  
6. Temples at Pagan.

#### BURMESE SKETCHES.

An officer of one of the Punjab regiments, recently sent from India to reinforce the army in Upper Burmah, Captain Pulley, to whom we are indebted for previous contributions, sends us the Sketches of scenes on the banks of the Irrawaddy, more especially at Pagan, which was anciently the capital city. It is now almost deserted, the ordinary inhabitants being a few hundred persons bound to hereditary service of the temples or pagodas, which are innumerable, standing thickly for eight miles along the river-bank, and two miles inland, buildings of all sizes and various architecture, "and in every stage of decay, from the newly restored fane glittering bright

in white and gold, with a freshly-jewelled canopy of umbrella shape on its spire, to the mere tumulus of crumbling brick, hardly to be distinguished from a simple mound of earth." This is the description of Pagan by Mr. J. G. Scott, "Shway Yoe," who adds that some of the pagodas have chapels and ante-chapels, as fine as those of many a cathedral in Europe, the buildings arranged likewise in the form of a cross; others are surmounted by light and graceful minarets; others, by round Hindoo domes; while some present mere square or round towers, some are like the Chinese pagodas, which seem modelled of bamboo; and some are bell-shaped, in the style

characteristic of Burmese sacred architecture. This curious medley of religious edifices consecrated to a common object of worship seems to prove that Pagan was formerly the meeting-place of different Buddhist nations of Eastern Asia, when gorgeous ceremonial processions met each other in its now desolate and vacant streets. Its municipal or district ruler, the "Myonk," who paid a complimentary visit to the commander of the regiment, does not appear, in the Sketch, a very imposing dignitary, as he dismounts from his horse, smoking a huge cheroot, while his attendant, likewise smoking, with the official mace in his hand, squats on the ground before him.



WELCOME FOOTSTEPS.—BY G. L. SEYMOUR.

## AMONG THE WENDS.

The Wends are the remnant, numbering altogether 140,000, of an ancient Slavonic nation, surviving in a few districts of North Germany, partly in Lusatia, a province of the Kingdom of Saxony, and partly in the Prussian province of Brandenburg, especially in the Spreewald, forty or fifty miles south-east of Berlin. The Spreewald is a level region of woodlands and marsh-meadows, intersected by many winding branches of the river Spree, which are traversed in punts; and a Berlin correspondent, who with a companion enjoyed a few weeks' summer sojourn in that district, has furnished us with Sketches of the people. They are industrious, frugal, and comparatively wealthy peasants, retaining their national costume, manners, habits, and language; but were friendly and hospitable to their visitors, and could speak German, which is taught in the schools. Around Burg, one of the largest villages, the Raupen or farmhouses are substantial buildings, whitewashed and thatched, the roofs having often high gables, ornamented with crossed and carved beams, and there is sometimes a wooden gallery outside the house. Formerly, a carved figure of a horse's head, which had some mythological significance in half-pagan times, was a frequent decoration of the roof-beams. On the grass-plot in front, where the homespun linen is spread for bleaching, a large fir-tree is usually growing; the river close by is crossed by a raised footbridge with step-ladder at each end, and with a single hand-rail, while the punts are tied up at the landing-place. The little garden is bright with red peonies and white guelder-roses. Some hamlets are built on small islands, the shores of which are protected by stakes and beams at the water's edge. The Wendish men and women are seen working in their own fields, each peasant owning, perhaps, twenty acres, cultivated by the labour of himself and his family. Being so thrifty, and buying scarcely anything except groceries, making their own clothing and wooden furniture, they save a good deal of money. Every year the family will salt down or cure two sheep and two pigs for winter consumption; four or five stalled cows provide their milk and butter; there is poultry in the yard, and fruit and vegetables in the garden. Wood is obtained from the forest that belongs to the local community, and peat is found in abundance. Their crops and cattle are chiefly for their own consumption. They grow their own flax, which is spun by the girls in merry winter evening parties, finishing with song and dance; and some of their homespun wool is exchanged at the neighbouring town for wool dyed of bright colours, from which they weave the stuff of their splendid holiday and Sunday dresses.

A Wendish young lady wears a scarlet petticoat edged with black, with yellow seams up the pleats, a wide clean apron, a black velvet corslet, across which is folded a bright handkerchief of yellow and red pattern, and a starched white head-dress of imposing shape. The wedding of a bride who had a dowry of 20,000 thalers was a grand affair; the women appeared in bright silk head-dresses, with tremendous stiff ruffs of the Elizabethan style around their faces, lace neckerchiefs, velvet bodices, and gorgeous silk aprons over the heavy skirts of embroidered cloth. The bride wore a myrtle wreath around her head, and carried her lace veil in her hands on leaving the church. The Wendish household is comfortable; there is a large tiled stove in the sitting-room, with a settee around it, and a bench goes all round the room; in the window, behind white curtains, are pots of flowers; the bed-room is snug, and the huge feather-bed is only too soft, but the bed-linen is clean and fresh; large chests are filled with clothes for all occasions, neatly folded, and scented with lavender. Different dresses, skirts, scarves, and caps are worn by a Wendish lady at church, at the Communion service, at a wedding or festival, and in private life; she will have, perhaps, fifteen or eighteen dresses, each worth fifty or sixty thalers, but they last her lifetime. In going to a funeral, the women, over their black garments, put on long white shrouds, looking like ghosts; a boat filled with such mourners was rowed silently down the river, and with a bereaved mother intently gazing on her little child's coffin, decked with a black cross and wreaths of white flowers. These simple Wendish folk, who live so peacefully not far from the great capital of Prussia, will probably be Germanised before many years more have passed, and their picturesque peculiarities will no longer be seen on the banks of the Spree.

On Monday Dr. Tindal Robertson, a Conservative, was returned unopposed as representative in Parliament for Brighton.

Mrs. Alexander Wilson, of Sheffield, on Monday opened the new infirmary buildings at Workington. The infirmary has three large wards, and has cost upwards of £2000, exclusive of furnishing. A gold key, with which to open the buildings, was presented to Mrs. Wilson by Mr. Peile, the chairman of the building committee.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Secretary for Scotland, presided on Tuesday night at the annual festival of the Scottish Corporation. In proposing the principal toast, he mentioned that this was the fiftieth year that the Queen had subscribed to its funds, and that, therefore, the Corporation might consider itself to be celebrating her Majesty's Jubilee. The subscriptions amounted to £2270.

The necessity for frequently replenishing the ordinary pen with ink has led to the invention of reservoir pen-holders, and now we have one self-feeding and carrying an ordinary nib. Messrs. De la Rue and Co., of Bunhill-row, City, have brought out the "Swift" reservoir penholder, with which any ink and any ordinary steel pen may be used, although the use of their "Swift" pens and ink is recommended.

In addition to a previous donation of £2800 to the People's Palace (to make up an "even" sum much wanted at the time), Mr. Wilberforce Bryant has now expressed his intention to provide the balance required—about £4000—for the Queen's Hall, the fine room for concerts and entertainments around which the other buildings cluster.—Mr. T. C. Baring has announced his intention of giving £500 in furtherance of the cause of technical instruction at the People's Palace.

Many schemes have been proposed for commemorating the Jubilee of our most gracious Queen. A correspondent lays before the British public one more, which has the merit of catholicity, and of being one in which all, whether rich or poor, of whatever religion or shade of politics, may join. His proposition has two parts:—1. That the ladies of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies should raise a fund for building in or near London a "Queen's Hospital," having a series of wards, each to be named after one of her Majesty's children, and one after each colony; shall have at its disposal the very best medical assistance possible, and shall receive patients from the provinces as well as the metropolis. 2. That the male part of the population do raise a fund for paying off debts on now existing hospitals. Our correspondent will be glad to hear from anyone who may be willing to help him in his idea. Letters will reach him if addressed "A. F." care of Messrs. Hickie, Borman, and Co., 14, Waterloo-place, S.W.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, E. M. T. (Bridlington Quay).—We are much obliged for the interesting games, and shall be glad to hear from you again. The second game shall have early publication.

C. P. (New Jersey).—We should have been glad to welcome you had we seen you; and, indeed, all the ladies of America, young and old.

J. D. C. (Glasgow).—Many thanks for the copies of your "Ode to Chess"; it is very pleasant reading.

J. S. (Gibraltar).—We regret we do not know any champion possessed of sufficient leisure to discuss with you the inferiority of L. P. to K. 4th in a game of chess.

PHENOMENON (Clapham).—We entertain no ill-feeling. We are glad, however, that you have done justice to Mr. Campbell, of whose pre-eminence in the problem world you do not seem to have been aware.

W. R. R. (Ipswich).—We are glad you succeeded.

ALPHA.—No. 2222 has proved a hard nut to most of our regular solvers. Don't you think that the variety of plausible attack is full compensation for the absence of variations in the defence? We do.

L. K. H. (Arcahon).—The problem was handed to us for publication by the secretary of the B. C. A., who, according to the conditions of the tourney, had a right to do so.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from L. Desanges, W. Biddle, and G. Heathcote.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2206 received from John J. Slade (Sydney); of Nos. 2215 and 2216 from Thomas Duncanson (Cape Town); of No. 2220 from F. G. Sibbald (Ontario), and an Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.); of No. 2222 from Den, W. Biddle, North-hac, Alpha, Oliver Icinga, Phenomenon, E. G. Boys, E. L. G. W. R. Bailien, E. F. Hill, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), C. Lassen, Thomas Chown, Little Bits, R. Billups, Jack, F. W. Evans (Emsen, Germany); of Nos. 2223, 2224, and 2224 from Pierce Jones; of No. 2223 from F. M. D. (Sligo), H. T. H. W. J. Greenwood, North-hac, J. A. Schmucke, E. G. Boys, Pisci, M. H. Moorhouse, Augusta Nicholson, H. Z. R. Billups, and F. Fiedler.

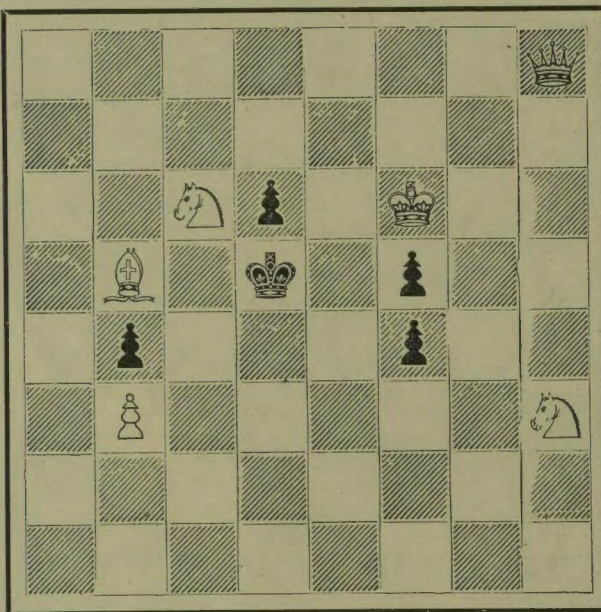
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2224 received from J. Brooks, Sergeant James Sage, W. Heathcote, the Rev. Winfield Cooper, Joseph Ainsworth, Peterhouse, R. Billups, E. Featherstone, C. E. Turner, B. R. Wood, W. Biddle, L. Falcon (Antwerp), W. A. P. North-hac, R. Tweddell, Oliver Icinga, Ben Nevis, H. B. S. Phenomenon, Hereward, G. W. Law, E. Casella (Paris), Columbus, A. C. Hunt, Thomas Chown, C. Darragh, J. Hall, W. Hillier, J. A. Schmucke, Alpha, Shadforth, R. H. Brooks, C. Oswald, J. P. Moon, Pisci, R. Worters, Jupiter Junior, T. G. (Ware), L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, T. Roberts, A. E. J. L. Wyman, W. R. Bailien, Verina, M. H. Moorhouse, H. Wardell, H. Z. Romadeen, E. G. Boys, William Miller, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), Jack, Julia Short, E. Louden, C. Lassen, R. L. Southwell, J. K. (South Hampstead), E. E. H. Fidelitas, E. Elsbury, Little Bits, and N. J. P. Warner.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2223.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to K B 5th. Any move.  
2. Mates accordingly.

## PROBLEM No. 2226.

By J. W. ABBOTT.  
BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

One of twelve Games played simultaneously by Mr. J. D. CHAMBERS (against Mr. CONNOR) at the opening of the Elgin Chess Club, on Oct. 22, 1886. The notes appended are by Mr. Chambers.

(Scotch Gambit)

WHITE (Mr. J. D. C.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. J. D. C.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. R to K sq	K Kt to K 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	11. R to K 5th	Q to Kt 5th
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	12. P to K R 3rd	Q to Kt 5th
4. Kt takes P	Q to R 5th	13. B to K Kt 5th	P to K B 3rd
5. Kt to K B 3rd			
One of the many happy inventions introduced by Mr. G. B. Fraser, of Dundee.		14. R takes B	P takes B
5. Q takes P (ch)		15. Q takes P	Q takes Kt P
6. B to K 2nd	P to Q 4th	16. R to Q sq	Q takes Kt
A move of doubtful advantage, and much inferior to A. Q to K 2nd.			
7. Castles	B to K 3rd		
8. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to B 4th	17. Kt takes P	Q takes P
9. B to Q Kt 5th	Q to R 4th	18. Q to Q 7th.	
9. Kt to K 2nd would have been better.			

Played by correspondence between Miss E. MARY THOROLD and Mr. THOMAS BOURNE, of Clevedon.

(Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE (Miss T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Miss T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Kt to K Kt 5th	B takes Q P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. Kt to B 7th	Q to B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	16. B to Kt 5th	B takes Kt
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P	17. B takes Q	B takes B
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th	18. Kt takes R	Kt takes Kt
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	19. Q to Q 5th	
7. Castles	B to Kt 3rd		
8. P takes P	P to Q 3rd		
9. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th		
10. B to K 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd		
A curious oversight to occur in a game by correspondence.		Miss Thorold keeps a firm hold of the advantage gained in the opening.	
11. B takes P (ch)	K to B sq	20. Q R to Q sq	R to K 2nd
12. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	21. P to K 5th	B takes K P
13. P to K R 3rd	B to Q 2nd	22. P to B 4th	B to B 3rd
		23. K R to K sq (ch),	
		and Black resigned.	

The annual general meeting of the British Chess Club will be held on the 9th inst., and the annual dinner will be held at 7.30, immediately after the meeting, at the Criterion. Mr. George Newnes, M.P., will preside at the banquet.

The first moves in the telegraphic match between the British and St. Petersburg Chess Clubs were dispatched last week. The latter opened with 1. P to K 4th, to which the British replied with L. P. to K 4th. In the second game, to be played concurrently with the first, the British Chess Club opened with 1. Kt to K B 3rd.

Professor Stokes, president, gave the address at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society on Tuesday.

Last week 2462 births and 1543 deaths were registered in London.

The council of the Hospital Sunday Fund recommend Sunday, June 19, as the date of Hospital Sunday next year.

In a sculling-match for £100, which took place on Monday over the Thames Championship Course, from Putney to Mortlake, between Charles Brightwell and Alfred Rolfe, Brightwell won by a dozen lengths.

A life-like portrait of Mr. Robert Paget, for thirty years vestry clerk of Clerkenwell, painted by his son, Mr. Sidney Paget, previously exhibited at the Royal Academy, has been presented by friends of Mr. Paget to the parish, in appreciation of that gentleman's long and faithful services to the parish. The portrait, which was purchased by subscription for one hundred guineas, is hung in the board-room of the vestry hall, where it is to remain. The subscriptions, readily forthcoming, also admitted of the presentation to Mrs. Paget of a valuable drawing-room clock, with candelabra to match.

## OBITUARY.

## LORD CHURCHILL.

The Right Hon. Francis George Spencer, second Lord Churchill, died on the 24th ult. He was born Oct. 6, 1802, the eldest son of Lord Francis Almeric Spencer, D.C.L., created Baron Churchill in 1815, and of his wife, Frances, daughter of the third Duke of Grafton, K.G. He was educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford, and was, in early life, an Attaché in the Diplomatic Service. He married, May 19, 1849, Lady Jane Conyngham, eldest daughter of the second Marquis Conyngham, K.P., and leaves by her (who is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, and Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Queen) an only child, Victor Albert Francis Charles, Lieutenant Coldstream Guards, born Oct. 23, 1864, now third Lord Churchill, who is in the Coldstream Guards, and was lately Page of Honour to her Majesty.

## SIR ALEXANDER C. MALET, BART.

Sir Alexander Charles Malet, second Baronet, of Wilbury House, Wilts, K.C.B., whose death is just announced, was a distinguished diplomatist. Having graduated in classical honours, Christ Church, Oxford, in 1822, he was attached to the Embassy at St. Petersburg in 1824, at Paris in 1827, and at Lisbon in 1833. In 1835 he was Secretary of Legation at Turin, and at the Hague; and in 1836 Secretary of Embassy at Vienna. He became Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Wurtemberg in 1844, and to the Germanic Confederation in 1852, when he was also appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Hesse Cassel, Hesse Darmstadt, and Nassau. Sir Alexander was born July 23, 1800, the eldest son of Sir Charles Warre Malet, F.R.S. (created a Baronet in 1791), and succeeded to the title in 1815. He married, Dec. 22, 1834, Marianne Dora, daughter of John Spalding, Esq., of The Holme, and leaves two sons, the present Sir Henry Charles Eden Malet, third Baronet, and the Right Hon. Sir Edward Baldwin Malet, G.C.B., Ambassador at Berlin.

## MR. O. E. COOPE, M.P.

Mr. Octavius Edward Coope, of Rochetts, Essex, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for the Brentford Division of Middlesex, died at his residence, 41, Upper Brook-street, on the 27th ult. He was born in 1814, the son of Mr. John Coope, of Great Cumberland-place, and was a partner in the firm of Ind, Coope, and Co., of Romford and Burton-on-Trent, brewers. He sat in Parliament, in the Conservative interest, for Great Yarmouth in 1848; contested, unsuccessfully, the Tower Hamlets in 1863; and was elected for Middlesex in 1874, representing the Brentford Division since 1886. He married, in 1848, Emily, daughter of Captain Fulcher, of the Indian Army.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Clarke (Emily Maxwell), widow of Sir Robert Bowcher Clarke, C.B., LL.D., Chief Justice of Barbados and the Windward Islands, and daughter of the Hon. John Spooner, on the 24th ult., at Eldridge, Chislehurst. She was married in 1829, and was left a widow in 1881.

The Rev. Stephen Edwardes, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, for many years Bursar, on the 24th ult., at Surrey Lodge, Oxford, aged sixty. In 1848 he was a first-class, in 1849 Ellerton Theological Prizeman, in 1852 Mathematical Moderator, and Proctor in 1864.

Susan, Dowager Countess of Hardwicke, widow of Charles Philip, fourth Earl of Hardwicke, and sixth daughter of the first Lord Ravensworth, on the 22nd ult., at Sydney Lodge, Southampton, aged seventy-six. Her Ladyship was married in 1833, and leaves several children.

Lieut.-Colonel William Henry Clinton Baddeley, recently, at Cheltenham. He entered the Army in 1839, joining the 49th (Berkshire Regiment). He served in the Crimea; and afterwards in the Chinese campaign of 1860, where he was present at the capture of the Taku Forts and Chang-Kiawan, being twice wounded—the second time so severely that he suffered from the effects during the rest of his life, and for which he was only granted a pension last year, under new Royal Warrant. He afterwards exchanged into the 2nd Life Guards, and retired. The deceased leaves a son, Captain Charles Baddeley, R.E., now serving in Burmah, and four daughters.

Parliament is to meet for the dispatch of business on Thursday, Jan. 13.

In our issue of last week, we omitted to mention that Mr. Harold Wright supplied some of the material for the sketches of "an action for libel" in the Law Courts.

Mr. Justice Stephen has been elected treasurer of the Inner Temple Society for the ensuing year, in succession to Mr. Staveley Hill, Q.C.

Two new ships of war were launched on Thursday week for her Majesty's service—namely, the Undaunted, a belted cruiser from Palmer's shipyard at Jarrow, and the Australia, from the yard of Messrs. R. Napier and Sons, of Glasgow.

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Commander of the Forces in Ireland; Lord Ashbourne, Lord Chancellor; and Lord Justice Fitzgibbon were on Monday sworn in as Lords Justices for the Government of Ireland during the absence of the Lord Lieutenant.

In the Queen's Bench Division the long drawn-out trial of the action for libel brought by Mr. Adams against Lord Coleridge and Mr. Bernard Coleridge was brought to a close on Thursday week; the jury returning a verdict for the defendants.

Lord Charles Thynne was, on Tuesday morning, ordained priest by Cardinal Manning. The new priest is the youngest son of the second Marquis of Bath, and is seventy-three years of age. He was educated for the ministry of the Established Church, and was from 1835 to 1852 a Canon of Canterbury.

The cupboard in Sir John Soane's museum, Lincoln's Inn-fields, about which much interest has been shown, has been opened, and found to contain papers referring to various buildings with which Sir John Soane had been professionally connected, and to a well-known family dispute.

The members of the Royal Albert Hall Corporation met on Tuesday, and resolved to apply to the Queen for a supplemental charter, with a view to extend the usefulness of the hall. It was determined, among other things, that the hall should not be let for political meetings.

# Pear's Soap



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*Ellie Langtry*

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CURE OF DEAFNESS.—NOISES IN THE EARS.—Rev. E. J. SILVERTON invites sufferers to send for his book showing the disease and the means of cure. Post-free, 6d. French Edition, 1s., with letter of advice, if case be stated. Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, London. Free consultations daily.

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NEILL'S ARCH AT LUCKNOW, AS IT WAS.



NEILL'S ARCH AT LUCKNOW, AS IT IS.

### OLYMPIA, WEST KENSINGTON.

Close to the West Kensington or Addison-road Station of the Metropolitan District Railway, on its western side, a few yards from the Hammersmith-road, a large range of buildings has been erected by the National Agricultural Hall Company, which is intended not only for exhibitions similar to those held in the Agricultural Hall at Islington, of live stock, cattle, horses, and dogs, but also for military tournaments, performances of horsemanship and gymnastic feats, and other public entertainments requiring space, and for a great variety of recreations. These buildings together cover an area of four acres, and will be popularly known as "Olympia." The grand hall, two acres and a half in extent, is the largest hall in the kingdom, covered by one span of iron and glass. It is 450 ft. long by 250 ft. wide, including an outer parade 40 ft. wide, affording a total ground-floor area of 109,750 superficial feet, or nearly one half greater than the area of the Agricultural Hall, at Islington. The galleries over the outer parade contain 46,000 superficial feet of floor space. The central area on which the performances take place is nearly a third of a mile in circumference. A minor hall forms an annexe to the grand hall, and can be used separately for exhibitions, concerts, balls, theatricals, musical or other entertainments, while connected with the galleries will be spacious salons for lecture-rooms, picture-galleries, refreshment-rooms, public and private dining-rooms, and offices. The open gardens, comprising five acres and a half, are immediately adjacent to the hall. They will be devoted to fashionable gatherings, garden and floral fêtes, musical promenades, and outdoor sports. One special feature of the company's programme will

be high-class musical performances in the open air; and Olympia will be in constant use, summer and winter, for any and every class of indoor and outdoor amusement, instruction, and recreation of a high style and character. The general manager is Mr. J. S. Wood, whose brilliant idea of an Old English Fair created such a sensation in South Kensington two or three summers ago, and who also invented and organised the subsequent "Shakspearean Show." Among the promoters are the Earl of Lathom, chairman, Alderman Waterlow, General Duncan Baillie, and Mr. Wentworth Cole; two members of Parliament, Mr. Lawrance and Mr. Beach; and Mr. Armine Bevan. The façade overlooking the railway presents a handsome combination of red brick and white stone, and it is expected that an arrangement may be effected with the railway, by which a broad and commodious road may be laid out in front of the new building from the station up to the Hammersmith-road. The station and the building will be connected by a short covered-way, so that passengers by rail to Addison-road may pass directly into the hall in any kind of weather without inconvenience. The hall is covered in by an iron roof in which many ingenious novelties in engineering detail have been introduced by its designers. The structure consists of semicircular arched ribs 7 ft. deep, and 170 ft. clear span, placed 34 ft. apart, and having a clear height from the floor to the crown of the roof of about 100 ft. It constitutes the loftiest iron and glass roof yet erected in or near London, the Crystal Palace excepted. The original architect was the late Mr. H. E. Coe, whose work has been completed by Mr. Edmeston; the contractors are Messrs. Lucas and Son. The engineers for the ironwork were Mr. M. Ende and Mr. Walmiston, and the contractors for it were Messrs. Andrew Handyside and Co., of Derby.

The opening exhibition of Olympia is furnished by the

Paris Hippodrome. The French artists have engaged to bring over a staff of three hundred persons, an orchestra of seventy, and no less than two hundred and fifty performing animals. The transport of the material alone is to cost £2000, and it includes the wonderful gala carriages of the Duke of Brunswick and Said Pasha of Egypt, an historical collection of armour and saddlery, and a wardrobe designed by M. Thomas, of the Grand Opera. Some notable items in the inaugural programme will be a comic pantomime, with a real railway, classical chariot races, and a stag-hunt with the Duc d'Aumale's hounds.

### "NEILL'S ARCH" AT LUCKNOW.

Much regret and some indignation could not fail to be felt in India at the beginning of the demolition of this interesting monument, which marks the spot where General Neill was killed, when leading the troops to the relief of the Residency, on Sept. 25, 1857. The following is an extract from Colonel Mangleson's "History of the Indian Mutiny," relating the incident:—"As our men approached the archway, a tremendous fire opened upon them. Neill, who was leading them, passed through the archway, then suddenly pulling up his horse, he directed his aide-de-camp, Gordon, to gallop back and recall a half-battery which had taken a wrong road. He remained there sitting on his horse, his head turned in the direction from which he expected the half battery to emerge, when a sepoy, who had taken post on the arch, discharged his musket at him over the parapet on the top. The bullet entered his head behind the left ear, and killed him. Thus fell one of the bravest and most determined men in the British Army."

In the East we succeed more by prestige than is generally believed. Anything tending to lessen that prestige is



"OLYMPIA," THE NEW NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, WEST KENSINGTON.



1. A View on the Spree.  
2. A Wendish homestead.

3. Some Wendish costumes.  
4. A wooden foot-bridge.

5. A country inn among the Bärger Raupen.  
6. A Wendish bridal party.  
7. Leaving church on Sunday.

detrimental to our rule in India, and we consider that such monuments as are to be seen in Lucknow should be preserved as long as possible. They indicate the ground where Englishmen, civilians as well as soldiers, died in the defence of their families, and for the honour and glory of their country, and indirectly for the welfare of all.

The demolition was commenced by order of the Municipal Committee of Lucknow, but was countermanded by the Governor-General of India in time to save a small portion of the building from destruction.

We are indebted to Captain G. D. Carleton, of the 2nd Battalion Leicestershire Regiment, for two sketches. One represents the arch as it is now, with the mark of a cross indicating approximately the spot where General Neill fell. The other sketch represents the arch as it was, and is drawn from the other side of the arch.

The Birmingham Cattle and Poultry Show opened last Saturday with an excellent display. The Queen took five first prizes and two champion prizes for cattle, and in sheep the Prince of Wales was successful, taking two first prizes.

## THE COURT.

The Queen held a Council at Windsor Castle yesterday week, and afterwards conferred the honour of knighthood on Mr. Justice Stirling, Mr. Justice Kekewich, and other gentlemen. The Earl of Idlesleigh and the Countess of Idlesleigh arrived on Saturday, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen and Royal family, and the members of her Majesty's household, attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor on Sunday morning. The Dean of Windsor officiated, and the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar preached the sermon. The Earl and Countess of Idlesleigh and the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family in the evening. The Queen went out on Monday morning, accompanied by Princess Irene of Hesse. The Queen and Princess Irene of Hesse, attended by Lady Southampton, drove out in the afternoon, and honoured the Hon. Mrs. Legge with a visit at Huntley Lodge. Her Majesty went out on Tuesday morning. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein took luncheon with the Queen and Royal family. The Duc de Nemours and the

Duc d'Alençon visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg) and the infant Prince continue to progress very favourably.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, and the Rev. Canon Duckworth, Chaplain to the Queen, and hon. Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, arrived at Sandringham last Saturday on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. On Sunday morning their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and the guests staying at the house, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at Sandringham Church. The Rev. F. E. Hervey, M.A., Rector and Domestic Chaplain, conducted the service, assisted by the Rev. Canon Duckworth, who preached the sermon. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, and the Rev. Canon Duckworth, having terminated their visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, left Sandringham on Monday. The Duke of Cambridge arrived there on a visit to the Prince and Princess. Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador, and Lord and Lady Spencer also arrived at Sandringham.

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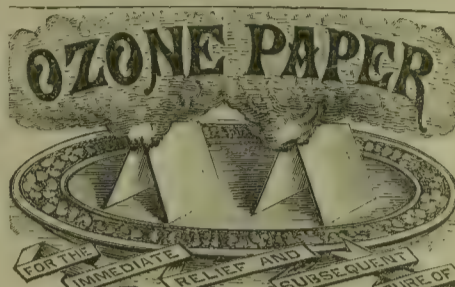
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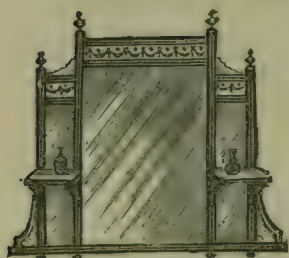
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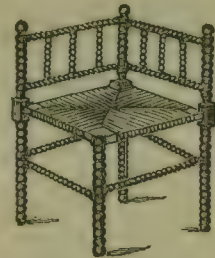
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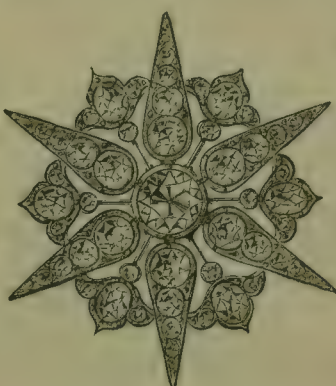
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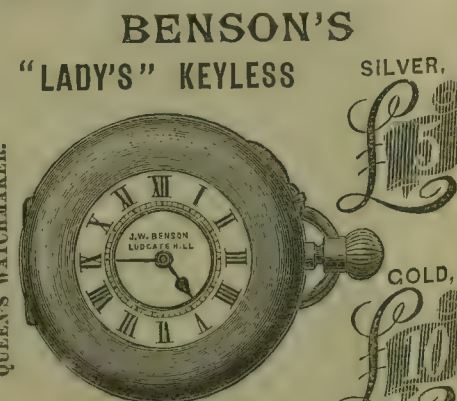
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**J. W. BENSON, JEWELLER, 25, OLD BOND-ST., W.**

## THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

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"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBRALTAR," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## HOW BAD NEWS CAME HOME.

Nothing at all was heard of the Calypso for three or four months. It was not clear whether she had sailed, except that she was with Sir Edward Hawke's fleet. But it was known that M. Thibot had got out of Dunquerque with five frigates, on board of which were a large number of troops, with intent to make a descent upon Ireland, and we conjectured that perhaps the Calypso might have been ordered to join the squadron in chase of that gallant Frenchman. But that proved not to be the case.

It was in January—namely, on the evening of the 15th of January in the year 1760—that the news arrived which filled the hearts of all with shame and confusion. 'Twas a wild and tempestuous night, fitting the nature of the intelligence which then arrived. The wind blew up the river in great gusts, and the rain drove slanting into the faces of those who were out. I remembered, afterwards, that I had met Philadelphia in the morning. The old woman was always full of omens and prognostications. Sometimes she had seen a ghost in the night—surely there was never a greater ghost-see than this old negress—and sometimes she had been warned by one of the many signs which terrify the superstitious. "Hi! Massa Luke," she said, in her negro way, which it is unnecessary to imitate, "there's bad news coming, for sure. Last night the cock crowed twice at midnight, and an owl screeched round the chimney; there was a dog barking all night long, and I saw a ghost. There's bad news coming!" I asked her what the ghost was like, but she refused to tell me. Well, it is true that on many other occasions she foretold disaster (because of this kind of witch there are never any signs of good luck), and her prophecies proved naught. But on this day, alas! she proved a true prophetess of evil.

At the Sir John Falstaff some of the company, including Mr. Brinjes, who was never late, had already arrived, and were hanging up their hats, the candles being lit, a great coal fire burning, pipes laid on the table, and the chairs set.

"There hath arrived bad news," said Captain Petherick, the Commissioner of the Yard. "I heard talk of it at the Navy House this morning. It is said that we have lost a frigate. They say also that we have lost her cowardly—a thing which one is not ready to believe. But I have not heard the particulars, and I know not the name of the craft. 'Tis pity, but 'tis true, that there should be found in every war cowardly commanders, in British as well as in French bottoms. Those of us who have memories can remember the last war, gentlemen. Well, we must quickly build or capture another ship, and find a better Captain. We will give the command to Jack Easterbrook."

So saying, he sat down, and began to fill his pipe leisurely. Just as he had finished these words, and before Mr. Brinjes had time to do more than to open his mouth, there came running into the room the landlord, having in his hand the *London Post* of the evening, brought down the river from town by some boatman. His face was pale, and his eyes full of terror.

"Oh! gentlemen," he cried, "Gentlemen! Here is such news! I cannot trust my eyes. For God's sake, read the newspaper! But who shall tell the Admiral?"

"Is it news from the Fleet?" asked Captain Petherick. "It is, your Honour." The man looked as if he was afraid to tell his news. "Oh! gentlemen," he repeated, "who shall tell the Admiral?"

"Is it bad news?" asked Mr. Brinjes. "It is the worst news possible. Gentlemen—it is—it is. . . ." he looked about him to see if the Admiral was, perhaps, present, hitherto unseen. "It is news of—of—of Captain Easterbrook, gentlemen. Of no other, indeed."

"What!" cried the Apothecary; "bad news? The worst news? Then is our boy dead?" He sat down in a chair, and looked from face to face. "Jack is dead."

"It is the worst news possible," repeated the landlord. "Jack is dead," said all together, looking at one another in dismay.

"Jack is dead," repeated Mr. Brinjes. "There hath been an action, and Jack hath fallen. Poor Bess! Yet, now he will never marry the other." The company knew not what he meant. "Well; every man must take his chance—I looked for other things—but. . . Jack is dead! Some die young, and some die old. To those who die old it seems as if their years have been but a dream. What matters, therefore, when a man dies? Wherefore—devil take all black negro witches with their lying prophecies!" Again the company asked themselves what Mr. Brinjes might mean.

The landlord shook his head. "No, Sir. No, gentlemen. Oh! you will not understand. Read the *Post*. Captain Easterbrook hath lost his ship."

"If," said Mr. Brinjes, "he lost his ship, of course he first lost his life or else his limbs. He would not be taken below while there was yet life enough left to fight his ship."

"Gentlemen," cried the landlord again, "your honours will not listen. It is in the *London Post*."

He held out his newspaper, but no one offered to take it. Everyone knew now that something had happened worse than death. Then they heard the Admiral's step as he entered the house and stumped along the passage with his escort of negroes.

"Gentlemen," said the landlord again, "who shall tell him?" Again he held out the paper. They looked at each other and held back. No one offered to take the paper; they were afraid. It is one kind of courage to walk up to a cannon's mouth, and another to become a messenger of bad tidings.

Then the Admiral came in, followed by his two negroes. He saluted the company cheerfully, and gave his hat and cloak to his servants. This done, he took his seat in his usual place. But the other gentlemen standing about the fire did not, as was customary, follow his example. They hesitated, looked first at the Admiral and then at the landlord.

"Gentlemen, be seated," said the Admiral. "Sir"—it was Mr. Brinjes who spoke—"it appears that bad news hath arrived."

"What news?"

"It is—news of Captain Easterbrook."

"Is the boy . . . is the boy dead?" asked the Admiral.

"Sir, we cannot but suppose so. For he hath lost his ship. But as yet we have not seen the *Post*."

"No—no," the landlord again interposed, holding out the *Post*, which no one would take. "Gentlemen, stand by me, I beseech you. Sir, the Captain is not dead."

"Then, poor lad," said the Admiral, "he is grievously wounded, and like to die. Our boy, gentlemen, is grievously wounded, and like to die"—here his voice failed him.

"No, Sir, he is not wounded."

"Then he is shipwrecked and drowned. Why is the man

staring like a stuck pig? Alas! gentlemen, our boy is drowned." But the Admiral looked uncertain, because the company, now understanding that something out of the common had happened, looked at each other and at the landlord, and spoke not.

"Sirs,"—the landlord again offered the newspaper to one after the other, but no one took it—"the news is here printed. Otherwise, God forbid that I should dare to say such a thing. Your Honour, it is here stated that the Captain struck his colours in the very beginning of the action."

"Struck his colours!" The Admiral caught the arms of his chair, raised himself as quickly as a one-legged man may. "Struck his colours! Jack struck his colours! Ye lie, ye drunken swab! Ye lie!" With that he delivered him so shrewd a blow with his gold-headed stick that had not the landlord dodged, he would have been enabled instantly to carry the news into the next world. "Ye lie, I say!" Here his voice failed him, and his face became purple, and he reeled and would have fallen but Mr. Shelvocke and Captain Petherick caught him and sat him in a chair, where he gasped and panted, and looked as if he was about to have a fit of some kind. As for the landlord, he stood in a corner, pale and trembling.

"Give me the paper," said Mr. Brinjes, when the Admiral had somewhat mastered his passion. "Let us at least read what is here stated." He read it silently. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is a strange business. I understand it not. Here is more than meets the eye. It is a thing hard to understand. I will read it aloud. Courage, Admiral, the story is impossible as it stands."

"Despatches have been received from Sir Edward Hawke. He reports an affair which, unless later intelligence contradict it, is more discredit to British honour than anything which has been done since the cowardly flight of Benbow's Capitans. The frigate Calypso, Captain John Easterbrook, with her consort the Resolute, Captain Samuel Boys, fell in at daybreak with a squadron of the enemy, consisting of three frigates, one of them being the Malicieuse. The names of the other two are not given. The Frenchman bore away on discovery of the Union Jack, and the British ships gave chase. After some hours the Calypso came up with the Malicieuse, the hindmost of the three, the Resolute being then a quarter of a mile or so astern, though crowding all sail. It is reported by Captain Boys, he being then on his quarter-deck and glass in hand, that the engagement was commenced by the Malicieuse firing a shot from her stern-chaser which struck the Calypso; that then he saw Captain Easterbrook strike his colours with his own hand; that his officers ran about him, and he cut one down; that the Frenchman immediately lowered a boat and boarded the prize, driving the crew below; and that the other two French frigates backed their sails, whereupon he withdrew from the chase, thinking it useless to engage three vessels at once; that he was not pursued; and that he knows no reason at all why the ship was surrendered without firing a shot. 'Tis thought that the Calypso hath been conveyed to Brest. This account is the more extraordinary by reason of the character for gallantry possessed by Captain Easterbrook, who was one of Captain Lockhart's Lieutenants on board the fighting Tartar."

"This is a very strange story," said Captain Petherick. "By your leave, Mr. Brinjes, I will not believe it."

"Thank ye, old friend," said the Admiral, hoarsely. "My boy surrender? Never, Sir, never. Damme, Mr. Apothecary, wilt thou try to persuade us that such a thing is possible?"

"Nay, Admiral, nay; I do but read what is printed. Lord forbid that I should doubt the boy. What is this? Ay, they have begun already their pestilent verses. 'Twill be just as it was with Admiral Byng, when the journals were full of squibs. Listen now. Oh! they care nothing about truth so long as they can turn a verse and raise a laugh. Listen."

"The following lines have been picked up at the Rainbow. 'Tis thought they come from the Temple:

The Frenchman crowds all sail in fright:  
The Briton crowds all sail to fight:  
The brave Calypso's gallant tyke  
Claps on all sail in haste to strike.

And these have been recited at Dick's—

The Captain brave his ship would save,  
And so this great commander  
Cries, "Heroes, I will scorn to fly,  
While I can still surrender.  
Stay, Frenchman, stay: your shot may play  
Too rough among my hearties;  
I fear no foe: but yet, I know,  
To strike the better part is."

"Oh! 'tis a lie—'tis a lie," the Admiral groaned. "Gentlemen—my boy, Jack! Gentlemen, I say. . . ."

"We cannot believe it, Admiral," said Captain Petherick. "Yet it is in the despatches."

"There is something that we are not told," said Mr. Brinjes. "But, without doubt, the Calypso is taken prisoner, and someone on board struck the colours."

The Admiral stared about him with amazement and confusion in his eyes. Then he rose slowly. "I shall go home, gentlemen. I wish you good-night. Someone shall swing for this lie. . . . Someone shall swing." He moved towards the door, forgetting his hat and cloak, which one of the gentlemen reached for him. "Someone, I say, shall swing for this—this diabolical lie about my boy, Jack. We shall see—damme, I say, we shall see! What, sirrah, the lantern not lit?" Indeed, it was not the duty of the negro to keep the candle burning through the evening; but the Admiral belaboured him so lustily that the fellow roared, and the company trembled lest he should be killed. But a negro's head is hard. Then the Admiral walked away. This was his last night with the Club; he came no more to the Sir John Falstaff.

The gentlemen, without his presence, sat awhile speechless. But the landlord brought in the punch, and they presently filled and lit their pipes, and began to whisper.

"Do you think, Sir," asked Mr. Brasil of the Apothecary, "do you think that the story may be in any point of it true?"

"Why," said Mr. Brinjes, "as for truth, I suppose that is never got at, and this nut is hard to crack. How such a man as Jack Easterbrook could haul down his flag before the action began passes understanding. But then how men like Captain Boys and his officers should be deceived, when only a quarter of a mile distant or thereabouts, one cannot understand either. And that the ship is taken one cannot doubt."

"If he comes home he will be tried by court-martial, and for cowardice," said Mr. Shelvocke.

"That is most certain," said Captain Petherick; "and if he surrendered cowardly, he will be shot. Gentlemen, this is an event which affects our own honour. For though the boy is no blood relation of any here, he hath been our pupil, so to speak. We have taught him. He is our son, in whom we hoped, and in whom we believed. It is not the Admiral alone who is struck. It is this company of honourable gentlemen who would have maintained to their dying day that Jack Easterbrook could never turn out a coward. Why, a more gallant lad never trod the deck, as witness Captain Lockhart, of the Tartar, where he served. I say, gentlemen, this affects us all. We are brought to shame by this untoward and unexpected event."

"Perhaps," said one of the company, "the Captain was shot at the outset, and it was the First Lieutenant who hauled down the flag."

But that seemed impossible, because no one could fail to discern Captain Easterbrook at so short a distance, if only on account of his great stature. Besides, Captain Samuel Boys was known for a sober and honest man, who would certainly not invent so grievous a charge against a brother officer.

"Perhaps," said another, "the ship was foundering." Then they read the statement again, trying to extract from it, if possible, some gleam of hope or doubt. But they found none.

"Gentlemen," said the Apothecary, "I hope I shall not be thought to be a man over-ready to believe this monstrous thing if I submit that it may be true, and that the act was made possible by one of those sudden madnesses which the people believe to be the possession of the devil. We read of poor women, in such fits, murdering their own tender children; and of husbands beating to death their wives, without a cause; and of learned scholars who have gone forth from their books to hang themselves without any reason for despair. No man is at all times master of his own actions; and doubtless there are in the brain, as in the body, weak places, so that just as one man falleth into an asthma, or a rheumatism, or the gout, by reason of bodily imperfections, so may a man by mental disorder commit acts of false judgment, foolish conclusions, and mad acts for which there is no accounting. Nor can we anticipate or prevent such attacks. I once knew as brave a fellow as ever stepped, to snivel and cry for an hour together: and why? Only because he was sentenced to be hanged. Yet he walked manfully to the gallows in the end. And another, who fell on his knees and wept aloud, because he was to have a tooth out, which he dreaded more than he did the three dozen he had received a month before."

"Then, you think, Sir," said Captain Petherick, "that the boy may have been mad?"

"I know not what to think. I tell the company what I have seen. Some acts, I declare, are not consistent with what we know of the man's previous life. What should we think did the Reverend Vicar of St. Paul's suddenly fall to singing a roaring tavern song of Poll and Nan? Yet that would be no whit the worse than for Jack to become suddenly coward. There are some who say that men are thus afflicted by Divine Visitation. That may be. A congestion of the liver and the mounting of vapours to the head may likewise produce such effects. Yet we do not call a liver disease a Divine Visitation. I remember once, being then on the coast of Yucatan, a very singular thing. Landlord, the bowl is out. I say, gentlemen, that I once witnessed a very singular thing. There was a young fellow with us of five or six and twenty; a daredevil dog who had faced death so often that he feared him no longer, and was looked to lead the way. The enemy showed fight, and we came to close quarters, when the word was given to board. What happened? He leaped upon the enemy's deck with the greatest resolution, and then, to our surprise, he turned tail and fled like a cur, dropping his arms and crying out for fear. We tried that man, gentlemen, when we landed, and we shot him for cowardice, just as Jack Easterbrook will be tried and shot, if he be fool enough to come home. 'Twas a pity, too, for after he was dead we found out the reason of this strange behaviour. He was bewitched by an old woman to revenge her granddaughter, his sweetheart, who was mad with him on account of his many infidelities. The girl came out and laughed in his face while he was led forth to execution. Afterwards, she confessed the crime to some of the girls; and when they began to talk of it, she took to the woods, where, no doubt, she presently perished. The old woman we punished. The night before she was executed, I went privily to her and offered her poison, if she would give me her secrets, and especially the secret by which she knew how to prolong life as much as she pleased. But she refused, being an obstinate old woman; and next day the men gave her a bad time, being mad with her. Gentlemen, we are not on the Spanish Main; and there is no witch among us, except Philadelphia, the Admiral's negro woman, who would not, if she could, put Obi on Jack. Yet if this story be true, then I doubt not that our boy was clean off his head, and no longer master of himself, when he struck his flag."

## CHAPTER XL.

## HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED.

The next despatches brought confirmation of the news. There could now be no doubt at all that the Calypso had been surrendered by the Captain, and that without striking a blow. The consternation and shame which fell upon us cannot be described; nay, not upon us only, but upon the whole town of Deptford, to whom Jack was nothing short of a hero.

"There is nothing," said my father in the next Sunday's sermon, "there is nothing, my brethren, upon this earth which is stable. Our riches make themselves wings and fly away; disease falls upon the stoutest and strongest of us; old age palsies our limbs; death snatches away the youngest and brightest. Even in the very spring and heyday of life, when promise is strongest and hope most assured, the qualities of which we are so proud may fail us suddenly, and without warning—so that the brave man may lose his courage, the loyal man become a traitor, and the strong man fall into the weakness of a girl. Remember this, my brethren, and in the day of your strength be humble." Those who listened applied the words to the disgraced Captain, and hung their heads.

But the Admiral and his household were not in church. They sat at home, the flag half-mast high, Madam and Castilla, by the Admiral's orders, in black, as if in mourning for one who is lately dead.

"He is dead, Luke," said the brave old man. "My gallant boy, the son of my old friend, my son-in-law who was to be, is truly dead. How he died, and where, I know not. But he is dead, and his body is occupied by an evil spirit. What? Shall we be ashamed because this cowardly Devil hath struck the colours? 'Tis not our boy. He is dead. Castilla weeps for him; but, as for me, I always looked that he might die early, as so many others do—being killed in action, or cast away. As yet we know not how he died, or how the Devil was permitted to walk about in his body. Perhaps we shall never learn." But here he broke off, and choked. "What an ending! What an ending is here!—truly, what an ending! Why, if one had foreseen it, 'twould have been a Christian act to put a knife into the boy's heart when he came here sixteen years ago; and a joyful thing, had one only known beforehand what would happen, to be hanged for it afterwards."

I said that I hoped he would be able to write us some words of consolation.

"Consolation? Why, the Captain struck his flag without firing a shot! Consolation? There are some things, my lad, which can never be forgiven or forgotten. Cowardly to surrender is the chief of these. Cowardly! Oh! that it should seem possible to use that word of our boy!"



1. Tomb of Peter Boham, the Founder.  
2. Post, at which Hogarth was hanged.

3. Entrance to Girls' School, and Fringe Factory.

4. Interior of St. Bartholomew's Church.  
5. St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Smithfield.

6. Interior of St. Bartholomew's Church.  
7. Interior of the Church, showing the "secular encasement" of the Fringe Factory looking, originally the "Lady Chapel," above the altar.

8. Cloth Fair.

9. Blacksmith's Alley, another "secular encasement," on the site of the North Transept.

10. The South Aisle.  
11. A bit of the Church Walls.

12. Entrance to the Boys' School, occupying the North Transept.  
13. North entrance to the Church, from Cloth Fair.

BITS OF OLD LONDON: THE OLD PRIORY CHURCH AND PRECINCTS OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW, WEST SMITHFIELD.

Then I said that it would be best for him to stay abroad, and never to return to England.

"Ay," said the Admiral, "unless he should resolve to come back and be shot. The women say he is bewitched. But who should bewitch him? No: our boy is dead, and some evil spirit is in his body."

This was the only consolation that the poor old Admiral permitted himself. Yet it did not console. He stayed at home, being so covered with shame that he durst not venture forth, lest the boys should point at him. He told me so; and it went to my heart thus to see this brave old man wounded and bleeding, yet to know no single word of consolation.

"Luke," said Castilla, "do not, if you please, mention his name to me. We must resign ourselves to the Heavenly Will. No doubt this affliction hath been designed for some wise end."

This must always be the Christian's view; yet, in my ignorance, I have sometimes questioned the course of events which thus afflicted and presently destroyed a brave man in his old age, undeserving of this disgrace.

I know not who first started the rumour—perhaps it was Mr. Brinjes himself—but it was presently spread over all the town that the Captain was bewitched. And so great was the popular indignation that, had the people known what had passed with Bess Westmoreland, I make no doubt they would have murdered her. Fortunately, there was no suspicion at all. No one had seen them together, or knew that there had been any love-passages between them, or any jealousy. Most certainly they would have murdered her, the women especially being full of wrath against the unknown author of this misfortune.

But I was uneasy—listening to the talk of these termagants, as they gathered in the streets, and cried out what should be done to the witch—lest someone should turn suspicion upon Bess. As for Philadelphia, who would have been suspected, it was known that the Captain was to marry her young mistress, and therefore she could not be the witch. Now, of wise women, who know the properties of simples, and can read the signs of good and bad luck, and tell fortunes by cards, there are always plenty; but of witches there was in Deptford only one, and of wizards only one, and both of them known to be friends of the Captain.

"It is true, Luke," said Bess Westmoreland, when I found her in the usual place. "Do not talk as if it were not true, because I am assured that the news is true. Why, I knew that something terrible was going to fall upon him. Mr. Brinjes says there may be some mistake in the evidence of Captain Boys; but I know better. It is quite true. What will happen next, I know not. But I shall have my lover back again, whatever happens. The fortune always ended in the same way with love at last."

"Whatever happens, Bess? Why, he is now a prisoner of war, and, unless exchanged, will remain a prisoner till the war is ended. And if he ever return he will be tried and shot."

"Then he will stay where he is, and send for me," she replied, as if the recovery of her lover, should that be brought about, would be cheaply purchased at the cost of his honour. But women know little of man's regard for honour. "He will send for me; and if it were to the ends of the earth, I would go to him."

"Bess," I whispered, "it is rumoured abroad in the town that he was bewitched. Is there anyone who knows what passed between him and you when last you saw him?"

"No one knows except you, Luke. Aaron knows, but he is away."

"Then speak to no one about it. Let it not be suspected that you predicted this disaster, or the people, I verily believe, would burn you for a witch, Bess."

"Why, are they such fools as to think that I would suffer a hair of his head to be touched if I could help it? For Jack loved me once—how he loved me once!—three years ago! And I—oh! I love him always. What do I care what he has done? Let him but hold up his finger to me and I will go to him. I will be his slave. Oh! Luke, I would suffer gladly that he kicked and flogged me daily so that he loved me. What do I care about his disgrace? That touches not me. My Jack will always be the same to me, whatever people may say of him."

"My poor Bess," I said. "Indeed, he hath a constant mistress. But, my dear, do not look to see him more. I fear we shall never be able to set eyes on his face again, for he cannot show his face among his fellows. The common fellow pays for his sins with a flogging, and when his back is healed, he thinks no more of the matter. But the Captain—look you, Bess—it is a most dreadful thing. For, whatever happens, he can never more sit among honourable men."

"He shall sit with me, then," said Bess. "As for what I told him, the words were put into my head—I know not how. They were a message. I was made to tell him. They were not my words; wherefore I knew that they would come true."

Thus, while the rest of us were overwhelmed with shame, she who loved him best (because now I clearly understood that Castilla had never loved him so well, else she could not have been so quickly and so easily resigned to her loss) thought little of the deed and much of the man. Thus it is that a woman may love a man, so that whatever he does, whether he succeed or fail, even if he does disgraceful and shameful things, she will love him steadfastly. In Bess's simple words, he is always the same man for her.

"As for me," said Mr. Brinjes, "I am very sure that the lad was bewitched. I know not by whom, because Philadelphia would work all the charms she knows for his help, for Miss Castilla's sake. But bewitched he was. Wherefore, Luke, my lad, I shall wait until we learn where he is at present bestowed, and then I shall send him a letter. He must not look for a return to England at any time, unless he joins himself with the Pretender, and hopes to return with him. But no: he must never return at all. And as for that young man, he is now near forty, and will never come to England again, I take it. But though Jack cannot come back here, I see no reason why we should not go to him; and so we might together set sail for the Southern Seas, and there dig up my treasure, and equip and man a stout squadron for the harassing of the Spanish fleets."

"Why, Mr. Brinjes," I told him, "you are now an old man—ninety years and more, as you have told us often. Is it for a man of ninety years to brave the hardships of the sea once more?"

"Hardships! Little you know of peaceful sailing among the sunny waters of the islands. There are no hardships and no discomforts. Why, 'twould make me twenty years younger to be back again in the Pacific Ocean and in those latitudes. I should be little more than seventy. What is seventy? A man is still green at seventy: he is in the full vigour of his manhood; there is nothing that I could not do at seventy, ay, and as well as the youngest of them all, save that my limbs were a trifle stiff, and I no longer cared to run and jump. But that stiffness sometimes falls on a man at six-and-thirty, wherefore I could not complain. Seventy! Ah! To be seventy again, with thirty years more to live! And then, if one were so lucky as to fall upon the great secret, another thirty, and another thirty after that, and so on as long as one chose to live. And that, my lad, I promise you, would be until I understood clearly what was on the other side." Thus he went on chattering, having almost forgotten how we began to talk: to forget the things of the present day is ever a sign or proof of great age. "Ah!" he sighed, heavily, "would to God that I could find myself once more aboard a tight vessel on the Pacific Seas, with plenty of men and lemons, and some music for the lads in the evenings, and, for amusement, taking a ship now and then, and making the Spaniard walk the plank. Jack should be our Captain, and Bess should go with us—I could not go away from Deptford without Bess, and her heart is always set on Jack. Yet, I do not remember any women among the Rovers except Mary Read and Ann Bonny, and they dressed like men, and pretended to be men. They sailed under Captain Rackam, and a brave pair of wenches they were. I dreamed last night that we were all three on the poop of as fine a schooner as one could wish, bound for the South Seas, by way of the Indian Ocean."

So we lost our hero. At least, so we thought we had lost him. He was taken to a French prison. He would never be so mad as to return to England, where certain death awaited him. We should never see him again. And, as Captain Potherick truly said, we were all shamed by an act as truly cowardly as ever British sailor committed. The newspapers continued to speak of it; the evidence of Captain Boys was printed in full, and there were more epigrams. And then other things happened; and the loss of the Calypso would have been speedily forgotten but for a surprising and unexpected turn, which was, so to speak, a second act in this tragedy of Jack Easterbrook's end.

Truly surprising and unexpected it was, and the intelligence of it threw us all into an agitation worse, if possible, than the first. For we were assured that the worst was over. The first blow fell upon us like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and now we were rising to our feet again (except the Admiral), stunned and confused, yet in a fair way of recovery, as happens in every earthly calamity, else 'twould be impossible to live. The child we love—nay, the woman we love—dies, yet behold the sun rises and sets, and presently the daily life goes on as before, and the loss is partly forgotten. Suppose, however, the woman was not dead, but came to life again, only to die with more cruel suffering and with shame!

What happened, in a word, was this.

The crew of the prize had orders to take the Calypso to Brest, which was the nearest French port. They ordered their prisoners below to the quarters always designed for men in that unhappy position—namely the forward portion of the cockpit, where they have to sit in gloom, lit only by one great ship's lantern all day and all night, save for such times as they are allowed on deck for fresh air in gangs and small companies. When the Englishmen were driven below, and the prize crew appointed, the Malicieuse parted company, and the Calypso was left to make her own way to Brest.

"On the second day," we read in the *London Post*, "the prisoners rose, and became again masters of the ship, which was brought into Spithead under the First Lieutenant, the Captain being kept a prisoner in his cabin. This extraordinary reversal of fortune, and other circumstances attending the case, have excited the greatest interest. The Lords Commissioners have ordered the ship to be brought to Deptford, where the court-martial on Captain Easterbrook will be held."

As is usual in news published by authority in the *Gazette*, and copied by other newspapers, there were no particulars of

the manner in which the ship was recovered, except that she was navigated by the First Lieutenant. Had the crew, then, mutinied against their Captain, and confined him to his cabin? If not, how was he a prisoner?

It was impossible for me, who knew the whole circumstances of the case, not to feel that in this surprising reversal of fortune and in the ordering of the court-martial, there was a direct interposition of the hand of Providence, such as may well make the guilty tremble. To lose life, and honour as well, which is dearer than life, as a penalty for broken vows, seems a terrible punishment, and out of proportion to the offence. But it is not every inconstant lover who hath expressly called down upon his own head, as Jack did, the wrath of God in case of his inconstancy. Man cannot with impunity call upon the name of the Lord. There is a story of one who learned how to draw the lightnings out of heaven, but he drew them upon himself, and so perished. Was not this the fate of Jack Easterbrook?

Alas! we were now wholly without hope. For needs must that he be tried; and he was condemned already, and as good as shot. While he was prisoner with the French, his life at least was safe; and if he chose never to return, he could certainly never be tried; and so his case would be in the course of time forgotten. But now he must be tried, and he must be condemned.

"But," said Mr. Brinjes, "he shall call me as a witness; and I will prove from books and from mine own experience that there have happened many cases of sudden madness, and that in such an access or seizure a man is not master of himself. And those who have travelled much in countries where the sun is hot, and especially those who have wandered, as the boy did, among savages, with insufficient food, and perhaps no covering for the head, are more than others liable to such fits—instances of which I can produce. It will also be set forth that the Captain, not long before he sailed, received so heavy a blow upon the head that he was carried senseless through the town and across the river. Such a blow may of itself produce the effect of sudden madness. Men who have proved themselves brave sailors and fond of fight do not, unless from this cause, suddenly become cowardly. Why, he crowded all sail to get within range of the enemy."

"Yet he struck his flag," I said. "Is every man who runs away, after marching resolutely to meet the enemy, to plead that he was smitten with a sudden madness?"

As for the value of such evidence, I know not what it would have availed, but I think it would have availed nothing in the eyes of the officers who formed the court. But, as you will presently see, it never was produced. Perhaps the knowledge of what he could testify gave the Apothecary an inward assurance which comforted him. For he showed no alarm, and maintained stoutly that his own evidence, with the prisoner's previous good conduct, would get Jack acquitted, if it did not get him reinstated in command.

But courts, whether martial or civil, do not thus examine into motives and causes. If a Judge were to hear why a pocket came to be picked, or by what train of circumstances an honest man has been turned into a rogue, there would be no punishment at all, but rather general commiseration for sin, and forgiveness of all sinners, on the score of human weakness and the strength of temptation.

As for Bess, when she heard that the Captain was a prisoner and on his way to meet his trial, she said nothing, except that whatever happened the end was certain; and she waited. Her wrath and fierceness were all gone; she was now gentle and calm, though her cheek was pale, and round her eyes a black ring, by which I knew that she slept little, and thought of Jack continually.

(To be continued.)

Messrs. De la Rue and Co., of Bunhill-row, have sent some specimens of their Purses, Diaries, and Card-cases for ladies and gentlemen, and Calendars of various sizes and forms for the coming year. In these, as in all the productions of this firm, usefulness and grace are happily blended.

There is no better way of preparing for a merry evening at Christmas-tide for the young folk than the laying in a goodly store of cozaques. These mirth-provoking crackers are produced in great variety by Messrs. G. Sparagnapane and Co., wholesale and export ornamental confectioners, at Milton-street, City.

The Duke of Westminster, who was accompanied by the Duchess of Westminster, presided, on Thursday week, at a meeting held in the Silvertown National Schools to consider the proposed acquisition of North Woolwich Gardens for the public. A resolution was passed urging the desirability of an earnest effort being made to secure the gardens for a public recreation ground, and an executive committee was appointed.

The first of the fourth series of six private subscription Cinderella Dances, on behalf of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, was held at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on Thursday; and others will be held on the 16th inst., Jan. 20, Feb. 3 and 17, and March 3, 1887. Coote and Tinney's band has been again engaged. The dances begin promptly at eight, and terminate at twelve o'clock. Subscribers to the Prince's Cinderellas can only be nominated upon the proper introduction of a patroness or steward.

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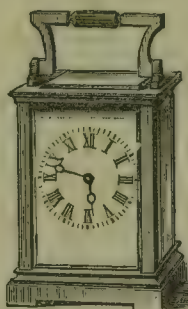
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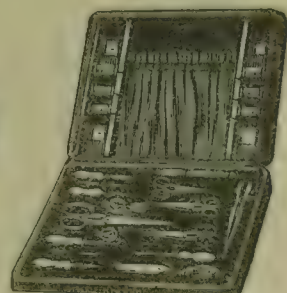
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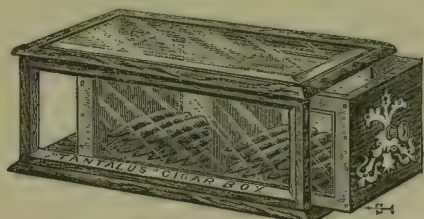
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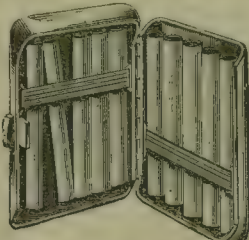
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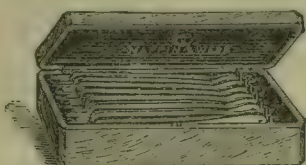
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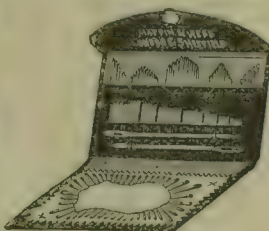
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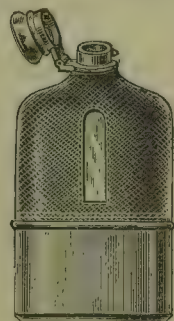
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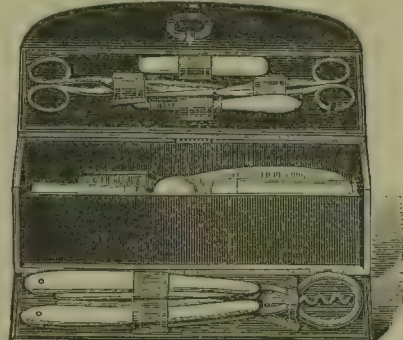
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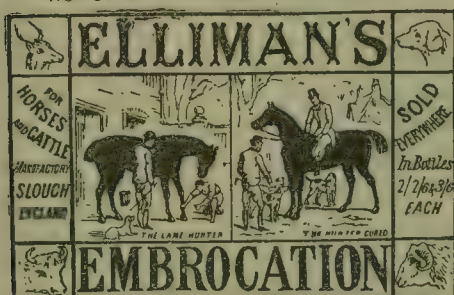
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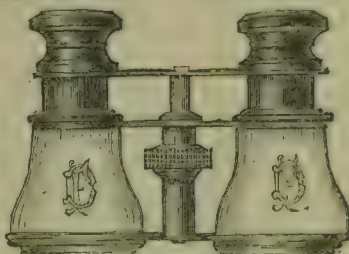
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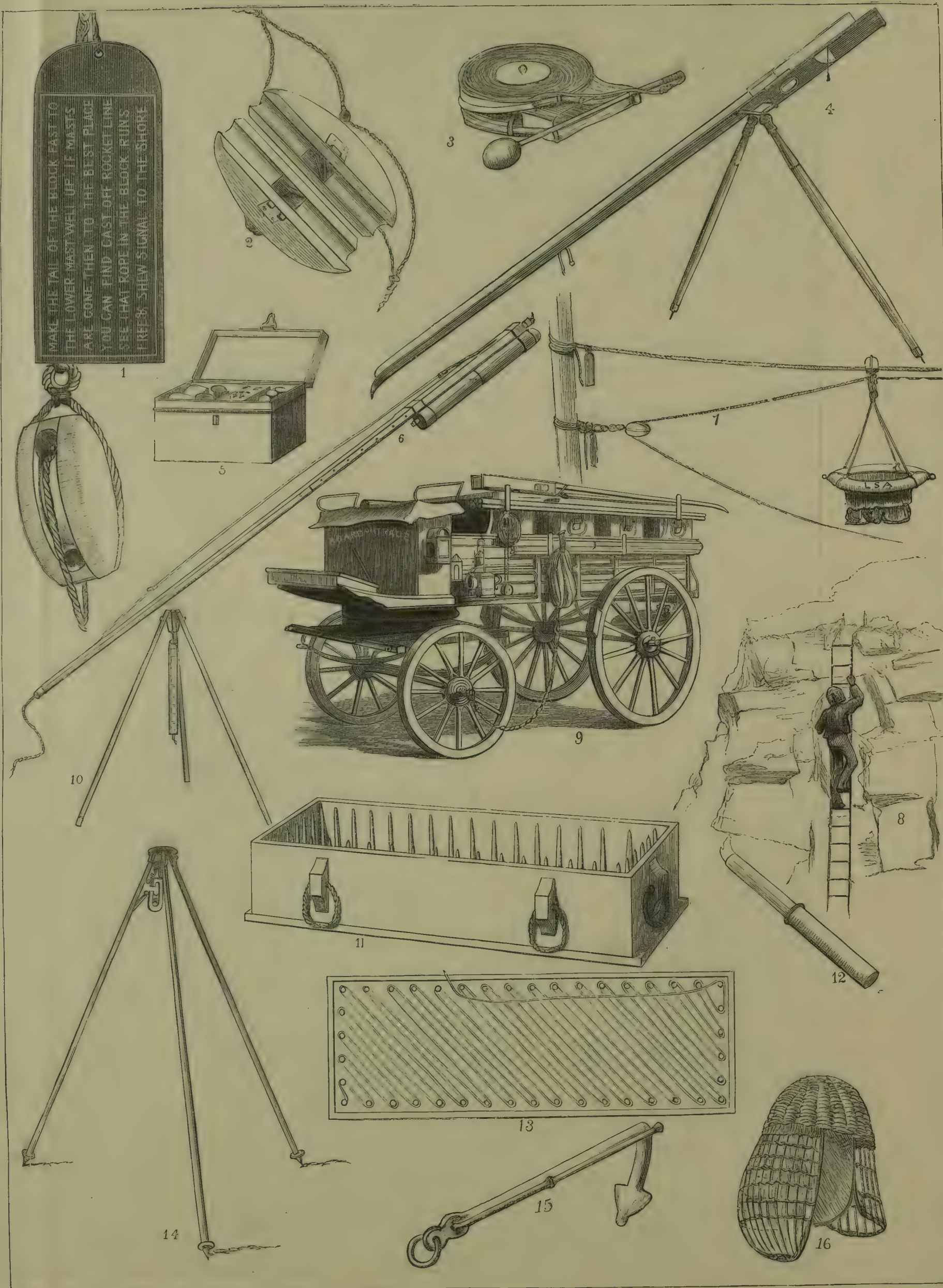
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3. Heaving-Cane and Line.

4. Rocket-Machine.  
5. Fuze-Box.  
6. Rocket.

7. Whip, Hawser, and  
Breeches-Buoy.  
8. Cliff-Ladder.

9. Waggon.  
10. Light.  
11. Rocket-Line Box.

12. Portfire.  
13. Showing Rocket-Line  
"faked" in box.

14. Triangle.  
15. Anchor.  
16. Cliff-Helmet.



VOLUNTEER LIFE BRIGADE—SENDING A ROCKET TO A WRECKED SHIP.

## THE LIFE-SAVING ROCKET SERVICE.

In our publication of Oct. 23, an Illustration was given of the scene on board a vessel which had come to grief on a rocky coast of the West of England; a line had been thrown from the shore, by means of a rocket, and a rope had been stretched across, to which was suspended a "breeches-buoy," forming a safe vehicle for the men of the crew, one by one, to be hauled above the breakers, and so rescued from drowning by the men of the Coast Guard and of the Volunteer Life Brigade. We then gave a brief account, borrowing its particulars from an official publication compiled by Mr. Thomas Gray, of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, stating the history of the rocket apparatus, originally contrived by Captain Manby in 1807, adopted by Government in 1814, employed for several years under the direction of the Board of Customs, but since 1857 managed by the Board of Trade, which introduced great improvements, chiefly proposed by Admiral Ward, a leading member of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution. The Marine Department of the Board of Trade now maintains about three hundred stations furnished with complete life-saving apparatus—195 on the coasts of England and Wales, 45 on those of Scotland, 51 on the Irish coasts, and others in the Isle of Man, the Channel Islands, and Heligoland, besides supplying many more with life-belts and lines. The apparatus is under the charge of the Coast Guard, wherever there is a Coast Guard station; and in many cases there are companies of Volunteers, not connected with the Life-boat service, who are enrolled up to a number sufficient, with the Coast Guard, or in the absence of the Coast Guard, to provide twenty-five men for working the apparatus. They are to be under the orders of the local Coast Guard officer, the Customs officer, the Receiver of Wreck, "or under the superintendence of some person of influence in the neighbourhood." The first enrolled Volunteer Life Brigade, in December, 1864, was at Tynemouth, on the coast of Northumberland; this example was soon followed at South Shields, at Cullercoats, and at Sunderland, and subsequently on the Cumberland coast, at Whitehaven, and Workington, and on other coasts of Great Britain. The Volunteer Life Brigades are regularly exercised together with the Coast Guard, receiving pay for attendance (except those belonging to the Royal Naval Reserve), and, whenever the apparatus is used at a wreck, special pay, and rewards for each life saved, are allowed by the Board of Trade; but no claim for salvage of life can be made on the owners of the ship. These are excellent regulations. Persons desiring to organise Volunteer Life Brigades should apply to the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, Whitehall-gardens.

The apparatus, and the method of working it, may be thus shortly described:—A rocket is fired which carries a line over the ship; the crew haul on the rocket-line, and this brings an endless rope (called a whip), rove through a block with a tail attached to it, which they make fast to a mast or some other portion of the wreck high above the water. Those on shore then haul off to the ship a hawser attached to the whip, which is made fast to the mast or other portion of the wreck about eighteen inches above the whip. Those on shore then set the hawser up, and send off to the ship the sling life-buoy. When the buoy reaches the ship, one of the shipwrecked persons gets into it, and it is hauled back with its occupant. This process is repeated till all, or as many as possible, are saved. It is sometimes better to use the whip and sling life-buoy alone. When the vessel is close in shore, the heaving cane is used instead of a rocket.

The rocket (No. 6 among the figures we have engraved) is that invented by Colonel Boxer, R.A., who devised a combination of two rockets in one case, one being a continuation of the other, so that the first compartment carried the projectile to its full elevation, and the second gave an additional impetus; the range thus obtained was found to much exceed that of two rockets attached side by side to one stick. This rocket was the same in principle as that now used, the "compound rocket," so arranged that when the first rocket has expended its force the second rocket is ignited, and carries the projectile further. The stick is 9 ft. 6 in. long, and is secured to the rocket by an iron pin. The line to be carried on board the ship is passed through a hole at the lower end of the stick, tied in a peculiar knot, and thence passed to a hole at the upper end of the stick, where it is secured by rings of indiarubber and metal, and is tied again. The rocket is placed on the stand with a trough, called a rocket machine (Fig. 4), where the rocket-fuse, at an opening in the side of the trough, is ignited by applying the port-fire (Fig. 82). The handle of the port-fire is a hollow case, which contains seven "primers" if required. It is lighted by a detonating primer, and so is the light (Fig. 10) used for signals, or for illuminating the scene of a wreck. The port-fire burns six or seven minutes; the fuse burns ten seconds. The line carried by the rocket is 250 fathoms or 1500 feet in length, weighing 43 lb., and is barked or tanned to be more durable. When the end of the line is gotten board the ship a "whip," is put upon it, by which those on land send out the block and tally-board (Fig. 1). This is a black board, the size of a small school slate, with instructions painted on it, in white letters, in English and French, directing the crew what to do. They are bidden to make fast the tail of the block to the lower mast, or wherever they best can on board, and to see that the rope runs free in the block, and to signal this to the shore. The next business is to send out a hawser of three-inch Manila rope, 120 fathoms long, with a second tally-board, bearing further instructions to the crew, who are to make it fast and see all clear. The running rope in the block can then be used to bring men ashore on the hawser, as illustrated in Fig. 7, where the "breeches-buoy" travels along by these means from the left hand, near the mast of the ship, towards the right hand of our Engraving, in the direction of the shore. The lower part of the running-rope is, of course, being hauled in by the Volunteer Life Brigade and assistants. The breeches-buoy is an ordinary cork life-buoy, of circular open shape, with a bag of tarred canvas beneath, in which are two holes for a man sitting in the bag to put his legs through. It is attached to the "traveller-block" on the hawser. The above-described are the most essential working parts of the apparatus. Where the distance from the shore to the wreck is not above twenty yards or so, instead of firing a rocket, the men can throw a "heaving-cane" by hand, with the line attached to it; this cane is twenty inches long, and is loaded at one end with nearly 2 lb. of lead. If ever it be necessary for those on shore to sever the hawser at the end near the wreck, to save it from being lost, or after all the people on board are rescued, this can be done by the "hawser-cutter," which is armed with two knife-blades (Fig. 2). The "whip" is an endless rope, 1½ in. thick, more than twice as long as the hawser, on which it works, being rove through a block, and moving freely when hauled from shore. If the shore is flat, the end of the hawser can be elevated upon the iron triangle (Fig. 14). The boxes for keeping the apparatus, and the waggon for its conveyance, are shown in other figures, as well as the mode of "faking" the rocket-line, or arranging it for ready use, as laid in the box. The anchor for the hawser, the rope-ladder for climbing the cliffs, and the helmet to protect the climber's head from loose falling stones, require no explanation.

## ST. BARTHOLOMEW CHURCH, SMITHFIELD.

Special religious services were performed on Tuesday at the reopening of the ancient church of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield, on the completion of the first portions of the work of architectural restoration. A descriptive and historical account of this church, written by Dr. Norman Moore, Warden of the Medical College of Bartholomew's Hospital, may be cited for some interesting particulars. It was the Priory Church of the Augustinian monks, to whom the whole of St. Bartholomew's precinct belonged from early in the twelfth century, in the reign of the Norman King Henry I., to the dissolution of the monasteries by King Henry VIII. The founder was Prior Rahere, whose tomb is shown in the first of our series of Illustrations. The choir, all that now remains of the earliest Norman building, was consecrated by the Bishop of London, Richard of Beauvais, in 1123. The nave, in the Early English style, built at the beginning of the thirteenth century, was demolished in 1530, but the entrance from Smithfield remains, with some other parts: the transepts, of late Norman construction, were standing till 1830, when the north transept was destroyed by fire. The complete edifice was 280 ft. long and 60 ft. wide, including the nave, with aisles, north and south transepts, a central tower, with four corner towers, the choir, with apsidal termination, and the Lady Chapel. Some repairs were made in the year 1410, and further alterations, by Prior Bolton, from 1506 to 1532. The monastic establishment was adjacent to the south aisle of the nave, consisting of a spacious quadrangular cloister, the Prior's house, the refectory, buttery, and kitchen beyond, a dormitory, and a chapter-house near the south transept. These buildings and their ground were sold by the Crown, in 1540, to Sir Robert Rich, except a part, which, in Queen Mary's reign, was granted to the Dominican Friars. In 1559, Queen Elizabeth expelled these friars, and constituted the old Priory church a parish church, as it has since continued. The towers were removed, apparently, between 1622 and 1628. What now remains is chiefly the choir, with one bay of the nave, and a portion of the south aisle and the south transept.

The sacred edifice has been strangely invaded by "secular encroachments," which are shown in our Artist's Sketches. Behind the very altar, the Lady Chapel, completed in the fourteenth century, but originally a Norman building, has been converted into a fringe factory, the ancient side walls being much disfigured and covered with plaster. They formerly bore paintings of the twelve apostles, or of saints. The half-pillars of the arch here are of transition Norman character, almost Early English, and ribs at the angles rest on the massive Norman piers; while the old Lady Chapel is separated from the choir, which has no apse, by a straight wall, behind which rises a modern brick wall, with two plain windows of the Georgian era, as shown in our Illustration; the dark space between these two walls, long called "Purgatory," was used as a bone-house, in connection with the adjacent graveyard. The triforium gallery, with its arcade, carried along the sides of the choir, has partly been applied to private uses, and on the north side is occupied by the boys' school; the old roof has been destroyed, and of the clerestory, which was Early English, only two windows are left. The site of the north transept has been occupied by a blacksmith's forge.

Endeavours were begun in 1883 to raise, by public subscription, a fund to effect the restoration of this interesting church, one of the parish churches of London, and £5400 was collected to purchase the fringe factory property, but £2200 of the purchase money is still required. The patron, the Rev. F. Parr Phillips, on the death of his uncle, the Rev. J. Abbiss, undertook to purchase a part of that building which projected into the church, and to restore the apse, which has been done accordingly, from the design of his architect, Mr. Aston Webb. The amount paid by Mr. Phillips is £2748 in all. The blacksmith's forge, which had stood on the site of the north transept, has been purchased by the restoration committee, and they have recovered the south ambulatory of the church. A new oaken roof has also been provided. In order to clear off the debts already incurred, to remove the houses still encumbering the ground properly belonging to the church, to rebuild the north transept, to restore the Lady Chapel and make it a mission chapel for the district, to remove the boys' school from the triforium, and to open the south transept, which is now blocked up by the vestry, and to execute needful repairs of the nave and west end, the estimate of all further required amounts to £10,213. The committee, formed under the immediate sanction of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, comprises many clergymen and gentlemen of influence, including the Bishop of Bedford, the Dean of St. Paul's, the Earl of Devon, the Right Hon. A. J. Benceford Hope, M.P., and Mr. F. Dixon-Hartland, M.P., who is honorary treasurer. The present Rector, the Rev. W. Panckridge, will also receive subscriptions for this work, and we commend it to public support.

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS.

The time is rapidly approaching for the interchange of kindly greetings by means of these graceful missives. Some kindred productions of art-publishers have already been noticed in this Paper, and now we have received a huge portfolio crowded with specimens of all sorts from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, of Coleman-street, City, and of Paris and New York. According to the publishers' reckoning, their designs amount to 2500, most of them supplied by artists of note, and the best-skilled photographers have been engaged in their production.

We have likewise received cards of varied and, for the most part, charming designs, carefully produced, from the following firms, given in the order their productions came to hand:—

Mr. Arthur Ackermann, of Regent-street.  
Mr. J. F. Bennet, of Queen-street, Cheapside.  
Messrs. Castell Brothers, of Paternoster-square.  
Messrs. Philipp Brothers, of Chiswell-street.  
Messrs. Davidson Brothers, of Jewin-street.  
Messrs. Sockl and Nathan, of Jewin-crescent.  
Messrs. Thorburn and Baird, of Bowling-green-lane, City.  
Messrs. Birn Brothers, of Milton-street, City.  
Messrs. Wirths Brothers, of New Bond-street.  
Messrs. Nathan and Co., of Australian-avenue, Barbican.  
Messrs. Misch and Stock.

It has been stated that the public is getting tired of sending and receiving Christmas cards; but whatever may be the case as regards the demand, it is certain that the supply is as bounteous and tasteful as ever. Some publishers issue, besides their brilliantly-coloured productions, a simpler, inexpensive kind of "private cards," of various forms and designs, containing spaces for the sender's name and address, and in some cases those also of the receiver. The firms most active in this direction are Messrs. Sockl and Nathan and Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner.

The official statement has been issued of the result of the Liverpool Exhibition. It shows the total receipts to have been £133,000 and expenditure over £148,000, leaving a deficit of £15,000, which the guarantors will have to make good.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1886) of Mr. Caledon George Du Pre, late of Wilton Park, in the county of Buckingham, who died on Oct. 7 last, has just been proved by Arthur Riversdale Grenfell and Henry Edward Thornton, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £356,000. The testator bequeaths £300 each to the Consumption Hospital at Brompton, King's College Hospital, and the British Orphan Asylum, Slough; £200 to the Buckingham County Infirmary, at Aylesbury; £1000 and his live and dead farming stock to his executor Mr. Grenfell; £500 to his executor Mr. Thornton; his oil paintings, books, fixed mirrors, and pictures to the person who, at his decease, takes, as tenant-in-tail, the mansion-house at Wilton Park; and legacies to his steward, gardener, gamekeeper, coachman, shepherd, and other servants, and others. As to his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, the testator declares that he does not make any devise, bequest, or disposition thereof, as he is satisfied to allow the same to devolve to his two children, or otherwise, in such manner as the law may provide.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1886) of the Most Hon. Clementine Augusta, Marchioness of Camden, late of Bayham Abbey, Lamberhurst, Kent, who died on March 27 last, at Cannes, was proved on the 18th ult. by Captain Philip Green, the husband, and the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testatrix appoints under the settlement made on her marriage with her first husband, the late Marquis of Camden, her leasehold house, No. 96, Eaton-square, to her son, the present Marquis of Camden; and the residue of the unappointed trust funds under the said settlement to her daughter, Lady Clementine Frances Ann Pratt; and there are various specific bequests to children and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her husband, Captain Philip Green.

The will (dated March 15, 1886) of Lord Gerald FitzGerald, late of No. 47, Sloane-street, who died on Sept. 23 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by George William John Repton and Guy George Repton, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £38,000. The testator leaves one half of a sum of £30,000 he is entitled to under the will of his father to his wife, for life, and then to his son, Edward Gerald FitzGerald; and the other half to his said son; and there are one or two other bequests. The residue of his property he gives to his wife.

The will (dated May 24, 1881) of Mr. Clement Mansfield Ingleby, Doctor of Laws, late of Valentines, Great Ilford, Essex, who died on Sept. 26 last, was proved on the 1st ult. by Holcombe Ingleby, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator leaves the advowson and perpetual right of presentation of Ovingdean, Sussex, to trustees, upon trust, to present his eldest son, Arthur, thereto on the first vacancy, and subject thereto for his said son; all his land at Ovingdean to his said son Arthur; his gold and silver plate to his wife, for life, and then to his son Arthur; his furniture, effects, horses, carriages, and implements of husbandry to his wife; various specific bequests to children; and annuities to old servants. He makes no further provision for his wife, she being already amply provided for from other sources. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children.

The will (dated Feb. 13, 1872), with a codicil (dated May 27, 1881), of Major-General James Durham Dundas, late of No. 47, Albemarle-street, who died on Sept. 6 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Robert Dundas and William Dundas, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testator bequeaths £200 each to the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, and the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows; and legacies to relatives. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one half between his brothers, Robert and William, and his sister, Anne; and one half between the children of his said brother Robert, except the heir to his entailed estate of Armistoun.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated April 6, 1886) of Mr. Joseph Gardiner, of Westbourne House, Kelvinside, Glasgow, who died on May 26 last, granted to Mrs. Martha Hutcheson or Gardiner, the widow, James Morrison, Robert Kedie, and Alexander Pattison, the accepting executors nominate and assumed, was sealed in London on the 8th ult., the value of the personal estate exceeding £38,000.

The will (dated Jan. 29, 1885) of Mr. Richard Hervé Giraud, late of No. 7, Furnival's Inn, and of No. 55, Doughty-street, who died on Oct. 13 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by Samuel George Blackwell and Byng Thomas Giraud, M.D., the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator leaves various legacies to relatives and others, including his clerk and laundress. The goodwill of his business, with the office furniture, books, and papers, he gives to Mr. Gerald Shoppee; and the residue of his property to his said nephew, Dr. B. T. Giraud.

The will (dated March 9, 1880), with a codicil (dated Sept. 11, 1882), of Miss Alice Hockley, formerly of St. Stephen's-avenue, Shepherds Bush, but late of Elizabeth-villas, Goldsmith-road, Acton, who died on July 8 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by William Rea and Arthur Allman Tilleard, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £9800. The testatrix leaves £100 to each of her executors; and the residue of her estate and effects, whether real or personal, upon trust, for her niece and god-daughter, Edith Mary Hinds; but if she should not live to attain twenty-one or marry, then for the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Fulham-road, Brompton.

The will (dated June 18, 1885) and codicil (dated April 15, 1886) of John Eddison Crancey, of Amhurst-road, Hackney-downs, and late of Fore-street, Cripplegate, E.C., who died on July 21 last, was proved by George Richard Crancey, Henry Muskett Yeets, and Louise Susannah Crancey, the executors and trustees, in the Principal Registry of the Probate Division of her Majesty's High Court of Justice, on Aug. 13, the value of the personal estate amounting to £46,991 9s. 1d.

Staple Inn, Holborn, was sold by auction yesterday week for £68,000, the purchasers being the Prudential Assurance Company.

Mr. Bartley, the member for North Islington, has set aside No. 62, Campbell-road, Seven-Sisters-road, as a playhouse for the young people of the district. Each room is devoted to some special feature, such as parlour-games, skittles, books, gymnastic exercises, music, and what not; one of the apartments is arranged for the reception of parents, who may rest there and enjoy themselves while the youngsters play; and the whole is under the supervision of a resident manager and his wife. When the house was opened it was immediately filled by an eager band of boys and girls; and there can be no doubt that, during the winter especially, it will be a highly popular institution.

# CHRISTMAS 1880



ILLUSTRATED Price One Shilling  
LONDON NEWS  
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DECEMBER 1886  
CHRISTMAS NUMBER



That Christmas may be duly graced  
Miss Leila takes a look around,  
To see the holly's rightly placed,  
Each point with kissing-berries crowned.

CHRISTMAS HAS COME AGAIN!  
DRAWN BY FLORENCE GRAVIER.

Dear Leila is her mother's pride,  
A lovelier girl is seldom seen ;  
And she is courted far and wide,  
As well befits Sweet Seventeen.

## A MILLIONAIRE OF ROUGH-AND-READY.

BY BRET HARTE,

AUTHOR OF "MARUJA," "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

## PROLOGUE.

There was no mistake this time: he had struck gold at last!

It had lain there before him a moment ago—a misshapen piece of brown-stained quartz, interspersed with dull yellow metal; yielding enough to have allowed the points of his pick to penetrate its honeycombed recesses; yet heavy enough to drop from the point of his pick as he endeavoured to lift it from the red earth.

He was seeing all this plainly, although he found himself, he knew not why, at some distance from the scene of his discovery, his heart foolishly beating, his breath impotently hurried. Yet he was walking slowly and vaguely; conscious of stopping and staring at the landscape, which no longer looked familiar to him. He was hoping for some instinct or force of habit to recall him to himself, yet when he saw a neighbour at work in an adjacent claim, he hesitated, and then turned his back upon him. Yet only a moment before he had thought of running to him, saying, "By Jingo! I've struck it," or, "D—n it, old man, I've got it"; but that moment had passed, and now it seemed to him that he could scarce raise his voice, or, if he did, the ejaculation would appear forced and artificial. Neither could he go over to him coolly and tell his good fortune; and, partly from this strange shyness, and partly with a hope that another survey of the treasure might restore him to natural expression, he walked back to his tunnel.

Yes; it was there! No mere "pocket" or "deposit," but a part of the actual vein he had been so long seeking. It was there, sure enough, lying beside the pick and the debris of the "face" of the vein that he had exposed sufficiently, after the first shock of discovery, to assure himself of the fact and the permanence of his fortune. It was there, and with it the refutation of his enemies' sneers, the corroboration of his friends' belief, the practical demonstration of his own theories, the reward of his patient labours. It was there, sure enough. But, somehow, he not only failed to recall the first joy of discovery; but was conscious of a vague sense of responsibility and unrest. It was, no doubt, an enormous fortune to a man in his circumstances; perhaps it meant a couple of hundred thousand dollars, or more, judging from the value of the old Martin dell, which was not as rich as this, but it required to be worked constantly and judiciously. It was with a decided sense of uneasiness that he again sought the open sunlight of the hillside. His neighbour was still visible on the adjacent claim; but he had apparently stopped working, and was contemplatively smoking a pipe under a large pine-tree. For an instant he envied him his apparent contentment. He had a sudden fierce and inexplicable desire to go over to him and exasperate his easy poverty by a revelation of his own new-found treasure. But even that sensation quickly passed, and left him staring blankly at the landscape again.

As soon as he had made his discovery known, and settled its value, he would send for his wife and her children in the States. He would build a fine house on the opposite hillside, if she would consent to it, unless she preferred, for the children's sake, to live in San Francisco. A sense of a loss of independence—of a change of circumstances that left him no longer his own master, began to perplex him, in the midst of his brightest projects. Certain other relations with other members of his family, which had lapsed by absence and his insignificance, must now be taken up anew. He must do something for his sister Jane, for his brother William, for his wife's poor connections. It would be unfair to him to say that he contemplated those things with any other instinct than that of generosity; yet he was conscious of being already perplexed and puzzled.

Meantime, however, the neighbour had apparently finished his pipe, and, knocking the ashes out of it, rose suddenly, and ended any further uncertainty of their meeting by walking over directly towards him. The treasure-finder advanced a few steps on his side, and then stopped irresolutely.

"Hollo, Slinn!" said the neighbour, confidently.

"Hollo, Masters," responded Slinn, faintly. From the sound of the two voices a stranger might have mistaken their relative condition. "What in thunder are you mooning about for? What's up?" Then, catching sight of Slinn's pale and anxious face, he added abruptly, "Are you sick?"

Slinn was on the point of telling him his good fortune, but stopped. The unlucky question confirmed his consciousness of his physical and mental disturbance, and he dreaded the ready ridicule of his companion. He would tell him later; Masters need not know *when* he had made the strike. Besides, in his present vagueness, he shrank from the brusque, practical questioning that would be sure to follow the revelation to a man of Masters' temperament.

"I'm a little giddy here," he answered, putting his hand to his head, "and I thought I'd knock off until I was better."

Masters examined him with two very critical grey eyes. "Tell ye what, old man!—if you don't quit this dog-goned foolin' of yours in that God-forsaken tunnel you'll get looney! Times you got so tangled up in follerin' that blind lead o' your's you aint sensible!"

Here was the opportunity to tell him all, and vindicate the justice of his theories! But he shrank from it again; and now, adding to the confusion, was a singular sense of dread at the mental labour of explanation. He only smiled painfully, and began to move away. "Look you!" said Masters, peremptorily, "ye want about three fingers of straight whiskey to set you right, and you've got to take it with me. D—n it man, it may be the last drink we take together! Don't look so skeered! I mean—I made up my mind about ten minutes ago to cut the whole d—d thing, and light out for fresh diggings. I'm sick of getting only grub wages out o' this hill. So that's what I mean by saying it's the last drink you and me 'll take together. You know my ways: sayin' and doin' with me's the same thing."

It was true. Slinn had often envied Masters' promptness of decision and resolution. But he only looked at the grim face of his interlocutor with a feeble sense of relief. He was going. And he, Slinn, would not to have explain anything!

He murmured something about having to go over to the settlement on business. He dreaded lest Masters should insist upon going into the tunnel.

"I suppose you want to mail that letter," said Masters, drily. "The mail don't go till to-morrow, so you've got time to finish it, and put it in an envelope."

Following the direction of Masters' eyes, Slinn looked

down and saw, to his utter surprise, that he was holding an unfinished pencilled note in his hand. How it came there, when he had written it, he could not tell; he dimly remembered that one of his first impulses was to write to his wife; but that he had already done so, he had forgotten. He hastily concealed the note in his breast-pocket, with a vacant smile. Masters eyed him half contemptuously, half compassionately.

"Don't forget yourself and drop it in some hollow tree for a letter-box," he said. "Well—so long!—since you won't drink. Take care of yourself," and, turning on his heel, Masters walked away.

Slinn watched him as he crossed over to his abandoned claim, saw him gather his few mining utensils, strap his blanket over his back, lift his hat on his long-handled shovel as a token of farewell, and then stride light-heartedly over the ridge.

He was alone now with his secret and his treasure. The only man in the world who knew of the exact position of his tunnel had gone away for ever. It was not likely that this chance companion of a few weeks would ever remember him or the locality again; he would now leave his treasure alone—for even a day perhaps—until he had thought out some plan and sought out some friend in whom to confide. His secluded life, the singular habits of concentration which had at last proved so successful, had, at the same time, left him few acquaintances and no associates. And in all his well-laid plans and patiently-digested theories for finding the treasure, the means and methods of working it and disposing of it had never entered.

And now, at the hour when he most needed his faculties, what was the meaning of this strange benumbing of them!

Patience! He only wanted a little rest—a little time to recover himself. There was a large boulder under a tree in the highway to the settlement—a sheltered spot where he had often waited for the coming of the stage coach. He would go there, and when he was sufficiently rested and composed, he would go on.

Nevertheless, on his way he diverged and turned into the woods for no other apparent purpose than to find a hollow tree. "A hollow tree." Yes! that was what Masters had said; he remembered it distinctly; and something was to be done there; but what it was, or why it should be done, he could not tell. However, it was done, and very luckily, for his limbs could scarcely support him further, and reaching that boulder he dropped upon it like another stone.

And now, strange to say, the uneasiness and perplexity which had possessed him ever since he had stood before his revealed wealth, dropped from him like a burden laid upon the wayside. A measureless peace stole over him, in which visions of his new-found fortune, no longer a trouble and perplexity, but crowned with happiness and blessing to all around him, assumed proportions far beyond his own weak, selfish plans. In its even-handed beneficence, his wife and children, his friends and relations, even his late poor companion of the hillside, met and moved harmoniously together; in its far-reaching consequences there was only the influence of good. It was not strange that this poor finite mind should never have conceived the meaning of the wealth extended to him; or that conceiving it, he should faint and falter under the revelation. Enough that for a few minutes he must have tasted a joy of perfect anticipation that years of actual possession might never bring.

The sun seemed to go down in a rosy dream of his own happiness, as he still sat there. Later, the shadows of the trees thickened and surrounded him, and still later fell the calm of a quiet evening sky with far-spaced passionless stars, that seemed as little troubled by what they looked upon as he was by the stealthy creeping life in the grasses and underbrush at his feet. The dull patter of soft little feet in the soft dust of the road; the gentle gleam of moist and wondering little eyes on the branches, and in the mossy edges of the boulder, did not disturb him. He sat patiently through it all, as if he had not yet made up his mind.

But when the stage came with the flashing sun the next morning, and the irresistible clamour of life and action, the driver suddenly laid his four spirited horses on their haunches before the quiet spot. The express messenger clambered down from the box, and approached what seemed to be a heap of cast-off clothes upon the boulder.

"He don't seem to be drunk," he said, in reply to a querulous interrogation from the passengers. "I can't make him out. His eyes are open; but he cannot speak or move. Take a look at him, Doc."

A rough, unprofessional-looking man here descended from the inside of the coach, and carelessly thrusting aside the other curious passengers, suddenly leant over the heap of clothes in a professional attitude.

"He is dead," said one of the passengers.

The rough man let the passive head sink softly down again. "No such luck for him," he said, curtly, but not unkindly. "It's a stroke of paralysis—and about as big as they make 'em. It's a toss-up if he ever speaks or moves again as long as he lives."

## CHAPTER I.

When Alvin Mulrady announced his intention of growing potatoes and garden "truck" on the green slopes of Los Gatos, the mining community of that region, and the adjacent hamlet of "Rough-and-Ready," regarded it with the contemptuous indifference usually shown by those adventurers towards all bucolic pursuits. There was certainly no active objection to the occupation of two hillsides, which gave so little promise to the prospector for gold that it was currently reported that a single prospector, called "Slinn," had once gone mad or imbecile through repeated failures. The only opposition came, inconspicuously enough, from the original pastoral owner of the soil—one Don Ramon Alvarado—whose claim for seven leagues of hill and valley, including the now prosperous towns of Rough-and-Ready and Red Dog, was met with simple derision from the squatters and miners. "Look ez ef we voz goin' to travel 3000 miles to open up his d—d old wilderness, and then pay for the increased valoo we give it—don't it? Oh, yes, certainly!" was their ironical commentary. Mulrady might have been pardoned for adopting this popular opinion; but, by an equally incongruous sentiment, peculiar, however, to the man, he called upon

Don Ramon, and actually offered to purchase the land, or "go shares" with him in the agricultural profits. It was alleged that the Don was so struck with this concession, that he not only granted the land, but struck up a quaint, reserved friendship for the simple-minded agriculturist and his family. It is scarcely necessary to add that this intimacy was viewed by the miners with the contempt that it deserved. They would have been more contemptuous, however, had they known the opinion that Don Ramon entertained of their particular vocation, and which he early confided to Mulrady.

"They are savages who expect to reap where they have not sown; to take out of the earth without returning anything to it but their precious carcasses; heathens, who worship the mere stones they dig up." "And was there no Spaniard who ever dug gold?" asked Mulrady, simply. "Ah, there are Spaniards and Moors," responded Don Ramon, sententiously. "Gold has been dug, and by caballeros; but no good ever came of it. There were Alvarados in Sonora, look you, who had mines of silver, and worked them with peons and mules, and lost their money—a gold mine to work a silver one—like gentlemen! But this grubbing in the dirt with one's fingers that a little gold may stick to them, is not for caballeros. And then, one says nothing of the curse."

"The curse!" echoed Mary Mulrady, with youthful feminine superstition. "What is that?"

"You knew not, friend Mulrady, that when these lands were given to my ancestors by Charles V., the Bishop of Monterey laid a curse upon any who should desecrate them. Good! Let us see! Of the three Americanos who founded yonder town—one was shot, another died of a fever—poisoned, you understand, by the soil—and the last got himself crazy of aguardiente. Even the científico,\* who came here years ago and spied into the trees and the herbs: he was afterwards punished for his profanation, and died of an accident in other lands. But," added Don Ramon, with grave courtesy, "this touches not yourself. Through me—you are of the soil."

Indeed, it would seem as if a secure if not a rapid prosperity was the result of Don Ramon's manorial patronage. The potato patch and market garden flourished exceedingly; the rich soil responded with magnificent vagaries of growth; the even sunshine set the seasons at defiance with extraordinary and premature crops. The salt pork and biscuit consuming settlers did not allow their contempt of Mulrady's occupation to prevent their profiting by this opportunity for changing their diet. The gold they had taken from the soil presently began to flow into his pockets in exchange for his more modest treasures. The little cabin, which barely sheltered his family—a wife, son, and daughter—was enlarged, extended, and refitted, but in turn abandoned for a more pretentious house on the opposite hill. A white-washed fence replaced the rudely-split rails, which had kept out the wilderness. By degrees, the first evidences of cultivation—the gashes of red soil, the piles of brush and undergrowth, the bared boulders, and heaps of stone—melted away, and were lost under a carpet of lighter green, which made an oasis in the tawny desert of wild oats on the hillside. Water was the only free boon denied this garden of Eden—what was necessary for irrigation had to be brought from a mining ditch at great expense, and was of insufficient quantity. In this emergency Mulrady thought of sinking an artesian well on the sunny slope beside his house; not, however, without serious consultation and much objection from his Spanish patron. With great austerity Don Ramon pointed out that this trifling with the entrails of the earth was not only an indignity to Nature almost equal to shaft-sinking and tunnelling, but was a disturbance of vested interests. "I and my fathers, San Diego rest them!" said Don Ramon, crossing himself, "were content with wells and cisterns, filled by Heaven at its appointed seasons; the cattle, dumb brutes though they were, knew where to find water when they wanted it. But thou sayest truly," he added, with a sigh, "that was before streams and rain were choked with hellish engines, and poisoned with their spume. Go on, friend Mulrady, dig and bore if thou wilt, but in a seemly fashion, and not with impious earthquakes of devilish gunpowder."

With this concession Alvin Mulrady began to sink his first artesian shaft. Being debarred the auxiliaries of steam and gunpowder, the work went on slowly. The market garden did not suffer meantime, as Mulrady had employed two Chinamen to take charge of the ruder tillage while he superintended the engineering work of the well. This trifling incident marked an epoch in the social condition of the family. Mrs. Mulrady at once assumed a conscious importance among her neighbours. She spoke of her husband's "men"; she alluded to the well as "the works"; she checked the easy frontier familiarity of her customers with pretty Mary Mulrady, her seventeen-year-old daughter. Simple Alvin Mulrady looked with astonishment at this sudden development of the germ planted in all feminine nature to expand in the slightest sunshine of prosperity. "Look yer, Malviny; aint ye rather puttin' on airs with the boys that want to be civil to Mamie. Like as not one of 'em may be makin' up to her already." "You don't mean to say, Alvin Mulrady," responded Mrs. Mulrady, with sudden severity, "that you ever thought of givin' your daughter to a common miner; or that I'm goin' to allow her to marry out of our own set?" "Our own set!" echoed Mulrady feebly, blinking at her in astonishment, and then glancing hurriedly across at his freckle-faced son and the two Chinamen at work in the cabbages. "Oh, you know what I mean," said Mrs. Mulrady, sharply, "the set that we move in. The Alvarados and their friends! Doesn't the old Don come here every day, and aint his son the right age for Mamie? And aint they the real first families here—all the same as if they were noblemen? No; leave Mamie to me, and keep to your shaft; there never was a man yet had the least *sabe* about these things, or knew what was due to his family." Like most of his larger minded, but feebler equipped sex, Mulrady was too glad to accept the truth of the latter proposition, which left the meannesses of life to feminine manipulation, and went off to his shaft on the hillside. But during that afternoon he was perplexed and troubled. He was too loyal a husband not to be pleased with this proof of an unexpected and superior foresight in his wife, although he was, like all husbands, a little startled by it. He tried to

\* Don Ramon probably alluded to the eminent naturalist Douglas, who visited California before the gold excitement, and died of an accident in the Sandwich Islands.

dismiss it from his mind. But looking down from the hill-side upon his little venture, where gradual increase and prosperity had not been beyond his faculties to control and understand, he found himself haunted by the more ambitious projects of his helpmate. From his own knowledge of men, he doubted if Don Ramon, any more than himself, had ever thought of the possibility of a matrimonial connection between the families. He doubted if he would consent to it. And unfortunately it was this very doubt that, touching his own pride as a self-made man, made him first seriously consider his wife's proposition. He was as good as Don Ramon, any day! With this subtle feminine poison instilled in his veins, carried completely away by the logic of his wife's illogical premises, he almost hated his old benefactor. He looked down upon the little Garden of Eden, where his Eve had just tempted him with the fatal fruit, and felt a curious consciousness that he was losing its simple and innocent enjoyment for ever.

Happily, about this time Don Ramon died. It is not probable that he ever knew the amiable intentions of Mrs. Mulrady in regard to his son, who now succeeded to the paternal estate, sadly partitioned by relatives and lawsuits. The feminine Mulradys attended the funeral, in expensive mourning from Sacramento; even the gentle Alvin was forced into ready-made broadcloth, which accented his good-natured but unmistakably common presence. Mrs. Mulrady spoke openly of her "loss"; declared that the old families were dying out; and impressed the wives of a few new arrivals at Red Dog with the belief that her own family was contemporary with the Alvarados, and that her husband's health was far from perfect. She extended a motherly sympathy to the orphaned Don Caesar. Reserved, like his father, in natural disposition, he was still more gravely ceremonious from his loss; and, perhaps from the shyness of an evident partiality for Mamie Mulrady, he rarely availed himself of her mother's sympathising hospitality. But he carried out the intentions of his father by consenting to sell to Mulrady, for a small sum, the property he had leased. The idea of purchasing had originated with Mrs. Mulrady.

"It'll be all in the family," had observed that astute lady, "and it's better for the looks of the things that we shouldn't be his tenants."

It was only a few weeks later that she was startled by hearing her husband's voice calling her from the hillside as he rapidly approached the house. Mamie was in her room putting on a new pink cotton gown, in honour of an expected visit from young Don Caesar, and Mrs. Mulrady was tidying the house in view of the same event. Something in the tone of her good man's voice, and the unusual circumstance of his return to the house before work was done, caused her, however, to drop her dusting cloth, and run to the kitchen door to meet him. She saw him running through the rows of cabbages, his face shining with perspiration and excitement, a light in his eyes which she had not seen for years. She recalled, without sentiment, that he looked like that when she had called him—a poor farm hand of her father's—out of the brush heap at the back of their former home, in Illinois, to learn the consent of her parents. The recollection was the more embarrassing as he threw his arms around her, and pressed a resounding kiss upon her sallow cheek.

"Sakes alive! Mulrady!" she said, exorcising the ghost of a blush that had also been recalled from the past with her housewife's apron, "What are you doin', and company expected every minit?"

"Malviny, I've struck it; and struck it rich!"

She disengaged herself from his arms, without excitement, and looked at him with bright, but shrewdly observant eyes.

"I've struck it in the well. The regular vein that the boys have been looking fer. There's a fortune fer you and Mamie: thousands and tens of thousands!"

"Wait a minit."

She left him quickly, and went to the foot of the stairs. He could hear her wonderingly and distinctly. "Ye can take off that new frock, Mamie," she called out.

There was a sound of undisguised expostulation from Mamie.

"I'm speaking," said Mrs. Mulrady, emphatically.

The murmuring ceased. Mrs. Mulrady returned to her husband. The interruption seemed to have taken off the keen edge of his enjoyment. He at once abdicated his momentary elevation as a discoverer, and waited for her to speak.

"Ye haven't told anyone yet?" she asked.

"No. I was alone, down in the shaft. Ye see, Malviny, I wasn't expectin' of anything." He began, with an attempt at fresh enjoyment, "I was just clearin' out, and hadn't reckoned on anythin'."

"Ye see, I was right when I advised your taking the land," she said, without heeding him.

Mulrady's face fell. "I hope Don Caesar won't think"—he began, hesitatingly. "I reckon, perhaps, I oughter make some sorter compensation—you know."

"Stuff!" said Mrs. Mulrady, decidedly. "Don't be a fool. Any gold discovery, anyhow, would have been yours—that's the law. And you bought the land without any restrictions. Besides, you never had any idea of this!"—she stopped, and looked him suddenly in the face—"Had you?"

Mulrady opened his honest, pale-grey eyes widely.

"Why Malviny! You know I hadn't, I could swear!"

"Don't swear, and don't let on to anybody but what you did know it was there. Now, Alvin Mulrady, listen to me." Her voice here took the strident form of action. "Knock off work at the shaft, and send your man away at once. Put on your things, catch the next stage to Sacramento, at four o'clock, and take Mamie with you."

"Mamie!" echoed Mulrady, feebly.

"You want to see Lawyer Cole and my brother Jim at once," she went on, without heeding him, "and Mamie wants a change and some proper clothes. Leave the rest to me and Abner. I'll break it to Mamie, and get her ready."

Mulrady passed his hands through his tangled hair, wet with perspiration. He was proud of his wife's energy and action; he did not dream of opposing her, but somehow he was disappointed. The charming glamour and joy of his discovery had vanished before he could fairly dazzle her with it; or, rather, she was not dazzled with it at all. It had become like business, and the expression "breaking it" to Mamie jarred upon him. He would have preferred to tell her himself; to watch the colour come into her delicate oval face, to have seen her soft eyes light with an innocent joy he had not seen in his wife's; and he felt a sinking conviction that his wife was the last one to awaken it.

"You aint got any time to lose," she said, impatiently, as he hesitated.

Perhaps it was her impatience that struck harshly upon him; perhaps, if she had not accepted her good fortune so confidently, he would not have spoken what was in his mind at the time; but he said, gravely, "Wait a minit, Malviny; I've suthin' to tell you 'bout this find of mine that's sing'lar."

"Go on," she said, quickly.

"Lyin' among the rotten quartz of the vein was a pick," he said, constrainedly; "and the face of the vein sorter looked ez if it had been worked at. Follering the line outside to

the base of the hill there was signs of there having been an old tunnel; but it had fallen in, and was blocked up."

"Well?" said Mrs. Mulrady, contemptuously.

"Well," returned her husband, somewhat disconnectedly, "it kinder looked as if some feller might have discovered it before."

"And went away, and left it for others! That's likely—aint it?" interrupted his wife, with ill-disguised intolerance. "Everybody knows the hill wasn't worth that for prospectin'; and it was abandoned when we came here. It's your property, and you've paid for it. Are you goin' to wait to advertise for the owner, Alvin Mulrady, or are you going to Sacramento at four o'clock to-day?"

Mulrady started. He had never seriously believed in the possibility of a previous discovery; but his conscientious nature had prompted him to give it a fair consideration. She was probably right. What he might have thought had she treated it with equal conscientiousness he did not consider. "All right," he said, simply. "I reckon we'll go at once."

"And when you talk to Lawyer Cole and Jim, keep that silly stuff about the pick to yourself. There's no use of putting queer ideas into other people's heads because you happen to have 'em yourself."

When the hurried arrangements were at last completed, and Mr. Mulrady and Mamie, accompanied by a taciturn and discreet Chinaman, carrying their scant luggage, were on their way to the high road to meet the up stage, the father gazed somewhat anxiously and wistfully into his daughter's face. He had looked forward to those few moments to enjoy the freshness and naïveté of Mamie's youthful delight and enthusiasm as a relief to his wife's practical, far-sighted realism. There was a pretty pink suffusion in her delicate cheek, the breathless happiness of a child in her half-opened little mouth, and a beautiful absorption in her large grey eyes that augured well for him.

"Well, Mamie, how do we like bein' an heiress? How do we like layin' over all the gals between this and 'Frisko?"

"Eh?"

She had not heard him. The tender beautiful eyes were engaged in an anticipatory examination of the remembered shelves in the "Fancy Emporium" at Sacramento; in reading the admiration of the clerks; in glancing down a little criticisingly at the broad cowhide brogues that strode at her side; in looking up the road for the stage-coach; in regarding the fit of her new gloves—everywhere, but in the loving eyes of the man beside her.

He, however, repeated the question, touched with her charming preoccupation, and passing his arm around her little waist.

"I like it well enough, pa, you know!" she said, slightly disengaging his arm, but adding a perfunctory little squeeze to his elbow to soften the separation. "I always had an idea something would happen. I suppose I'm looking like a fright," she added; "but ma made me hurry to get away before Don Caesar came."

"And you didn't want to go without seeing him?" he added, archly.

"I didn't want him to see me in this frock," said Mamie, simply. "I reckon that's why ma made me change," she added, with a slight laugh.

"Well, I reckon you're allus good enough for him in any dress," said Mulrady, watching her attentively; "and more than a match for him now," he added, triumphantly.

"I don't know about that," said Mamie. "He's been rich all the time, and his father and grandfather before him; while we've been poor, and his tenants."

His face changed; the look of bewilderment, with which he had followed her words, gave way to one of pain, and then of anger. "Did he git off such stuff as that?" he asked, quickly.

"No. I'd like to catch him at it," responded Mamie, promptly. "There's better nor him to be had for the asking now."

They had walked on a few moments in aggrieved silence, and the Chinaman might have imagined some misfortune had just befallen them. But Mamie's teeth shone again between her parted lips. "La, pa! it aint that! He cares everything for me, and I do for him; and if ma hadn't got new ideas"—She stopped suddenly.

"What new ideas?" queried her father, anxiously.

"Oh, nothing! I wish, pa, you'd put on your other boots! Everybody can see these are made for the farrows. And you aint a market gardener any more."

"What am I, then?" asked Mulrady, with a half-pleased, half-uneasy laugh.

"You're a capitalist, I say; but ma says, a landed proprietor." Nevertheless, the landed proprietor, when he reached the boulder on the Red Dog highway, sat down in somewhat moody contemplation, with his head bowed over the broad cowhide brogues, that seemed to have already gathered enough of the soil to indicate his right to that title. Mamie, who had recovered her spirits, but had not lost her preoccupation, wandered off by herself in the meadow, or ascended the hillside as her occasional impatience at the delay of the coach, or the following of some ambitious fancy alternately prompted her. She was so far away at one time, that the stage-coach, which finally drew up before Mulrady, was obliged to wait for her.

When she was deposited safely inside, and Mulrady had climbed to the box beside the driver, the latter remarked curtly,

"Ye gave me a right smart skeer, a minit ago, stranger."

"Ez how?"

"Well, about three years ago, I was comin' down this yer grade, at just this time, and, sittin' right on that stone, in just your attitude, was a man about your build and years. I pulled up to let him in, when, darn my skin! if he ever moved, but sorter looked at me without speakin'. I called to him, and he never answered, 'cept with that idiotic stare. I then let him have my opinion of him, in mighty strong English, and drove off, leavin' him there. The next morning, when I came by on the up-trip, darn my skin, if he wasn't thar, but lyin' all of a heap on the boulder. Jim drops down and picks him up. Doctor Duchesne, ez was along, allows it was a played-out prospector, with a big case of paralysis, and we expressed him through to the County Hospital, like so much dead freight. I've allus bin kinder superstitious about passin' that rock, and when I saw you jist now, sittin' thar, dazed like, with your head down like the other chap, it rather threw me off my centre."

In the inexplicable and half-superstitious uneasiness that this coincidence awakened in Mulrady's unimaginative mind, he was almost on the point of disclosing his good fortune to the driver, in order to prove how preposterous was the parallel, but checked himself in time.

"Did you find out who he was?" broke in a rash passenger.

"Did you ever get over it?" added another unfortunate.

With a pause of insulting scorn at the interruption, the driver resumed, pointedly, to Mulrady: "The pint of the whole thing was my cussin' a helpless man, ez could neither cuss back nor shoot; and then afterwards takin' you for his ghost layin' for me to get even." He paused again, and then added, carelessly, "They say he never kem to enuff, to let on

who he was or whar he kem from; and he was eventooally taken to a 'Sylum for Doddering Idjits and Gin'ral and Pernisikus Imbecilities at Sacramento. I've heerd it's considered a first-class institooshun, not only for them ez is paralysed and can't talk, as for them ez is the reverse and is too chipper. Now," he added, languidly turning for the first time to his miserable questioners, "how did you find it?"

## CHAPTER II.

When the news of the discovery of gold in Mulrady shaft was finally made public, it created an excitement hitherto unknown in the history of the country. Half of Red Dog and all Rough-and-Ready were emptied upon the yellow hills surrounding Mulrady's, until their circling camp fires looked like a besieging army that had invested his peaceful pastoral home, preparatory to carrying it by assault. Unfortunately for them, they found the various points of vantage already garrisoned with notices of "pre-emption" for mining purposes in the name of the various members of the Alvarado family. This stroke of business was due to Mrs. Mulrady, as a means of mollifying the conscientious scruples of her husband and of placating the Alvarados, in view of some remote contingency. It is but fair to say that this degradation of his father's Castilian principles was opposed by Don Caesar. "You needn't work them yourself, but sell out to them that will; it's the only way to keep the prospectors from taking it without paying for it at all," argued Mrs. Mulrady. Don Caesar finally assented; perhaps less to the business arguments of Mulrady's wife than to the simple suggestion of Mamie's mother. Enough, that he realised a sum in money for a few acres that exceeded the last ten years' income of Don Ramon's seven leagues.

Equally unprecedented and extravagant was the realisation of the discovery in Mulrady's shaft. It was alleged that a company, hastily formed in Sacramento, paid him a million of dollars down, leaving him still a controlling two-thirds interest in the mine. With an obstinacy, however, that amounted almost to a moral conviction, he refused to include the house and potato-patch in the property. When the company had yielded the point, he declined with equal tenacity to part with it to outside speculators on even the most extravagant offers. In vain Mrs. Mulrady protested; in vain she pointed out to him that the retention of the evidence of his former humble occupation was a green blot upon their social escutcheon.

"If you will keep the land, build on it, and root up the garden," But Mulrady was adamant.

"It's the only thing I ever made myself, and got out of the soil with my own hands; it's the beginning of my fortune, and it may be the end of it. Mebbe, I'll be glad enough to have it to come back to some day, and be thankful for the square meal I can dig out of it."

By repeated pressure, however, Mulrady yielded the compromise that a portion of it should be made into a vineyard and flower-garden, and by a suitable colouring of ornament and luxury obliterate its vulgar part. Less successful, however, was that energetic woman in another effort to mitigate the austerities of their earlier state. It occurred to her to utilise the softer accents of Don Caesar in the pronunciation of their family name, and privately had "Mulrade" take the place of Mulrady on her visiting card. "It might be Spanish," she argued with her husband; "Lawyer Cole says most American names are corrupted, and how do you know that yours aint?" Mulrady, who would not swear that his ancestors came from Ireland to the Carolinas in '98, was helpless to refute the assertion. But the terrible Nemesis of an un-Spanish, American provincial speech avenged the orthographical outrage at once. When Mrs. Mulrady began to be addressed orally, as well as by letter, as "Mrs. Mulraid," and when simple amatory effusions to her daughter rhymed with "lovely maid," she promptly restored the original vowel. But she fondly clung to the Spanish courtesy which transformed her husband's baptismal name, and usually spoke of him—in his absence—as "Don Alvino." But in the presence of his short, square figure, his orange tawny hair, his twinkling grey eyes, and retroused nose, even that dominant woman withheld his title. It was currently reported at Red Dog that a distinguished foreigner had one day approached Mulrady with the formula, "I believe I have the honour of addressing Don Alvino Mulrady?" "You kin bet your boots, stranger, that's me," had returned that simple Hidalgo.

Although Mrs. Mulrady would have preferred that Mamie should remain at Sacramento until she could join her, preparatory to a trip to "the States" and Europe, she yielded to her daughter's desire to astonish Rough-and-Ready, before she left, with her new wardrobe, and unfold in the parent nest the delicate and painted wings with which she was to fly from them for ever. "I don't want them to remember me afterwards in those spotted prints, ma, and like as not say I never had a decent frock until I went away." There was something so like the daughter of her mother in this delicate foresight that the touched and gratified parent kissed her, and assented. The result was gratifying beyond her expectation. In that few weeks' sojourn at Sacramento, the young girl seemed to have adapted and assimilated herself to the latest modes of fashion with even more than the usual American girl's pliancy and taste. Equal to all emergencies of style and material, she seemed to supply, from some hitherto unknown quality she possessed, the grace and manner peculiar to each. Untrammelled by tradition, education, or precedent, she had the Western girl's confidence in all things being possible, which made them so often probable. Mr. Mulrady looked at his daughter with mingled sentiments of pride and awe. Was it possible that this delicate creature, so superior to him that he seemed like a degenerate scion of her remoter race, was his own flesh and blood? Was she the daughter of her mother, who even in her remembered youth was never equipped like this? If the thought brought no pleasure to his simple, loving nature, it at least spared him the pain of what might have seemed ingratitude in one more akin to himself. "The fact is, we aint quite up to her style," was his explanation and apology. A vague belief that in another and a better world than this he might approximate and understand this perfection somewhat soothed and sustained him.

It was quite consistent, therefore, that the embroidered cambric dress which Mamie Mulrady wore one summer afternoon on the hill-side at Los Gatos, while to the critical feminine eye at once artistic and expensive, should not seem incongruous to her surroundings or to herself in the eyes of a general audience. It certainly did not seem so to one pair of frank humorous ones that glanced at her from time to time, as their owner, a young fellow of five-and-twenty, walked at her side. He was the new editor of the *Rough-and-Ready Record*, and, having been her fellow-passenger from Sacramento, had already once or twice availed himself of her father's invitation to call upon them. Mrs. Mulrady had not discouraged this mild flirtation. Whether she wished to disconcert Don Caesar for some occult purpose, or whether, like the rest of her sex, she had an overweening confidence in the unheroic, unselective, and purely platonic character of masculine humour, did not appear.



Tune it rightly, Mr. Fiddler,  
Sitting there upon the settle,  
Ah! to-night the lads and lasses  
Will be put upon their noddle.  
When your fiddle's frantic squealing  
Sets them madly toe-and-heeling.

# TUNING UP.

DRAWN BY W. RAINEY.

In two rows they stand impatient  
Waiting first scrape of your fiddle:  
"Off!" and straightway the top couple  
Trip it featly down the middle;  
Other couples take their places,  
Showing rustic airs and graces.



Oh, what would Christmas be  
Without its mistletoe?  
Young folk, at least, agree  
Things would be rather slow:  
Then pluck it from its parent tree,  
To heighten more our Christmas glee.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

DRAWN BY A. HUNT.

Ha, ha, young lady! We  
Have caught you in the act.  
I hope your sprays will be  
Arranged with woman's tact:  
For others placed quite plain to see,  
But in some nook for you and me.

"When I say I'm sorry you are going to leave us, Miss Mulrady," said the young fellow, lightly, "you will comprehend my unselfishness, since I frankly admit your departure would be a positive relief to me as an editor and a man. The pressure in the Poet's Corner of the *Record* since it was mistakenly discovered that a person of your name might be induced to seek the 'glade' and 'shade' without being 'afraid,' 'dismayed,' or 'betrayed,' has been something enormous, and, unfortunately, I am debarred from rejecting anything, on the just ground that I am myself an interested admirer."

"It is dreadful to be placarded around the country by one's own full name, isn't it?" said Mamie, without, however, expressing much horror in her face.

"They think it much more respectful than to call you 'Mamie,'" he responded, lightly; "and many of your admirers are middle-aged men, with a mediæval style of compliment. I've discovered that amatory versifying wasn't entirely a youthful passion. Colonel Cash is about as fatal with a couplet as with a doubled-barrelled gun, and scatters as terribly. Judge Butts and Doctor Wilson have both discerned the resemblance of your gifts to those of Venus, and their own to Apollo. But don't under-value those tributes, Miss Mulrady," he added, more seriously. "You'll have thousands of admirers where you are going; but you'll be willing to admit in the end, I think, that none were more honest and respectful than your subjects at Rough-and-Ready and Red Dog." He stopped, and added in a graver tone, "Does Don Caesar write poetry?"

"He has something better to do," said the young lady, pertly.

"I can easily imagine that," he returned, mischievously, "it must be a pallid substitute for other opportunities."

"What did you come here for?" she asked, suddenly.

"To see you."

"Nonsense! You know what I mean. Why did you ever leave Sacramento to come here? I should think it would suit you so much better than this place."

"I suppose I was fired by your father's example, and wished to find a gold mine."

"Men like you never do," she said, simply.

"Is that a compliment, Miss Mulrady?"

"I don't know. But I think that you think that it is."

He gave her the pleased look of one who had unexpectedly found a sympathetic intelligence. "Do I? This is interesting. Let's sit down." In their desultory rambling they had reached, quite unconsciously, the large boulder at the roadside. Mamie hesitated a moment, looked up and down the road, and then, with an already opulent indifference to the damaging of her spotless skirt, sat herself upon it with her furred parasol held by her two little hands thrown over her half drawn-up knee. The young editor, half sitting, half leaning against the stone, began to draw figures in the sand with his cane.

"On the contrary, Miss Mulrady, I hope to make some money here. You are leaving Rough-and-Ready because you are rich. We are coming to it because we are poor."

"We?" echoed Mamie, lazily, looking up the road.

"Yes. My father and two sisters."

"I am sorry. I might have known them if I hadn't been going away." At the same moment, it flashed across her mind that, if they were like the man before her, they might prove disagreeably independent and critical. "Is your father in business?" she asked.

He shook his head. After a pause, he said, punctuating his sentences with the point of his stick in the soft dust, "He is paralysed, and out of his mind, Miss Mulrady. I came to California to seek him, as all news of him ceased three years since; and I found him only two weeks ago, alone, friendless—an unrecognised pauper in the county hospital."

"Two weeks ago? That was when I went to Sacramento."

"Very probably."

"It must have been very shocking to you?"

"It was."

"I should think you'd feel real bad?"

"I do, at times." He smiled, and laid his stick on the stone. "You now see, Miss Mulrady, how necessary to me is this good fortune that you don't think me worthy of. Meantime, I must try to make a home for them at Rough-and-Ready."

Miss Mulrady put down her knee and her parasol. "We mustn't stay here much longer, you know."

"Why?"

"Why, the stage-coach comes by at about this time."

"And you think the passengers will observe us sitting here?"

"Of course they will."

"Miss Mulrady, I implore you to stay."

He was leaning over her with such apparent earnestness of voice and gesture that the colour came into her cheek. For a moment she scarcely dared to lift her conscious eyes to his. When she did so, she suddenly glanced her own aside with a flash of anger. He was laughing.

"If you have any pity for me, do not leave me now," he repeated. "Stay a moment longer, and my fortune is made. The passengers will report us all over Red Dog as engaged. I shall be supposed to be in your father's secrets, and shall be sought after as a director of all the new companies. The *Record* will double its circulation; poetry will drop out of its columns; advertising rush to fill its place, and I shall receive five dollars a week more salary, if not seven and a half. Never mind the consequences to yourself at such a moment. I assure you there will be none. You can deny it the next day—I will deny it—nay, more, the *Record* itself will deny it in an extra edition of one thousand copies, at ten cents each. Linger a moment longer, Miss Mulrady. Fly, oh fly not yet. They're coming—hark! ho! By Jove, it's only Don Caesar!"

It was, indeed, only the young scion of the house of Alvarado, blue-eyed, sallow-skinned, and high-shouldered, coming towards them on a fiery, half-broken mustang, whose very spontaneous lawlessness seemed to accentuate and bring out the grave and decorous ease of his rider. Even in his burlesque preoccupation the editor of the *Record* did not withhold his admiration of this perfect horsemanship. Mamie, who, in her wounded *amour propre*, would like to have made much of it to annoy her companion, was thus estopped any ostentatious compliment.

Don Caesar lifted his hat with sweet seriousness to the lady, with grave courtesy to the gentleman. While the lower half of this Centaur was apparently quivering with fury, and stamping the ground in his evident desire to charge upon the pair, the upper half, with natural dignity, looked from the one to the other as if to leave the privilege of an explanation with them. But Mamie was too wise, and her companion too indifferent to offer one. A slight shade passed over Don Caesar's face. To complicate the situation at that moment, the expected stage-coach came rattling by. With quick feminine intuition, Mamie caught in the faces of the driver and the express-man, and reflected in the mischievous eyes of her companion, a peculiar interpretation of their meeting that was not removed by the whispered assurance of the editor

that the passengers were anxiously looking back "to see the shooting."

The young Spaniard, equally oblivious of humour or curiosity, remained impassive.

"You know Mr. Slinn, of the *Record*," said Mamie; "don't you?"

Don Caesar had never before met the Señor Esslinn. He was under the impression that it was a Señor Robinson that was of the *Record*.

"Oh! he was shot," said Slinn. "I am taking his place."

"Buena! To be shot too? I trust not."

Slinn looked quickly and sharply into Don Caesar's grave face. He seemed to be incapable of any double meaning. However, as he had no serious reason for awakening Don Caesar's jealousy, and very little desire to become an embarrassing third in this conversation, and possibly a burden to the young lady, he proceeded to take his leave of her. From a sudden feminine revulsion of sympathy, or from some unintelligible instinct of diplomacy, Mamie said, as she extended her hand, "I hope you'll find a home for your family near here. Mamma wants pa to let our old house. Perhaps it might suit you, if not too far from your work. You might speak to ma about it."

"Thank you; I will," responded the young man, pressing her hand with unaffected cordiality.

Don Caesar watched him until he had disappeared behind the wayside buckeyes.

"He is a man of family—this one—your countryman?"

It seemed strange to her to have a mere acquaintance spoken of as "her countryman"—not the first time nor the last time in her career. As there appeared no trace or sign of jealousy in her questioner's manner, she answered briefly, but vaguely.

"Yes; it's a shocking story. His father disappeared some years ago, and he has just found him—a helpless paralytic—in the Sacramento Hospital. He'll have to support him—and they're very poor."

"So, then, they are not independent of each other always—those fathers and children of Americans!"

"No," said Mamie, shortly. Without knowing why, she felt inclined to resent Don Caesar's manner. His serious gravity—gentle and high-bred as it was, undoubtedly—was somewhat trying to her at times, and seemed even more so after Slinn's irreverent humour. She picked up her parasol, a little impatiently, as if to go.

But Don Caesar had already dismounted, and tied his horse to a tree with a strong lariat that hung at his saddle-bow.

"Let us walk through the woods towards your home. I can return alone for the horse when you shall dismiss me."

They turned in among the pines that, overcrowding the hollow, crept partly up the side of the hill of Mulrady's shaft. A disused trail, almost hidden by the waxen-hued yerba buena, led from the highway, and finally lost itself in the undergrowth. It was a lovers' walk; they were lovers evidently, and yet the man was too self-poised in his gravity, the young woman too conscious and critical to suggest an absorbing or oblivious passion.

"I should not have made myself so obtrusive to-day before your friend," said Don Caesar, with proud humility, "but I could not understand from your mother whether you were alone or whether my company was desirable. It is of this I have now to speak, Mamie. Lately, your mother has seemed strange to me; avoiding any reference to our affection; treating it lightly, and even, as to-day, I fancy, putting obstacles in the way of our meeting alone. She was disappointed at your return from Sacramento, where, I have been told, she intended you to remain until you left the country; and since your return I have seen you but twice. I may be wrong. Perhaps I do not comprehend the American mother; I have—who knows?—perhaps offended in some point of etiquette, omitted some ceremony that was her due. But when you told me, Mamie, that it was not necessary to speak to her first, that it was not the American fashion"—

Mamie started, and blushed slightly.

"Yes," she said hurriedly, "certainly; but ma has been quite queer of late, and she may think—you know—that since—since there has been so much property to dispose of, she ought to have been consulted."

"Then let us consult her at once, dear child! And as to the property, in Heaven's name, let her dispose of it as she will. Saints forbid that an Alvarado should ever interfere. And what is it to us, my little one? Enough that Doña Mameta Alvarado will never have less state than the richest bride that ever came to Los Gatos."

Mamie had not forgotten that, scarcely a month ago, even had she loved the man before her no more than she did at present, she would still have been thrilled with delight at these words! Even now she was moved—conscious as she had become that the "state" of a bride of the Alvarados was not all she had imagined, and that the bare adobe court of Los Gatos was open to the sky and the free criticism of Sacramento capitalists!

"Yes, dear," she murmured, with a half childlike pleasure, that lit up her face and eyes so innocently that it stopped any minute investigation into its origin and real meaning. "Yes, dear; but we need not have a fuss made about it at present, and perhaps put ma against us. She wouldn't hear of our marrying now; and she might forbid our engagement."

"But you are going away."

"I should have to go to New York or Europe first, you know," she answered, naively, "even if it were all settled. I should have to get things! One couldn't be decent here."

With the recollection of the pink cotton gown, in which she had first pledged her troth to him, before his eyes, he said, "But you are charming now. You cannot be more so to me. If I am satisfied, little one, with you as you are, let us go together, and then you can get dresses to please others."

She had not expected this importunity. Really, if it came to this, she might have engaged herself to someone like Slinn; he at least would have understood her. He was much cleverer, and certainly more of a man of the world. When Slinn had treated her like a child, it was with the humorous tolerance of an admiring superior, and not the didactic impulse of a guardian. She did not say this, nor did her pretty eyes indicate it, as in the instance of her brief anger with Slinn. She only said gently,

"I should have thought you, of all men, would have been particular about your wife doing the proper thing. But never mind! Don't let us talk any more about it. Perhaps, as it seems such a great thing to you and so much trouble, there may be no necessity for it at all."

Do not think that the young lady deliberately planned this charmingly illogical deduction from Don Caesar's speech, or that she calculated its effect upon him; but it was part of her nature to say it, and profit by it. Under the unjust lash of it, his pride gave way.

"Ah, do you not see why I wish to go with you?" he said, with sudden and unexpected passion. "You are beautiful; you are good; it has pleased Heaven to make you rich also; but you are a child in experience, and know not your own heart. With your beauty, your goodness, and your wealth, you will attract all to you—as you do here—because you can-

not help it. But you will be equally helpless, little one, if they should attract you—and you had no tie to fall back upon."

It was an unfortunate speech. The words were Don Caesar's; but the thought she had heard before from her mother, although the deduction had been of a very different kind. Mamie followed the speaker with bright but visionary eyes. There must be some truth in all this. Her mother had said it; Mr. Slinn had laughingly admitted it. She had a brilliant future before her! Was she right in making it impossible by a rash and foolish tie? He himself had said she was inexperienced. She knew it; and yet, what was he doing now but taking advantage of that inexperience? If he really loved her, he would be willing to submit to the test. She did not ask a similar one from him; and was willing, if she came out of it free, to marry him just the same. There was something so noble in this thought, that she felt for a moment carried away by an impulse of compassionate unselfishness, and smiled tenderly as she looked up in his face.

"Then you consent, Mamie?" he said eagerly, passing his arm around her waist.

"Not now, Caesar," she said, gently disengaging herself. "I must think it over; we are both too young to act upon it rashly; it would be unfair to you, who are so quiet and have seen so few girls—I mean Americans—to tie yourself to the first one you have known. When I am gone you will go more into the world. There are Mr. Slinn's two sisters coming here—I shouldn't wonder if they were far cleverer and talked far better than I do—and think how I should feel if I knew that only a wretched pledge to me kept you from loving them!" She stopped, and cast down her eyes.

It was her first attempt at coquetry; for, in her usual charming selfishness, she was perfectly frank and open; and it might not have been her last, but she had gone too far at first, and was not prepared for a recoil of her own argument.

"If you admit that it is possible—that it is possible to you!" he said, quickly.

She saw her mistake. "We may not have many opportunities to meet alone," she answered, quietly; "and I am sure we would be happier when we meet not to accuse each other of impossibilities. Let us rather see how we can communicate together, if anything should prevent our meeting. Remember, it was only by chance that you were able to see me now. If ma has believed that she ought to have been consulted, our meeting together in this secret way will only make matters worse. She is even now wondering where I am, and may be suspicious. I must go back at once. At any moment someone may come here looking for me."

"But I have so much to say," he pleaded. "Our time has been so short."

"You can write."

"But what will your mother think of that?" he said, in grave astonishment.

She coloured again as she returned, quickly, "Of course, you must not write to the house. You can leave a letter somewhere for me—say, somewhere about here. Stop!" she added, with a sudden girlish gaiety, "see, here's the very place. Look there!"

She pointed to the decayed trunk of a blasted sycamore, a few feet from the trail. A cavity, breast high, half filled with skeleton leaves and pine-nuts, showed that it had formerly been a squirrel's hoard, but for some reason had been deserted.

"Look! it's a regular letter-box," she continued, gaily, rising on tip-toe to peep into its recesses. Don Caesar looked at her admiringly—it seemed like a return to their first idyllic love-making in the old days, when she used to steal out of the cabbage rows in her brown linen apron and sun bonnet to walk with him in the woods. He recalled the fact to her with the fatality of a lover already seeking to restore in past recollections something that was wanting in the present. She received it with the impatience of youth, to whom the present is all sufficient.

"I wonder how you could ever have cared for me in that holland apron," she said, looking down upon her new dress.

"Shall I tell you why?" he said, fondly, passing his arm around her waist, and drawing her pretty head nearer his shoulder.

"No—not now!" she said, laughingly; but struggling to free herself. "There's no time. Write it, and put it in the box. There," she added, hastily, "listen!—what's that?"

"It's only a squirrel," he whispered reassuringly in her ear.

"No; it's somebody coming! I must go! Please! Caesar, dear! There, then!"

She met his kiss half-way, released herself with a lithe movement of her wrist and shoulder, and the next moment seemed to slip into the woods, and was gone.

Don Caesar listened with a sigh as the last rustling ceased, cast a look at the decayed tree as if to fix it in his memory, and then slowly retraced his steps towards his tethered mustang.

He was right, however, in his surmise of the cause of that interruption. A pair of bright eyes had been watching them from the bough of an adjacent tree. It was a squirrel, who, having had serious and prior intentions of making use of the cavity they had discovered, had only withheld examination by an apparent courteous discretion towards the intruding pair. Now that they were gone he slipped down the tree and ran towards the decayed stump.

### CHAPTER III.

Apparently dissatisfied with the result of an investigation, which proved that the cavity was unfit as a treasure hoard for a discreet squirrel, whatever its value as a receptacle for the love-tokens of incautious humanity, the little animal at once set about to put things in order. He began by whisking out an immense quantity of dead leaves, disturbed a family of treasurers, dissipated a drove of patient aphides browsing in the bark, as well as their attendant dairymen, the ants, and otherwise ruled it with the high hand of dispossession and a contemptuous opinion of the previous incumbents. It must not be supposed, however, that his proceedings were altogether free from contemporaneous criticism; a venerable crow sitting on a branch above him displayed great interest in his occupation, and hopping down a few moments afterwards, disposed of some worm-eaten nuts, a few larvae, and an insect or two, with languid dignity and without prejudice. Certain incumbrances, however, still resisted the squirrel's general eviction; among them a folded square of paper with sharply defined edges, that declined investigation, and, owing to a nauseous smell of tobacco, escaped nibbling as it had apparently escaped insect ravages. This, owing to its sharp angles, which persisted in catching in the soft decaying wood in his whirlwind of house cleaning, he allowed to remain. Having thus, in a general way, prepared for the coming winter, the self-satisfied little rodent dismissed the subject from his active mind.

His rage and indignation a few days later may be readily conceived, when he found, on returning to his new-made home, another square of paper, folded like the first, but much fresher and whiter, lying within the cavity, on top of some moss which had evidently been placed there for the purpose. This he felt was really more than he could bear, but as it was

smaller, with a few energetic kicks and whisks of his tail he managed to finally dislodge it through the opening, where it fell ignominiously to the earth. The eager eyes of the ever-attendant crow, however, instantly detected it; he flew to the ground, and, turning it over, examined it gravely. It was certainly not edible, but it was exceedingly rare, and, as an old collector of curios, he felt he could not pass it by. He lifted it in his beak, and, with a desperate struggle against the superincumbent weight, regained the branch with his prize. Here, by one of those delicious vagaries of animal nature, he apparently at once discharged his mind of the whole affair, became utterly oblivious of it, allowed it to drop without the least concern, and eventually flew away with an abstracted air, as if he had been another bird entirely. The paper got into a manzanita bush, where it remained suspended until the evening, when, being dislodged by a passing wild cat on its way to Mulrady's henroost, gave that delicately sensitive marauder such a turn that she fled into the adjacent county.

But the troubles of the squirrel were not yet over. On the following day the young man who had accompanied the young woman returned to the trunk, and the squirrel had barely time to make his escape before the impatient visitor approached the opening of the cavity, peered into it, and even passed his hand through its recesses. The delight visible upon his anxious and serious face at the disappearance of the letter, and the apparent proof that it had been called for, showed him to have been its original depositor; and probably awakened a remorseful recollection in the dark bosom of the omnipresent crow, who uttered a conscious-stricken croak from the bough above him. But the young man quickly disappeared again, and the squirrel was once more left in undisputed possession.

A week passed. A weary, anxious interval to Don Caesar, who had neither seen nor heard from Mamie since their last meeting. Too conscious of his own self-respect to call at the house after the equivocal conduct of Mrs. Mulrady, and too proud to haunt the lanes and approaches in the hope of meeting her daughter, like an ordinary lover, he hid his gloomy thoughts in the monastic shadows of the courtyard at Los Gatos, or found relief in furious riding at night and early morning on the highway. Once or twice the up-stage had been overtaken and passed by a rushing figure as shadowy as a phantom horseman, with only the star-like point of a cigarette to indicate its humanity. It was in one of these fierce recreations that he was obliged to stop in early morning at the blacksmith's shop at Rough-and-Ready, to have a loosened horseshoe replaced, and while waiting, picked up a newspaper. Don Caesar seldom read the papers, but noticing that this was the *Record*, he glanced at its columns. A familiar name suddenly flashed out of the dark type like a spark from the anvil. With a brain and heart that seemed to be beating in unison with the blacksmith's sledge, he read as follows:—

"Our distinguished fellow-townsmen, Alvin Mulrady, Esq., left town, day before yesterday to attend an important meeting of directors of the Red Dog Ditch Company, in San Francisco. Society will regret to hear that Mrs. Mulrady and her beautiful and accomplished daughter, who were expecting to depart for Europe at the end of the month—anticipated the event nearly a fortnight, by taking this opportunity of accompanying Mr. Mulrady as far as San Francisco, on their way to the East. Mrs. and Miss Mulrady intend to visit London, Paris, and Berlin, and will be absent three years. It is possible that Mr. Mulrady may join them later at one or other of those capitals. Considerable disappointment is felt that a more extended leave-taking was not possible, and that, under the circumstances, no opportunity was offered for a 'send off' suitable to the condition of the parties, and the esteem in which they are held in Rough-and-Ready."

The paper dropped from his hands. Gone! and without a word! No, that was impossible! There must be some mistake; she had written; the letter had miscarried; she must have sent word to Los Gatos, and the stupid messenger had blundered; she had probably appointed another meeting, or expected him to follow to San Francisco. "The day before yesterday!" It was the morning's paper—she had been gone scarcely two days—it was not too late yet to receive a delayed message by post, by some forgetful hand—by—ah—the tree!

Of course it was in the tree, and he had not been there for a week! Why had he not thought of it before? The fault was his, not hers. Perhaps she had gone away, believing him faithless, or a country boor.

"In the name of the Devil, will you keep me here till eternity!"

The blacksmith stared at him. Don Caesar suddenly remembered that he was speaking, as he was thinking—in Spanish.

"Ten dollars, my friend, if you have done in five minutes!" The man laughed. "That's good enough American," he said, beginning to quicken his efforts. Don Caesar again took up the paper. There was another paragraph that recalled his last interview with Mamie:—

"Mr. Harry Slinn, jun., the editor of this paper, has just moved into the pioneer house formerly occupied by Alvin Mulrady, Esq., which has already become historic in the annals of the county. Mr. Slinn brings with him his father—H. J. Slinn, Esq.—and his two sisters. Mr. Slinn, sen., who has been suffering for many years from complete paralysis, we understand is slowly improving; and it is by the advice of his physicians that he has chosen the invigorating air of the foothills as a change to the debilitating heat of Sacramento."

The affair had been quickly settled, certainly, reflected Don Caesar, with a slight chill of jealousy, as he thought of Mamie's interest in the young editor. But the next moment he dismissed it from his mind; all except a dull consciousness that, if she really loved him—Don Caesar—as he loved her, she could not have loved in throwing into his society the two young sisters of the editor, whom she expected might be so attractive.

Within the five minutes the horse was ready, and Don Caesar in the saddle again. In less than half an hour he was at the wayside boulder. Here he picked his horse, and took the narrow foot-trail through the hollow. It did not take him long to reach their old trysting-place. With a beating heart he approached the decaying trunk and looked into the cavity. There was no letter there!

A few blackened nuts and some of the dry moss he had put there were lying on the ground at its roots. He could not remember whether they were there when he had last visited the spot. He began to grope in the cavity with both hands. His fingers struck against the sharp angles of a flat paper packet; a thrill of joy ran through them and stopped his beating heart; he drew out the hidden object, and was chilled with disappointment.

It was an ordinary-sized envelope of yellowish-brown paper, bearing, besides the usual Government stamp, the official legend of an express company, and showing its age as much by this record of a now obsolete carrying service as by the discolouration of time and atmosphere. Its weight, which was heavier than that of an ordinary letter of the same size and thickness, was evidently due to some loose inclosures, that slightly rustled and could be felt by the fingers, like minute

pieces of metal or grains of gravel. It was within Don Caesar's experience that gold specimens were often sent in that manner. It was in a state of singular preservation, except the address, which being written in pencil was scarcely discernible, and even when deciphered appeared to be incoherent and unfinished. The unknown correspondent had written "dear Mary" and then "Mrs. Mary Slinn"—with an unintelligible scrawl following for the direction. If Don Caesar's mind had not been lately preoccupied with the name of the editor, he would hardly have guessed the superscription.

In his cruel disappointment and fully aroused indignation, he at once began to suspect a connection of circumstances which at any other moment he would have thought purely accidental, or perhaps not have considered at all. The cavity in the tree had evidently been used as a secret receptacle for letters before; did Mamie know it at the time; and how did she know it? The apparent age of the letter made it preposterous to suppose that it pointed to any secret correspondence of hers with young Mr. Slinn; and the address was not in her handwriting. Was there any secret previous intimacy between the families? There was but one way in which he could connect this letter with Mamie's faithlessness. It was an infamous, a grotesquely horrible idea, a thought which sprang as much from his inexperience of the world and his habitual suspiciousness of all humour as anything else! It was that the letter was a brutal joke of Slinn's—a joke perhaps concocted by Mamie and himself—a parting insult that should at the last moment proclaim their treachery and his own credulity. Doubtless, it contained a declaration of their shame, and the reason why she had fled from him without a word of explanation. And the inclosure, of course, was some significant and degrading illustration. Those Americans were full of those low conceits: it was their national vulgarity.

He held the letter in his angry hand. He could break it open if he wished, and satisfy himself; but it was not addressed to him, and the instinct of honour, strong even in his rage, was the instinct of an adversary as well. No; Slinn should open the letter before him. Slinn should explain everything, and answer for it. If it was nothing—a mere accident—it would lead to some general explanation, and perhaps even news of Mamie. But he would arraign Slinn, and at once. He put the letter in his pocket, quickly retraced his steps to his horse, and, putting spurs to the animal, followed the high road to the gate of Mulrady's pioneer cabin.

He remembered it well enough. To a cultivated taste, it was superior to the more pretentious "new house." During the first year of Mulrady's tenancy, the plain square log-cabin had received those additions and attractions which only a tenant can conceive and actual experience suggest; and in this way, the hideous right angles were broken with sheds, "lean-to" extensions, until a certain picturesqueness was given to the irregularity of outline, and a home-like security and companionship to the congregated buildings. It typified the former life of the great capitalist, as the tall new house illustrated the loneliness and isolation that wealth had given him. But the real points of vantage were the years of cultivation and habitation that had warmed and enriched the soil, and evoked the climbing vines and roses that already hid its unpainted boards, rounded its hard outlines, and gave projection and shadow from the pitiless glare of a summer's long sun, or broke the steady beating of the winter rains. It was true that pea and bean poles surrounded it on one side, and the only access to the house was through the cabbage rows that once were the pride and sustenance of the Mulradys. It was this fact, more than any other, that had impelled Mrs. Mulrady to abandon its site; she did not like to read the history of their humble origin reflected in the faces of their visitors as they entered.

Don Caesar tied his horse to the fence, and hurriedly approached the house. The door, however, hospitably opened when he was a few paces from it, and when he reached the threshold he found himself unexpectedly in the presence of two pretty girls. They were evidently Slinn's sisters, whom he had neither thought of nor included in the meeting he had prepared. In spite of his preoccupation, he felt himself suddenly embarrassed, not only by the actual distinction of their beauty, but by a kind of likeness that they seemed to bear to Mamie.

"We saw you coming," said the elder, unaffectedly. "You are Don Caesar Alvarado. My brother has spoken of you."

The words recalled Don Caesar to himself and a sense of courtesy. He was not here to quarrel with these fair strangers at their first meeting; he must seek Slinn elsewhere, and at another time. The frankness of his reception, and the allusion to their brother, made it appear impossible that they should be either a party to his disappointment, or even aware of it. His excitement melted away before a certain lazy ease, which the consciousness of their beauty seemed to give them. He was able to put a few courteous inquiries, and, thanks to the paragraph in the *Record*, to congratulate them upon their father's improvement.

"Oh, pa is a great deal better in his health, and has picked up even in the last few days, so that he is able to walk round with crutches," said the elder sister. "The air here seems to invigorate him wonderfully."

"And you know, Esther," said the younger, "I think he begins to take more notice of things, especially when he is out of doors. He looks around on the scenery, and his eye brightens, as if he knew all about it; and sometimes he knits his brows, and looks down so, as if he was trying to remember."

"You know, I suppose," explained Esther, "that since his seizure his memory has been a blank—that is, three or four years of his life seemed to have been dropped out of his recollection."

"It might be a mercy sometimes, Señora," said Don Caesar, with a grave sigh, as he looked at the delicate features before him, which recalled the face of the absent Mamie.

"That's not very complimentary," said the younger girl, laughingly; "for pa didn't recognise us, and only remembered us as little girls."

"Vashti!" interrupted Esther, rebukingly; then, turning to Don Caesar, she added, "my sister, Vashti, means that father remembers more what happened before he came to California, when we were quite young, than he does of the interval that elapsed. Dr. Duchesne says it's a singular case. He thinks that, with his present progress, he will recover the perfect use of his limbs; though his memory may never come back again."

"Unless— You forget what the doctor told us this morning," interrupted Vashti again, briskly.

"I was going to say it," said Esther, a little curtly. "Unless he has another stroke. Then he will either die or recover his mind entirely."

Don Caesar glanced at the bright faces, a trifle heightened in colour by their eager recital and the slight rivalry of narration, and looked grave. He was a little shocked at a certain lack of sympathy and tenderness towards their unhappy parent. They seemed to him, not only to have caught that dry, curious toleration of helplessness which characterises even relationship in its attendance upon chronic suffering and

weakness, but to have acquired an unconscious habit of turning it to account. In his present sensitive condition, he even fancied that they flirted mildly over their parent's infirmity.

"My brother Harry has gone to Red Dog," continued Esther; "he'll be right sorry to have missed you; Mrs. Mulrady spoke to him about you; you seem to have been great friends. I s'pose you knew her daughter, Mamie; I hear she is very pretty."

Although Don Caesar was now satisfied that the Slims knew nothing of Mamie's singular behaviour to him, he felt embarrassed by this conversation. "Miss Mulrady is very pretty," he said, with grave courtesy; "it is a custom of her race. She left suddenly," he added, with affected calmness.

"I reckon she *did* calculate to stay here longer—so her mother said; but the whole thing was settled a week ago. I know my brother was quite surprised to hear from Mr. Mulrady that if we were going to decide about this house we must do it at once; he had an idea himself of moving out of the big one into this when they left."

"Mamie Mulrady hadn't much to keep her here, considering the money and the good looks she has, I reckon," said Vashti. "She isn't the sort of girl to throw herself away in the wilderness, when she can pick and choose elsewhere. I only wonder she ever come back from Sacramento. They talk about papa Mulrady having *business* at San Francisco, and that hurrying them off! Depend upon it that 'business' was Mamie herself. Her wish is gospel to them. If she'd wanted to stay and have a farewell party, old Mulrady's business would have been nowhere."

"Aint you a little rough on Mamie," said Esther, who had been quietly watching the young man's face with her large, languid eyes, "considering that we don't know her, and haven't even the right of friends to criticise?"

"I don't call it rough," returned Vashti, frankly, "for I'd do the same if I were in her shoes—and they're four-and-a-halfes, for Harry told me so. Give me her money and her looks, and you wouldn't catch me hanging round these diggings—goin' to choir meetings Saturdays, church Sundays, and buggy-riding once a month—for society! No—Mamie's head was level—you bet!"

Don Caesar rose hurriedly. They would present his compliments to their father, and he would endeavour to find their brother at Red Dog. He, alas! had neither father, mother, nor sister, but if they would receive his aunt, the Doña Inez Sepulveda, the next Sunday, when she came from mass, she should be honoured and he would be delighted. It required all his self-possession to deliver himself of this formal courtesy before he could take his leave, and on the back of his mustang give way to the rage, disgust, and hatred of everything connected with Mamie that filled his heart. Conscious of his disturbance, but not entirely appreciating their own share in it, the two girls somewhat wickedly prolonged the interview by following him into the garden.

"Well, if you *must* leave now," said Esther, at last, languidly, "it aint much out of your way to go down through the garden and take a look at pa as you go. He's somewhere down there, near the woods, and we don't like to leave him alone too long. You might pass the time of day with him; see if he's right side up. Vashti and I have got a heap of things to fix here yet; but if anything's wrong with him, you can call us. So-long."

Don Caesar was about to excuse himself hurriedly; but that sudden and acute perception of all kindred sorrow, which belongs to refined suffering, checked his speech. The loneliness of the helpless old man in this atmosphere of active and youthful selfishness touched him. He bowed assent, and turned aside into one of the long perspectives of bean-poles. The girls watched him until out of sight.

"Well," said Vashti, "don't tell me. But if there wasn't something between him and that Mamie Mulrady, I don't know a jilted man when I see him."

"Well, you needn't have let him *see* that you knew it, so that any civility of ours would look as if we were ready to take up with her leavings," responded Esther, astutely, as the girls re-entered the house.

Meantime, the unconscious object of their criticism walked sadly down the old market-garden whose rude outlines and homely details he once clothed with the poetry of a sensitive man's first love. Well, it was a common cabbage-field and potato patch after all. In his disgust he felt conscious of even the loss of that sense of patronage and superiority which had invested his affection for a girl of meaner condition. His self-respect was humiliated with his love. The soil and dirt of those wretched cabbages had clung to him, but not to her. It was she who had gone higher; it was he who was left in the vulgar ruins of his misplaced passion.

He reached the bottom of the garden without observing any sign of the lonely invalid. He looked up and down the cabbage rows, and through the long perspective of pea-vines, without result. There was a newer trail leading from a gap in the pines to the wooded hollow which undoubtedly intersected the little path that he and Mamie had once followed from the high road. If the old man had taken this trail he had possibly overtasked his strength, and there was the more reason why he should continue his search, and render any assistance if required. There was another idea that occurred to him, which eventually decided him to go on. It was that both these trails led to the decayed sycamore stump, and that the older Slinn might have something to do with the mysterious letter. Quickening his steps through the field, he entered the hollow, and reached the intersecting trail as he expected. To the right it lost itself in the dense woods in the direction of the ominous stump; to the left it descended in nearly a straight line to the highway, now plainly visible, as was equally the boulder on which he had last discovered Mamie sitting with young Slinn. If he was not mistaken, there was a figure sitting there now; it was surely a man. And by that half-bowed, helpless attitude, the object of his search!

It did not take him long to descend the track to the highway and approach the stranger. He was seated with his hands upon his knees, gazing in a vague, absorbed fashion upon the hillside, now crowned with the engine-house and chimney that marked the site of Mulrady's shaft. He started slightly, and looked up, as Don Caesar paused before him. The young man was surprised to see that the unfortunate man was not as old as he had expected, and that his expression was one of quiet and beatified contentment.

"Your daughters told me you were here," said Don Caesar, with gentle respect. "I am Caesar Alvarado, your not very far neighbour; very happy to pay his respects to you as he has to them."

"My daughters?" said the old man, vaguely. "Oh, yes! nice little girls. And my boy Harry. Did you see Harry? Fine little fellow, Harry."

"I am glad to hear that you are better," said Don Caesar, hastily, "and that the air of our country does you no harm. God benefit you, Señor," he added, with a profoundly reverential gesture, dropping unconsciously into the religious habit of his youth. "May He protect you, and bring you back to health and happiness!"

"Happiness?" said Slinn, amazedly. "I am happy—very happy! I have everything I want: good air, good food, good



What! Turkey in Egypt? an excellent notion;  
Yet Christmas in Cairo is hard to conceive,  
To Islam the season imparts no emotion,  
And all true Believers refuse to believe.

**TURKEY IN EGYPT: CHRISTMAS AT CAIRO.**

DRAWN BY G. L. SEYMOUR.

He's bound for the barracks, this sutler so sable—  
This myrmidon dark of the indolent East;  
And Turkey shall furnish a good Christmas table,  
While England in Egypt presides at the feast.



With radiant brow and lustrous eyes,  
And lips that long to hsp of love,  
She gazes at the azure skies  
That shed the sunlight from above.

GRAZIELLA.  
BY C. E. PERUGINI.  
(By permission of the owner, A. Lucas, Esq.)

She looks, and longs to hear a voice  
Come floating through the distant air,  
Whose tones shall make her heart rejoice,  
Whose words will melt the shades of care.

clothes, pretty little children, kind friends" — He smiled benignantly at Don Caesar. "God is very good to me!"

Indeed, he seemed very happy; and his face, albeit crowned with white hair, unmarked by care and any disturbing impression, had so much of satisfied youth in it that the grave features of his questioner made him appear the elder. Nevertheless, Don Caesar noticed that his eyes, when withdrawn from him, sought the hillside with the same visionary abstraction.

"It is a fine view, Señor Esslinn," said Don Caesar.

"It is a beautiful view, Sir," said Slinn, turning his happy eyes upon him for a moment, only to rest them again on the green slope opposite.

"Beyond that hill which you are looking at—not far, Señor Esslinn—I live. You shall come and see me there—you and your family."

"You—you—live there?" stammered the invalid, with a troubled impression—the first and only change to the complete happiness that had hitherto suffused his face. "You—and your name is—is Ma?"

"Alvarado," said Don Caesar, gently. "Caesar Alvarado."

"You said Masters," said the old man, with sudden querulousness.

"No, good friend. I said Alvarado," returned Don Caesar, gravely.

"If you didn't say Masters, how could I say it? I don't know any Masters."

Don Caesar was silent. In another moment, the happy tranquillity returned to Slinn's face; and Don Caesar continued.

"It is not a long walk over the hill, though it is far by the road. When you are better, you shall try it. Yonder little trail leads to the top of the hill, and then"—

He stopped, for the invalid's face had again assumed its troubled expression. Partly to change his thoughts, and partly for some inexplicable idea that had suddenly seized him, Don Caesar continued,

"There is a strange old stump near the trail, and in it a hole. In the hole I found this letter." He stopped again—this time in alarm. Slinn had staggered to his feet with ashen and distorted features, and was glancing at the letter which Don Caesar had drawn from his pocket. The muscles of his throat swelled as if he was swallowing; his lips moved, but no sound issued from them. At last, with a convulsive effort, he regained a disjointed speech, in a voice scarcely audible.

"My letter! my letter! It's mine! Give it me! It's my fortune—all mine! In the tunnel—hill! Masters stole it—stole my fortune! Stole it all! See, see!"

He seized the letter from Don Caesar with trembling hands, and tore it open forcibly: a few dull yellow grains fell from it heavily, like shot, to the ground.

"See, it's true! My letter! My gold! My strike! My—my—my God!"

A tremor passed over his face. The hand that held the letter suddenly dropped sheer and heavy as the gold had fallen. The whole side of his face and body nearest Don Caesar seemed to drop and sink into itself as suddenly. At the same moment, and without a word, he slipped through Don Caesar's outstretched hands to the ground. Don Caesar bent quickly over him, but not longer than to satisfy himself that he lived and breathed, although helpless. He then caught up the fallen letter, and, glancing over it with flashing eyes, thrust it and the few specimens in his pocket. He then sprang to his feet, so transformed with energy and intelligence that he seemed to have added the lost vitality of the man before him to his own. He glanced quickly up and down the highway. Every moment to him was precious now; but he could not leave the stricken man in the dust of the road; nor could he carry him to the house; nor, having alarmed his daughters, could he abandon his helplessness to their feeble arms. He remembered that his horse was still tied to the garden fence. He would fetch it, and carry the unfortunate man across the saddle to the gate. He lifted him with difficulty to the boulder, and ran rapidly up the road in the direction of his tethered steed. He had not proceeded far when he heard the noise of wheels behind him. It was the up stage coming furiously along. He would have called to the driver for assistance, but even through that fast sweeping cloud of dust and motion he could see that the man was utterly oblivious of anything but the speed of his rushing chariot, and had even risen in his box to lash the infuriated and frightened animals forward.

An hour later, when the coach drew up at the Red Dog Hotel, the driver descended from the box, white, but taciturn. When he had swallowed a glass of whisky at a single gulp, he

turned to the astonished express agent, who had followed him in:

"One of two things, Jim, he's got to happen," he said, huskily. "Either that there rock he's got to get off the road, or I have. I've seed him on it agin!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

No further particulars of the invalid's second attack were known than those furnished by Don Caesar's brief statement, that he had found him lying insensible on the boulder. This seemed perfectly consistent with the theory of Dr. Duchesne, and the young Spaniard left Los Gatos the next day, he escaped not only the active reporter of the *Record*, but the perusal of a grateful paragraph in the next day's paper recording his prompt kindness and courtesy. Dr. Duchesne's prognosis, however, seemed at fault; the elder Slinn did not succumb to this second stroke, nor did he recover his reason. He apparently only relapsed into his former physical weakness, losing the little ground he had gained during the last month, and exhibiting no change in his mental condition, unless the fact that he remembered nothing of his seizure, and the presence of Don Caesar, could be considered as favourable. Dr. Duchesne's gravity seemed to give that significance to this symptom, and his cross-questioning of the patient was characterised by more than his usual curtness.

"You are sure you don't remember walking in the garden before you were ill?" he said. "Come, think again. You must remember that." The old man's eyes wandered restlessly around the room, but he answered by a negative shake of his head. "And you don't remember sitting down on a stone by the road?"

The old man kept his eyes resolutely fixed on the bed-clothes before him. "No!" he said, with a certain sharp decision that was new to him.

The Doctor's eye brightened. "All right, old man; then don't."

On his way out he took the eldest Miss Slinn aside. "He'll do," he said, grimly: "he's beginning to lie."

"Why, he only said he didn't remember," responded Esther.

"That was because he didn't want to remember," said the Doctor, authoritatively. "The brain is acting on some impression that is either painful and unpleasant, or so vague that he can't formulate it; he is conscious of it, and won't attempt it yet. It's a heap better than his old self-satisfied incoherency."

A few days later, when the fact of Slinn's identification with the paralytic of three years ago by the stage-driver became generally known, the Doctor came in quite jubilant.

"It's all plain now," he said, decidedly. "That second stroke was caused by the nervous shock of his coming suddenly upon the very spot where he had the first one. It proved that his brain still retained old impressions, but as this first act of his memory was a painful one, the strain was too great. It was mighty unlucky; but it was a good sign."

"And you think, then?"—hesitated Harry Slinn.

"I think," said Dr. Duchesne, "that this activity still exists, and the proof of it, as I said before, is that he is trying now to forget it, and avoid thinking of it. You will find that he will fight shy of any allusion to it, and will be cunning enough to dodge it every time."

He certainly did. Whether the doctor's hypothesis was fairly based or not, it was a fact that, when he was first taken out to drive with his watchful physician, he apparently took no notice of the boulder—which still remained on the roadside, thanks to the later practical explanation of the stage-driver's vision—and curiously refused to talk about it. But, more significant to Duchesne, and perhaps more perplexing, was a certain morose abstraction, which took the place of his former vacuity of contentment, and an intolerance of his attendants, which supplanted his old habitual trustfulness to their care, that had been varied only by the occasional querulousness of an invalid. His daughters sometimes found him regarding them with an attention little short of suspicion, and even his son detected a half-suppressed aversion in his interviews with him.

Referring this among themselves to his unfortunate malady, his children, perhaps, justified this estrangement by paying very little attention to it. They were more pleasantly occupied. The two girls succeeded to the position held by Mamie Mulrady in the society of the neighbourhood, and divided the attentions of Rough-and-Ready. The young editor of the *Record* had really achieved, through his supposed intimacy with the

Mulrads, the good fortune he had jestingly prophesied. The disappearance of Don Caesar was regarded as a virtual abandonment of the field to his rival: and the general opinion was that he was engaged to the millionaire's daughter on a certain probation of work and influence in his prospective father-in-law's interests. He became successful in one or two speculations, the magic of the lucky Mulrady's name befriending him. In the superstition of the mining community, much of this luck was due to his having secured the old cabin.

"To think," remarked one of the augurs of Red Dog—French Pete, a polyglot jester, "that, while every d—d fool went to taking up claims where the gold had already been found, no one thought of stepping into the old man's old *choux* in the cabbage-garden!" Any doubt, however, of the alliance of the families was dissipated by the intimacy that sprang up between the elder Slinn and the millionaire, after the latter's return from San Francisco.

It began in a strange kind of pity for the physical weakness of the man, which enlisted the sympathies of Mulrady, whose great strength had never been deteriorated by the luxuries of wealth, and who was still able to set his workmen an example of hard labour; it was sustained by a singular and superstitious reverence for his mental condition, which, to the paternal Mulrady, seemed to possess that spiritual quality with which popular ignorance invests demented people.

"Then you mean to say that during these three years the vein o' your mind, so to speak, was a lost lead, and sorter dropped out o' sight or follerin'," queried Mulrady, with infinite seriousness.

"Yes," returned Slinn, with less impatience than he usually showed to questions.

"And durin' that time, when you was dried up and waitin' for rain, I reckon you kinder had visions?"

A cloud passed over Slinn's face.

"Of course, of course!" said Mulrady, a little frightened at his tenacity in questioning the oracle. "Nat'rally, this was private, and not to be talked about. I meant, you had plenty of room for 'em without crowdin'; you kin tell me some day when you're better, and kin sorter select what's points and what aint."

"Perhaps I may some day," said the invalid, gloomily, glancing in the direction of his preoccupied daughters; "when we're alone."

When his physical strength had improved, and his left arm and side had regained a feeble but slowly gathering vitality, Alvin Mulrady one day surprised the family by bringing the convalescent a pile of letters and accounts, and spreading them on a board before Slinn's invalid chair, with the suggestion that he should look over, arrange, and docket them. The idea seemed preposterous, until it was found that the old man was actually able to perform this service, and exhibited a degree of intellectual activity and capacity for this kind of work that was unsuspected. Dr. Duchesne was delighted, and divided with admiration between his patient's progress and the millionaire's sagacity. "And there are envious people," said the enthusiastic doctor, "who believe that a man like him, who could conceive of such a plan for occupying a weak intellect without taxing its memory or judgment, is merely a lucky fool! Look here. Maybe it didn't require much brains to stumble on a gold mine, and it is a gift of Providence. But, in my experience, Providence don't go round buyin' up d—d fools, or investin' in dead beats."

When Mr. Slinn, finally, with the aid of crutches, was able to hobble every day to the imposing counting-house and office of Mr. Mulrady, which now occupied the lower part of the new house, and contained some of its gorgeous furniture, he was installed at a rosewood desk behind Mr. Mulrady's chair, as his confidential clerk and private secretary. The astonishment of Red Dog and Rough-and-Ready at this singular innovation knew no bounds; but the boldness and novelty of the idea carried everything before it. Judge Butts, the oracle of Rough-and-Ready, delivered its decision. "He's got a man who's physically incapable of running off with his money, and has no memory to run off with his ideas. How could he do better?" Even his own son, Harry, coming upon his father thus installed, was for a moment struck with a certain filial respect, and for a day or two patronised him.

In this capacity Slinn became the confident not only of Mulrady's business secrets, but of his domestic affairs. He knew that young Mulrady, from a freckle-faced slow country boy, had developed into a freckle-faced fast city man, with

(Continued on page 14.)



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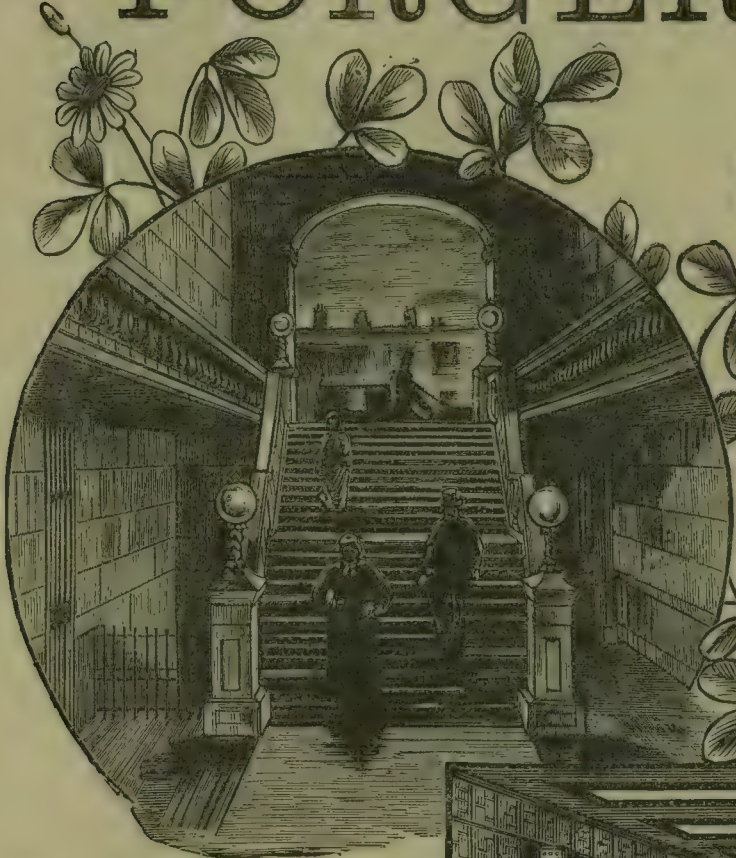
## LITTLE MISS MUFFET WHO SAT ON A TUFFET

MADE A PICTURE BOTH  
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AND  
QUAINT



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THE FRAME WAS QUITE DIRTY  
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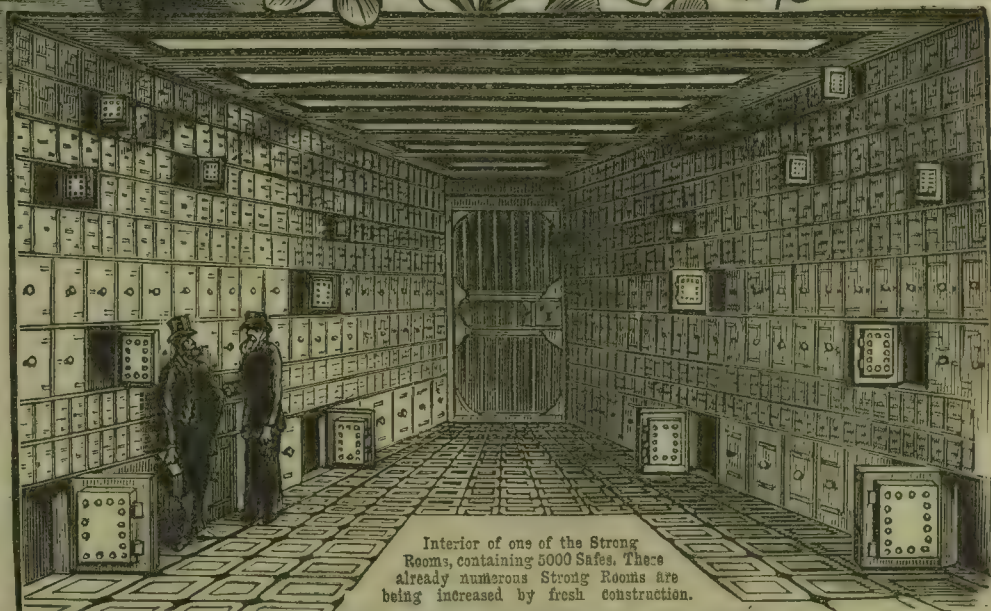
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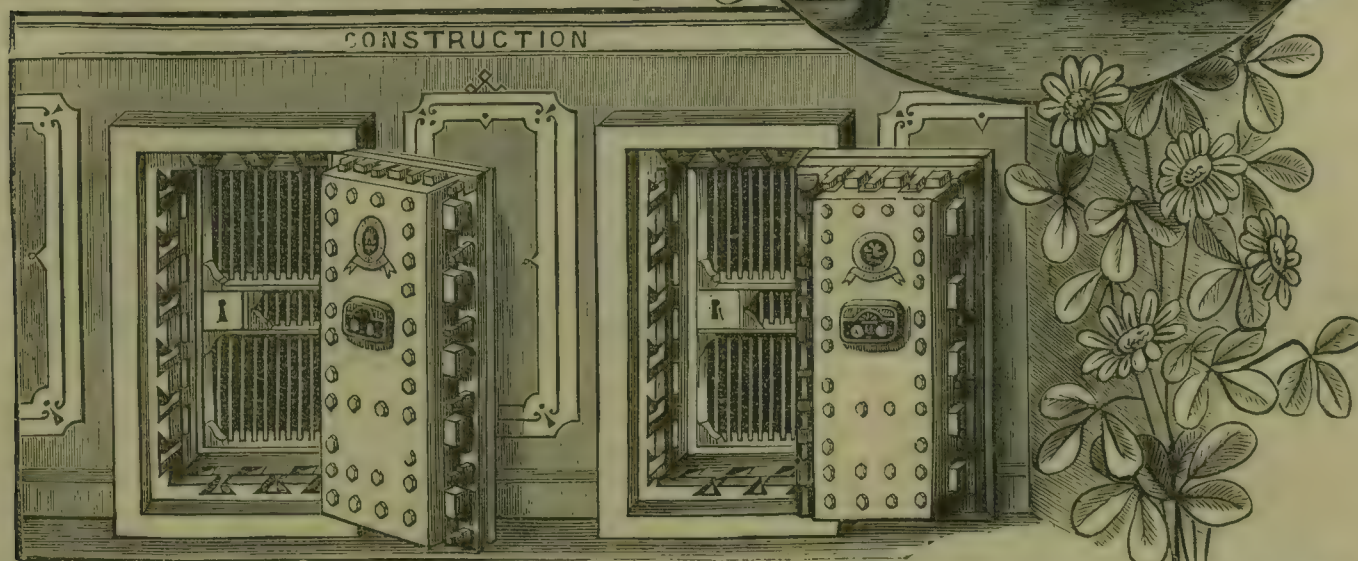
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Although divided we may be  
By caste and colour, rank and station,  
We're brothers in adversity,  
And equals in this situation.

A MAN AND A BROTHER.  
DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

Then cheer up, friend—let fortune frown—  
We'll show the world we laugh at sorrow—  
We'll rise again, though now we're down,  
And both be better men to-morrow.



Jack Hardy and his new-made bride  
Were posting homeward, side by side,  
Quite close, by reason of the cold,  
When suddenly a voice cried "Hold!"  
A pistol the postillion scared;  
The horses madly plunged and reared.

# THE BITER BIT; OR, THE HIGHWAYMAN'S COLLAPSE.

DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

But, nothing daunted, Mister Jack  
Was on the robber in a crack;  
Unhorsed him, clutched him by the throat.  
Till Turpin could not squeak a note.  
May every biter thus be bit!  
And served with his own sauce, as fit!

coarse habits of drink and gambling. It was through the old man's hands that extravagant bills and shameful claims passed on their way to be cashed by Mulrady; it was he that at last laid before the father one day his signature perfectly forged by the son.

"Your eyes are not ez good ez mine you know, S. inn," said Mulrady, gravely. "It's all right. I sometimes make my y's like that. I'd clean forgot to cash that cheque. You must not think you've got the monopoly of disremembering," he added, with a faint laugh.

Equally through Slinn's hands passed the record of the lavish expenditure of Mrs. Mulrady and the fair Mamie, as well as the chronicle of their movements and fashionable triumphs. As Mulrady had already noticed that Slinn had no confidence with his own family, he didn't try to withhold from them these domestic details, possibly as an offset to the dreary catalogue of his son's misdeeds, but more often in the hope of gaining from the taciturn old man some comment that might

satisfy his innocent vanity as father and husband, and perhaps dissipate some doubts that were haunting him.

"Twelve hundred dollars looks to be a good figger for a dress, aint it? But Malviny knows, I reckon, what ought to be worn at the Tooilleries, and she don't want our Mamie to take a back seat before them furrin' Princesses and Gran' Dukes. It's a slap-up affair, I kalkilate. Let's see. I disremember whether it's an Emperor or a King that's rulin' over thar now. It must be suthin' first class and A 1, for Malviny aint the woman to throw away twelve hundred dollars on any of them small-potato despots! She says Mamie speaks French already like them French Petes. I don't quite make out what she means here. She met Don Caesar in Paris, and she says, 'I think Mamie is nearly off with Don Caesar, who has followed her here. I don't care about her dropping him too suddenly; the reason I'll tell you hereafter. I think the man might be a dangerous enemy.' Now, what do you make of this. I allus thought Mamie rather cottoned to him, and it

was the old woman who fought shy, thinkin' Mamie would do better. Now, I am agreeable that my gal should marry anyone she likes, whether it's a Dook or a poor man, as long as he's on the square. I was ready to take Don Caesar; but now things seem to have shifted round. As to Don Caesar's being a dangerous enemy if Mamie won't have him, that's a little too high and mighty for me, and I wonder the old woman don't make him climb down. What do you think?"

"Who is Don Caesar?" asked Slinn.

"The man what picked you up that day. I mean," continued Mulrady, seeing the marks of evident ignorance on the old man's face. "I mean a sort of grave, genteel chap, suthin' between a parson and a circus-rider. You might have seen him round the house talkin' to your gals."

But Slinn's entire forgetfulness of Don Caesar was evidently unfeigned. Whatever sudden accession of memory he had

(Continued on page 19.)

# Apollinaris

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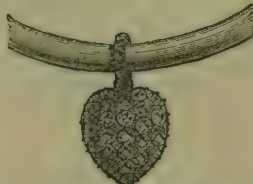


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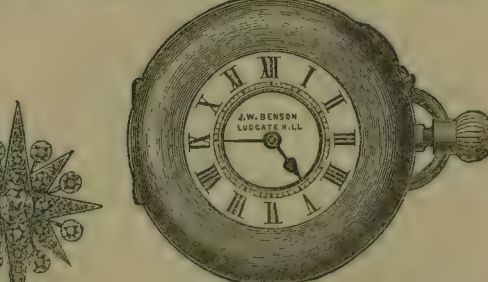
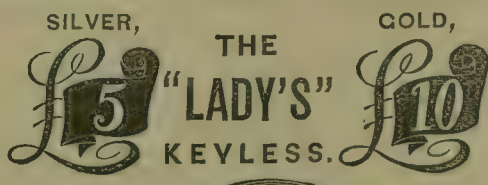
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He watched the gaily-costumed scores  
Streaming in through the open doors.  
Broadcloth and satin bent the knee  
To the god of the world, Propriety;  
Quoth he to himself, "This good in its way,  
But how many come to praise and pray?"

He heard the great bell solemnly toll  
The knell for a departed soul;  
And garrulous voices praised the dead  
Of whom in life none a good word said.  
He saw the funeral cortege go,  
With its mockery of pomp and show—  
"I wonder now," with a grin, quoth he,  
"How many cars where his soul may be?"

Then he heard the old vrows whispered there,  
That once were breathed o'er Eden fair;  
And one passed by who nobly gave  
His all, the sick and the poor to save.  
And the laughter pure of a little child  
Rang sweet and true; and the Goblin smiled.  
"This a world of shame," quoth he, "in its way;  
But it's not so black as some folk say—  
No; nothing like so black as some folk say!"  
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Whistle, my lads, that the wind comes free:  
It only waits until you call,  
So whistle away, and you'll get all.  
Whistle, my lads, and whistle it strong,  
A good north wind helps us along;  
Our sails are set, but it comes not yet;  
So whistle, my lads, and whistle it long.

The north wind came to all each sail,  
Tearing along in a howling gale;  
The good ship quivered 'neath the blast—  
Each sailor thought that day his last;  
Until at length the storm flew by,  
Dying away with a moaning sigh.  
But whistling never drowned that crew.  
They piped too strong, which will not do.  
So whistle, my lads, but whistle it low;  
The good north wind doesn't blow.  
Don't pipe too strong, or you'll be wrong,  
And down to Davy Jones may go!

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### BONNIE FACE.

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Bonnie face! Ah, bonnie face!  
Time is wearing on apace;  
It will be, to-morrow morn,  
Five long years since you were born.  
And you ask, with gravest brow—  
"Am I not a woman now?"  
And you think, my darling bright,  
Time to learn to read and write.  
Tell me are your pretty eyes  
Tired of fields and sunny skies?  
Ah! my sweet, that face, that efface;  
Laugh through childhood's years of grace.  
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Laugh! Oh! laugh, my bonnie face.  
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Words by Samuel K. Cowan, M.A.  
Music by THEO. BONHEUR.  
There lies a City, still and sweet;  
No shadows haunt its shadeless sky;  
And ever down its silent street  
We roam in dreams, my heart and I.  
Together there we softly roam  
Of love and peace in golden quest;  
For only there my heart hath home,  
And there alone my soul hath rest!  
O Dreamland City, still and sweet!  
O home of hallowed hopes of yore!  
Where peace still haunts thy silent street,  
And love still lives for evermore!

There one dear voice alone I hear;  
There one sweet face I only see:  
One voice whose song is ever near,  
One face whose smile is still for me!  
Thou' Hope's dead heart no prayers can thrill,  
That voice, that face, are ever nigh;  
And in our Dreamland City still  
We love and hope, my heart and I!  
No morning light our dream can break!  
No waking truth old grief restore!  
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For love is love for evermore!  
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Toil, where life's stronging tide  
Flows deep and wide;  
Toil, where on harvest fields  
Grain to the sickle yields;  
Toil on, O world oppressed—  
Night bringeth rest!

Wear thy yoke, endure thy lot,  
Bear thy burden and do thy best,  
None are by One on high forgot;  
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"**I** HAVE made three separate and independent analyses of **Pears' Transparent Soap**, the samples being procured by myself at ordinary Retail Shops, and from these examinations I am enabled to certify to its purity. It is made in the most perfect manner, and is free from any causticity—to persons of delicate skin a question of vital importance. Being free from all adulteration with water its durability is really remarkable. I cannot speak too highly of it, for it strikingly illustrates the perfection of Toilet Soap. Within the last few years a great number of Transparent Soaps, imitations of Messrs. Pears' invention, have appeared in the market of a most inferior and injurious character, consisting of Cocoa Nut Oil, Glycerine, and a large addition of water, and I have found in them over five per cent. of free caustic soda, and nearly one-third water. I need hardly say that such Soaps are necessarily most hurtful."

From Professor JOHN ATTFIELD, F.R.S., Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain; Author of a Manual of General, Medical, and Pharmaceutical Chemistry.

"**I** HAVE annually, for the past ten years, made an independent analysis of your **Transparent Soap**, and have not found it to vary in quality or in composition. It contains neither excess of alkali nor of moisture, and it is free from artificial colouring matter. A better, purer, or more usefully durable Soap cannot be made."

From Professor CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., S.Sc. Camb. Univ.; Professor of Chemistry and Hygiene in the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland; Medical Officer of Health & Analyst for Dublin.

"**I** HAVE analysed Samples of **Pears' Soap**, purchased by myself in Dublin. I find it remarkably good—prepared from pure materials, combined in the proper proportions, and free from Cocoa Nut Oil and from artificial colouring. It may safely be used upon the skin of the tenderest infant."

From STEVENSON McADAM, Esq., Ph.D., &c.; Lecturer on Chemistry, Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh.

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From Professor Sir ERASMUS WILSON, Professor of Dermatology, Royal College of Surgeons of England [In the "Journal of Cutaneous Medicine."]

"**T**HE use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. **PEARS** is a name engraven on the memory of the 'oldest inhabitants'; and **Pears' Transparent Soap** is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

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"**P**EAR'S Soap is the best Soap made."—*Vide* Tilbury-Fox on the "SKIN," p. 509.

Mr. JOHN L. MILTON, Senior Surgeon, St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.

From the "Hygiene of the Skin."

"**F**ROM time to time I have tried many different Soaps, and I have now, after Fifteen Years careful trial in many hundreds of cases, both in Hospital and Private Practice, no hesitation in giving my verdict to the effect that nothing has answered so well, or proved so beneficial to the skin, as **Pears' Transparent Soap**."

From "The Bath in Health and Disease," by the same Author.

"**P**EAR'S Soap is unrivalled for purity, and is really the most economical of Soaps, as it contains scarcely any water, as Professor Attfield's analysis incontestably demonstrates."

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Mr. JAMES STARTIN, late Physician to St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.

"**F**OR many years I have had pleasure in recommending and using **Pears' Soap** in preference to every other, as being perfectly free from those impurities so prejudicial to the skin, found in most Soaps."

Mr. JAMES STARTIN, Surgeon and Lecturer at St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London, Successor to the late Mr. James Startin.

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at the time of his attack, the incident that caused it had no part in his recollection. With the exception of these rare intervals of domestic confidences with his crippled private secretary, Mulrady gave himself up to money-getting. Without any especial faculty for it—an easy prey often to unscrupulous financiers—his unflinching luck, however, carried him safely through, until his very mistakes seemed to be simply insignificant means to a large significant end and a part of his original plan. He sank another shaft, at a great expense, with a view to following the lead he had formerly found, against the opinions of the best mining engineers, and struck the artesian spring he did not find at that time, with a volume of water that enabled him not only to work his own mine, but to furnish supplies to his less fortunate neighbours at a vast profit. A league of tangled forest and cañon behind Rough-and-Ready for which he had paid Don Ramon's heirs an extravagant price in the presumption that it was auriferous, furnished the most accessible timber to build the town, at prices which amply remunerated him. The practical schemes of experienced men, the wildest visions of daring dreams delayed or abortive for want of capital, eventually fell into his hands. Men sneered at his methods, but bought his shares. Some who affected to regard him simply as a man of money were content to get only his name to any enterprise. Courtied by his superiors, quoted by his equals, and admired by his inferiors, he bore his elevation equally without ostentation or dignity. Bidden to banquets, and forced by his position as director or president into the usual gastronomic feats of that civilisation and period, he partook of simple food, and continued his old habit of taking a cup of coffee with milk and sugar at dinner. Without professing temperance, he drank sparingly in a community where alcoholic stimulation was a custom. With neither refinement nor an extended vocabulary, he was seldom profane, and never indelicate. With nothing of the Puritan in his manner or conversation, he seemed to be as strange to the vices of civilisation as he was to its virtues. That such a man should offer little to and receive little from the companionship of women of any kind was a foregone conclusion. Without the dignity of solitude, he was pathetically alone.

Meantime, the days passed; the first six months of his opulence were drawing to a close, and in that interval he had more than doubled the amount of his discovered fortune. The rainy season set in early. Although it dissipated the clouds of dust under which Nature and Art seemed to be slowly disappearing, it brought little beauty to the landscape at first, and only appeared to lay bare the crudenesses of civilisation. The unpainted wooden buildings of Rough-and-Ready, soaked and dripping with rain, took upon themselves a sleek and shining ugliness, as of second-hand garments; the absence of cornices or projections to break the monotony of the long straight lines of downpour made the town appear as if it had been recently submerged, every vestige of ornamentation swept away, and only the bare outlines left. Mud was everywhere; the outer soil seemed to have risen and invaded the houses even to their most secret recesses, as if outraged Nature was trying to revenge herself. Mud was brought into the saloons and bar-rooms and express offices, on boots, on clothes, on baggage, and sometimes appeared mysteriously in splashes of red colour on the walls, without visible conveyance. The dust of six months, closely packed in cornice and carving, yielded under the steady rain a thin yellow paint, that dropped on wayfarers or unexpectedly oozed out of ceilings and walls on the wretched inhabitants within. The outskirts of Rough-and-Ready, and the dried hills round Los Gatos, did not appear to fare much better; the new vegetation had not yet made much headway against the dead grasses of the summer; the pines in the hollow wept lugubriously into a small rivulet that had sprung suddenly into life near the old trail: everywhere was the sound of dropping, splashing, gurgling, or rushing waters.

More hideous than ever, the new Mulrady house lifted itself against the leaden sky, and stared with all its large-framed, shutterless windows blankly on the prospect, until they seemed to the wayfarer to become mere mirrors set in the walls, reflecting only the watery landscape, and unable to give the least indication of light or heat within. Nevertheless, there was a fire in Mulrady's private office that December afternoon, of a smoky, intermittent variety, that sufficed more to record the defects of hasty architecture than to comfort the Millionaire and his private secretary, who had lingered after the early withdrawal of the clerks. For the next day was Christmas, and, out of deference to the near approach of this festivity, a half-holiday had been given to the employés. "They'll want, some of them, to spend their money before to-morrow; and others would like to be able to rise up comfortably drunk Christmas morning," the superintendent had suggested. Mr. Mulrady had just signed a number of cheques indicating his largesse to those devoted adherents with the same unostentatious, undemonstrative, matter-of-fact manner that distinguished his ordinary business. The men had received it with something of the same manner. A half-humorous "Thank you, Sir"—as if to show that, with their patron, they tolerated this deference to a popular custom, but were a little ashamed of giving way to it—expressed their gratitude and their independence.

"I reckon that the old lady and Mamie are having a high old time in some of them gilded palaces in St. Petersburg or Berlin about this time. Them diamonds that I ordered at Tiffany ought to have reached 'em about now, so that Mamie could cut a swell at Christmas with her war-paint. I suppose it's the style to give presents in furrin' countries ez it is here, and I allowed to the old lady that whatever she orders in that way she is to do in Californy style—no dollar jewelry and galvanised watches business. If she wants to make a present to any of them nobles ez has been purtite to her, it's got to be something that Rough-and-Ready aint ashamed of. I showed you that pin Mamie bought me in Paris, didn't I? It's just come for my Christmas present. No! I reckon I put it in the safe, for them kind o' things don't suit my style; but 'spose I orter sport it to-morrow. It was mighty thoughtful in Mamie, and it must cost a lump; it's got no slouch of a pearl in it. I wonder what Mamie gave for it?"

"You can easily tell; the bill is here. You paid it yesterday," said Slinn. There was no satire in the man's voice, nor was there the least perception of irony in Mulrady's manner, as he returned quietly,

"That's so; it was suthin' like a thousand francs; but French money, when you pan it out as dollars and cents, don't make so much, after all." There was a few moments' silence, when he continued, in the same tone of voice, "Talkin' o' them things, Slinn, I've got suthin' for you." He stopped suddenly. Ever watchful of any undue excitement in the invalid, he had noticed a slight flush of disturbance pass over his face, and continued carelessly, "But we'll talk it over to-morrow; a day or two don't make much difference to you and me in such things, you know. I'll drop in and see you. We'll be shut up here."

"Then you're going out somewhere?" asked Slinn, mechanically.

"No," said Mulrady, hesitatingly. It had suddenly occurred to him that he had nowhere to go, if he wanted to,

and he continued, half in explanation, "I aint reckoned much on Christmas, myself. Abner's at the the Springs; it wouldn't pay him to come here for a day—even if there was anybody here he cared to see. I reckon I'll hang round the shanty, and look after things generally. I haven't been over the house up-stairs to put things to rights since the folks left. But you needn't come here, you know."

He helped the old man to rise, assisted him in putting on his overcoat, and then handed him the cane which had lately replaced his crutches.

"Good-bye, old man! You mustn't trouble yourself to say 'Merry Christmas' now, but wait until you see me again. Take care of yourself."

He slapped him lightly on the shoulder, and went back into his private office. He worked for some time at his desk, and then laid his pen aside, put away his papers methodically, placing a large envelope on his private secretary's vacant table. He then opened the office door and ascended the staircase. He stopped on the first landing to listen to the sound of rain on the glass skylight, that seemed to echo through the empty hall like the gloomy roll of a drum. It was evident that the searching water had found out the secret sins of the house's construction, for there were great fissures of discolouration in the white and gold paper in the corners of the wall. There was a strange odour of the dank forest in the mirrored drawing-room, as if the rain had brought out the sap again from the unseasoned timbers; the blue and white satin furniture looked cold, and the marble mantels and centre tables had taken upon themselves the clamminess of tombstones. Mr. Mulrady, who had always retained his old farmer-like habit of taking off his coat with his hat on entering his own house, and appearing in his shirt-sleeves, to indicate domestic ease and security, was obliged to replace it, on account of the chill. He had never felt at home in this room. Its strangeness had lately been heightened by Mrs. Mulrady's purchase of a family portrait of someone she didn't know, but who, she had alleged, resembled her "Uncle Bob," which hung on the wall beside some paintings in massive frames. Mr. Mulrady cast a hurried glance at the portrait that, on the strength of a high coat-collar and high top curl—both rolled with equal precision and singular sameness of colour—had always glared at Mulrady as if he was the intruder; and, passing through his wife's gorgeous bed-room, entered the little dressing-room, where he still slept on the smallest of cots, with hastily improvised surroundings, as if he was a bailiff in "possession." He didn't linger here long, but, taking a key from a drawer, continued up the staircase, to the ominous funeral marches of the beating rain on the skylight, and paused on the landing to glance into his son's and daughter's bed-rooms, duplicates of the bizarre extravagance below. If he were seeking some characteristic traces of his absent family, they certainly were not here in the painted and still damp blazoning of their later successes. He ascended another staircase, and, passing to the wing of the house, paused before a small door, which was locked. Already the ostentatious decorations of wall and passages were left behind, and the plain lath-and-plaster partition of the attic lay before him. He unlocked the door, and threw it open.

#### CHAPTER V.

The apartment he entered was really only a lumber-room or loft over the wing of the house, which had been left bare and unfinished, and which revealed in its meagre skeleton of beams and joints the hollow sham of the whole structure. But in more violent contrast to the fresher glories of the other part of the house were its contents, which were the heterogeneous collection of old furniture, old luggage, and cast-off clothing, left over from the past life in the old cabin. It was a much plainer record of the simple beginnings of the family than Mrs. Mulrady cared to have remained in evidence, and for that reason it had been relegated to the hidden recesses of the new house, in the hope that it might absorb or digest it. There were old cribs in which the infant limbs of Mamie and Abner had been tucked up; old looking-glasses that had reflected their shining soapy faces, and Mamie's best chip Sunday hat; an old sewing-machine, that had been worn out in active service; old patch-work quilts; an old accordion, to whose long-drawn inspirations Mamie had sung hymns; old pictures, books, and old toys. There were one or two old chromos, and, stuck in an old frame, a coloured print from the *Illustrated London News* of a Christmas gathering in an old English country house. He stopped and picked up this print, which he had often seen before, gazing at it with a new and singular interest. He wondered if Mamie had seen anything of this kind in England, and why couldn't he have had something like it here, in their own fine house, with themselves and a few friends? He remembered a past Christmas when he had brought Mamie that now headless doll with the few coins that were left him after buying their frugal Christmas dinner. There was an old spotted hobbyhorse that another Christmas had brought to Abner. Abner, who would be driving a fast trotter to-morrow at the Springs! How everything had changed! How they had all got up in the world, and how far beyond this kind of thing—and yet—yet it would have been rather comfortable to have all been together again here. Would they have been more comfortable? No! Yet then he might have had something to do, and been less lonely to-morrow. What of that? He had something to do; to look after this immense fortune. What more could a man want? or should he want? It was rather mean in him, able to give his wife and children everything they wanted, to be wanting anything more. He laid down the print gently, after dusting its glass and frame with his silk handkerchief, and slowly left the room.

The drum-beat of the rain followed him down the staircase, but he shut it out with his other thoughts, when he again closed the door of his office. He sat diligently to work by the declining winter light until he was interrupted by the entrance of his Chinese waiter to tell him that supper—which was the meal that Mulrady religiously adhered to in place of the late dinner of civilisation—was ready in the dining-room. Mulrady mechanically obeyed the summons; but, on entering the room, the oasis of a few plates in a desert of white tablecloth which awaited him, made him hesitate. In its best aspect, the high dark Gothic mahogany ecclesiastical sideboard and chairs of this room, which looked like the appointments of a mortuary chapel, were not exhilarating: and to-day, in the light of the rain-filmed windows and the feeble rays of a lamp half obscured by the dark, shining walls, it was most depressing.

"You kin take up supper into my office," said Mulrady, with a sudden inspiration. "I'll eat it there."

He ate it there, with his usual healthy appetite, which did not require even the stimulation of company. He had just finished, when his Irish cook—the one female servant of the house—came to ask permission to be absent that evening and the next day.

"I suppose the likes of your Honour won't be at home on the Christmas Day? And it's me cousins from the old country at Rough-and-Ready that are invitin' me."

"Why don't you ask them over here?" said Mulrady, with another vague inspiration. "I'll stand treat."

"Lord preserve you for a jinerous gintleman! But it's the

likes of them and myself that wouldn't be at home here on such a day."

There was so much truth in this that Mulrady checked a sigh as he gave the required permission, without saying that he had intended to remain. He could cook his own breakfast: he had done it before; and it would be something to occupy him. As to his dinner, perhaps he could go to the hotel at Rough-and-Ready. He worked on until the night had well advanced. Then, overcome with a certain restlessness that disturbed him, he was forced to put his books and papers away. It had begun to blow in fitful gusts, and occasionally the rain was driven softly across the panes like the passing of childish fingers. This disturbed him more than the monotony of silence, for he was not a nervous man. He seldom read a book, and the county paper furnished him only the financial and mercantile news which was part of his business. He knew he could not sleep, if he went to bed. At last, he rose, opened the window, and looked out from pure idleness of occupation. A splash of wheels in the distant muddy road and fragments of a drunken song showed signs of an early wandering reveller. There were no lights to be seen at the closed works: a profound darkness encompassed the house, as if the distant pines in the hollow had moved up and round it. The silence was broken now only by the occasional sighing of wind and rain. It was not an inviting night for a perfunctory walk; but an idea struck him—he would call upon the Slinns, and anticipate his next day's visit! They would probably have company, and be glad to see him: he could tell the girls of Mamie and her success. That he had not thought of this before was a proof of his usual self-contained isolation; that he thought of it now was an equal proof that he was becoming at last accessible to loneliness. He was angry with himself for what seemed to him a selfish weakness.

He returned to his office, and putting the envelope that had been lying on Slinn's desk in his pocket, threw a *serape* over his shoulders, and locked the front door of the house behind him. It was well that the way was a familiar one to him, and that his feet instinctively found the trail, for the night was very dark. At times he was warned only by the gurgling of water of little rivulets that descended the hill and crossed his path. Without the slightest fear, and with neither imagination nor sensitiveness, he recalled how, the winter before, one of Don Caesar's vaqueros, crossing this hill at night, had fallen down the chasm of a landslip caused by the rain, and was found the next morning with his neck broken in the gully. Don Caesar had to take care of the man's family. Suppose such an accident should happen to him? Well, he had made his will. His wife and children would be provided for, and the work of the mine would go on all the same; he had arranged for that. Would anybody miss him? would his wife, or his son, or his daughter? No. He felt such a sudden and overwhelming conviction of the truth of this, that he stopped as suddenly as if the chasm had opened before him. No! It was the truth. If he were to disappear for ever in the darkness of the Christmas night, there was none to feel his loss. His wife would take care of Mamie; his son would take care of himself as he had before—relieved of even the scant paternal authority he rebelled against. A more imaginative man than Mulrady would have combatted or have followed out this idea, and then dismissed it; to the Millionaire's matter-of-fact mind it was a deduction that, having once presented itself to his perception, was already a recognised fact. For the first time in his life, he felt a sudden instinct of something like aversion towards his family, a feeling that even his son's dissipation and criminality had never provoked. He hurried on angrily through the darkness.

It was very strange; the old house should be almost before him now, across the hollow, yet there were no indications of light! It was not until he actually reached the garden-fence, and the black bulk of shadow rose out against the sky, that he saw a faint ray of light from one of the lean-to windows. He went to the front door and knocked. After waiting in vain for a reply, he knocked again. The second knock proving equally futile, he tried the door; it was unlocked, and, pushing it open, he walked in. The narrow passage was quite dark, but from his knowledge of the house he knew the "lean-to" was next to the kitchen, and, passing through the dining-room into it, he opened the door of the little room from which the light proceeded. It came from a single candle on a small table, and beside it, with his eyes moodily fixed on the dying embers of the fire, sat old Slinn. There was no other light nor another human being in the whole house.

For the instant Mulrady, forgetting his own feelings in the mute picture of the utter desolation of the helpless man, remained speechless on the threshold. Then, recalling himself, he stepped forward and laid his hand gaily on the bowed shoulders.

"Rouse up out o' this, old man! Come! this won't do. Look! I've run over here in the rain, jist to have a sociable time with you all."

"I know it," said the old man, without looking up; "I knew you'd come."

"You knew I'd come?" echoed Mulrady, with an uneasy return of the strange feeling of awe with which he regarded Slinn's abstraction.

"Yes; you were alone—like myself—all alone!"

"Then, why in thunder didn't you open the door or sing out just now?" he said, with an affected brusquerie to cover his uneasiness. "Where's your daughters?"

"Gone to Rough-and-Ready to a party."

"And your son?"

"He never comes here when he can amuse himself elsewhere."

"Your children might have stayed home on Christmas Eve."

"So might yours."

He didn't say this impatiently, but with a certain abstracted conviction far beyond any suggestion of its being a retort. Mulrady did not appear to notice it.

"Well, I don't see why us old folks can't enjoy ourselves without them," said Mulrady, with affected cheerfulness. "Let's have a good time, you and me. Let's see—you haven't any one you can send to my house, hev you?"

"They took the servant with them," said Slinn, briefly. "There is no one here."

"All right," said the Millionaire, briskly. "I'll go myself. Do you think you could manage to light up a little more, and build a fire in the kitchen while I'm gone? It used to be mighty comfortable in the old times."

He helped the old man to rise from his chair, and seemed to have infused into him some of his own energy. He then added: "Now, don't you get yourself down again into that chair until I come back," and darted out into the night once more.

In a quarter of an hour he returned with a bag on his broad shoulders, which one of his porters would have shrunk from lifting, and laid it before the blazing hearth of the now-lighted kitchen. "It's something the old woman got for her party, that didn't come off," he said apologetically. "I reckon we can pick out enough for a spread. That darned Chinaman wouldn't come with me," he added, with a laugh, "because, he said, he'd knocked off work 'altee same, Mellican man!"



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

At that moment, the expected stage-coach came rattling by. With quick feminine intuition, Mamie caught in the faces of the driver and the express-man, and reflected in the mischievous eyes of her companion, a peculiar interpretation of their meeting that was not removed by the whispered assurance of the editor that the passengers were anxiously looking back "to see the shooting."—(See page 6.)

A MILLIONAIRE OF ROUGH-AND-READY.—BY BRET HARTE.



She comes, the long-expected one, at last,  
With hand extended other hands to grasp;  
Across the threshold, see, she hurries past,  
For loving arms to fold her in their clasp.

HOME !  
DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

But who comes forth to meet that open hand?  
A mother—father—brother, to embrace?  
There may be someone else, you understand,  
For whom she wears that happy smiling face.

Look here, Slinn," he said, with a sudden decisiveness, "my pay-roll of the men around here don't run short of a hundred and fifty dollars a day, and yet I couldn't get a hand to help me bring this truck over for my Christmas dinner."

"Of course," said Slinn, gloomily.

"Of course; so it oughter be," returned Mulrady, shortly. "Why, it's only their one day out of 364; and I can have 363 days off, as I am their boss. I don't mind a man's being independent," he continued, taking off his coat and beginning to unpack his sack—a common "gunny bag"—used for potatoes. "We're independent ourselves, aint we, Slinn?"

His good spirits, which had been at first laboured and affected, had become natural. Slinn, looking at his brightened eye and fresher colour, could not help thinking he was more like his own real self at this moment than in his counting-house and offices—with all his simplicity as a capitalist. A less abstracted and more observant critic than Slinn would have seen in this patient aptitude for real work, and the recognition of the force of petty detail, the dominance of the old market-gardener in his former humble, as well as his later more ambitious, successes.

"Heaven keep us from being dependent upon our children!" said Slinn, darkly.

"Let the young ones alone to-night; we can get along without them, as they can without us," said Mulrady, with a slight twinge as he thought of his reflections on the hillside. "But look here, there's some champagne and them sweet cordials that women like; there's jellies and such like stuff, about as good as they make 'em, I reckon; and preserves, and tongues, and spiced beef—take your pick! Stop, let's spread them out." He dragged the table to the middle of the floor, and piled the provisions upon it. They certainly were not deficient in quality or quantity. "Now, Slinn, wade in."

"I don't feel hungry," said the invalid, who had lapsed again into a chair before the fire.

"No more do I," said Mulrady; "but I reckon it's the right thing to do about this time. Some folks think they can't be happy without they're getting outside o' suthin', and my directors down at Frisco can't do any business without a dinner. Take some champagne, to begin with."

He opened a bottle, and filled two tumblers. "It's past twelve o'clock, old man, so here's a merry Christmas to you, and both of us ez is here. And here's another to our families—ez isn't."

They both drank their wine stolidly. The rain beat against the windows sharply, but without the hollow echoes of the hours on the hill. "I must write to the old woman and Mamie, and say that you and me had a high old time on Christmas Eve."

"By ourselves," added the invalid.

Mr. Mulrady coughed. "Naturally—by ourselves. And her provisions," he added, with a laugh. "We're really beholden to her for 'em. If she hadn't thought of having them—"

"For somebody else, you wouldn't have had them—would you?" said Slinn, slowly, gazing at the fire.

"No," said Mulrady, dubiously. After a pause he began more vivaciously, and as if to shake off some disagreeable thought that was impressing him, "But I mustn't forget to give you your Christmas, old man, and I've got it right here with me." He took the folded envelope from his pocket, and, holding it in his hand with his elbow on the table, continued, "I don't mind telling you what I lea I had in giving you what I'm goin' to give you now. I've been thinking about it for a day or two. A man like you don't want money—you wouldn't spend it. A man like you don't want stocks or fancy investments—for you couldn't look after them. A man like you don't want diamonds and jewellery, nor a gold-headed cane, when it's got to be used as a crutch. No, Sir. What you want is suth'n that won't run away from you; that is always there before you and won't wear out, and will last after you're gone. That's land! And if it wasn't that I have sworn never to sell or give away this house and that garden; if it wasn't that I've held out agin the old woman and Mamie on that point, you should have this house and that garden. But, mebbe, for the same reason that I've told you, I want that land to keep for myself. But I've selected four acres of the hill this side of my shaft, and here's the deed of it. As soon as you're ready, I'll put you up a house as big as this—that shall be yours with the land as long as you live, old man; and after that your children's."

"No; not theirs," broke in the old man, passionately. "Never!"

Mulrady recoiled for an instant in alarm at the sudden and unexpected vehemence of his manner. "Go slow, old man; go slow," he said, soothingly. "Of course, you'll do with your own as you like." Then, as if changing the subject, he went on cheerfully. "Perhaps you'll wonder why I picked out that spot on the hillside. Well, first, because I reserved it after my strike in case the lead should run that way, but it didn't. Next, because when you first came here you seemed to like the prospect. You used to sit there looking at it, as if it reminded you of something. You never said it did. They say you was sitting on that boulder there when you had that last attack, you know; but," he added, gently, "you've forgotten all about it."

"I have forgotten nothing," said Slinn, rising, with a choking voice. "I wish to God I had; I wish to God I could!"

He was on his feet now, supporting himself by the table. The subtle generous liquor he had drunk had evidently shaken his self-control, and burst those voluntary bonds he had put upon himself for the last six months; the insidious stimulant had also put a strange vigour into his blood and nerves. His face was flushed, but not distorted; his eyes were brilliant, but not fixed; he looked as he might have looked to Masters in his strength three years before on that very hillside.

"Listen to me, Alvin Mulrady," he said, leaning over him with burning eyes. "Listen, while I have brain to think and strength to utter, why I have learnt to distrust, fear, and hate them! You think you know my story. Well, hear the truth from me to-night, Alvin Mulrady, and do not wonder if I have cause."

He stopped, and, with pathetic inefficiency, passed the fingers and inward turned thumb of his paralysed hand across his mouth, as if to calm himself. "Three years ago I was a miner, but not a miner like you! I had experience, I had scientific knowledge, I had a theory, and the patience and energy to carry it out. I selected a spot that had all the indications, made a tunnel, and without aid, counsel, or assistance of any kind, worked it for six months, without rest or cessation, and with scarcely food enough to sustain my body. Well, I made a strike; not like you, Mulrady, not a blunder of good luck, a fool's fortune—there, I don't blame you for it—but in perfect demonstration of my theory, the reward of my labour. It was no pocket—but a vein—a lead, that I had regularly hunted down and found—a fortune!"

"I never knew how hard I had worked until that morning; I never knew what privations I had undergone until that moment of my success, when I found I could scarcely think or move! I staggered out into the open air. The only human soul near me was a disappointed prospector, a man named Masters, who had a tunnel not far away. I managed to

conceal from him my good fortune and my feeble state, for I was suspicious of him—of anyone, and as he was going away that day I thought I could keep my secret until he was gone. I was dizzy and confused, but I remember that I managed to write a letter to my wife, telling her of my good fortune, and begging her to come to me; and I remember that I saw Masters go. I don't remember anything else. They picked me up on the road, near that boulder, as you know."

"I know," said Mulrady, with a swift recollection of the stage driver's account of his discovery.

"They say," continued Slinn, tremblingly, "that I never recovered my senses or consciousness for nearly three years; they say I lost my memory completely during my illness, and that, by God's mercy, while I lay in that hospital, I knew no more than a babe; they say that because I could not speak or move, and only had my food as nature required it, that I was an imbecile, and that I never really came to my senses until after my son found me in the hospital. They say that—but I tell you to-night, Alvin Mulrady," he said, raising his voice to a hoarse outcry, "I tell you that it is a lie! I came to my senses a week after I lay on that hospital cot; I kept my senses and memory ever after during the three years that I was there, until Harry brought his cold, hypocritical face to my bedside, and recognised me. Do you understand? I, the possessor of millions, lay there a pauper! Deserted by wife and children—a spectacle for the curious, a sport for the doctors—and I knew it! I heard them speculate on the cause of my helplessness. I heard them talk of excesses and indulgences; I, that never knew wine or woman! I heard a preacher speak of the finger of God, and point to me. May God curse him!"

"Go slow, old man; go slow," said Mulrady, gently.

"I heard them speak of me as a friendless man, an outcast, a criminal—a being whom no one would claim. They were right; no one claimed me. The friends of others visited them; relations came and took away their kindred; a few lucky ones got well; a few, equally lucky, died! I alone lived on, uncared for, deserted."

"The first year," he went on more rapidly, "I prayed for their coming. I looked for them every day. I never lost hope. I said to myself, 'She has not got my letter; but when the time passes she will be alarmed by my silence, and then she will come or send someone to seek me. A young student got interested in my case, and, by studying my eyes, thought that I was not entirely imbecile and unconscious. With the aid of an alphabet, he got me to spell my name and town in Illinois, and promised by signs to write to my family. But in an evil moment I told him of my cursed fortune, and in that moment I saw that he thought me a fool and an idiot. He went away, and I saw him no more. Yet I still hoped. I dreamed of their joy at finding me, and the reward that my wealth would give them. Perhaps I was a little weak still, perhaps a little flighty, too, at times; but I was quite happy that year, even in my disappointment, for I had still hope!'"

He paused, and again composed his face with his paralysed hand; but his manner had become less excited, and his voice was stronger.

"A change must have come over me the second year, for I only dreaded their coming now and finding me so altered. A horrible idea that they might, like the student, believe me crazy if I spoke of my fortune; made me pray to God that they might not reach me until after I had regained my health and strength—and found my fortune. When the third year found me still there—I no longer prayed for them—I cursed them! I swore to myself that they should never enjoy my wealth; but I wanted to live, and let them know I had it. I found myself getting stronger; but as I had no money, no friends, and nowhere to go, I concealed my real condition from the doctors, except to give them my name, and to try to get some little work to do to enable me to leave the hospital and seek my lost treasure. One day I found out by accident that it had been discovered! You understand—my treasure!—that had cost me years of labour and my reason; had left me a helpless, forgotten pauper. That gold I had never enjoyed had been found and taken possession of by another!"

He checked an exclamation from Mulrady with his hand. "They say they picked me up senseless from the floor, where I must have fallen when I heard the news—I don't remember—I recall nothing until I was confronted, nearly three weeks after by my son, who had called at the hospital, as a reporter for a paper, and had accidentally discovered me through my name and appearance. He thought me crazy, or a fool. I didn't undeceive him. I did not tell him the story of the mine to excite his doubts and derision, or worse (if I could bring proof to claim it), have it perhaps pass into his ungrateful hands. No; I said nothing. I let him bring me here. He could do no less, and common decency obliged him to do that."

"And what proof could you show of your claim?" asked Mulrady, gravely.

"If I had that letter—if I could find Masters," began Slinn, vaguely.

"Have you any idea where the letter is, or what has become of Masters?" continued Mulrady, with a matter-of-fact gravity, that seemed to increase Slinn's vagueness and excite his irritability.

"I don't know—I sometimes think"—He stopped, sat down again, and passed his hands across his forehead. "I have seen the letter somewhere since. Yes," he went on, with sudden vehemence, "I know it, I have seen it! I"—His brows knitted, his features began to work convulsively; he suddenly brought his paralysed hand down partly opened upon the table. "I will remember where."

"Go slow, old man; go slow."

"You asked me once about my visions. Well, that is one of them. I remember a man somewhere showing me that letter. I have taken it from his hands and opened it, and knew it was mine by the specimens of gold that were in it. But where—or when—or what became of it, I cannot tell. It will come to me—it must come to me soon."

He turned his eyes upon Mulrady, who was regarding him with an expression of grave curiosity, and said bitterly, "You think me crazy. I know it. It needed only this."

"Where is this mine?" asked Mulrady, without heeding him.

The old man's eyes swiftly sought the ground.

"It is a secret then?"

"No."

"You have spoken of it to anyone?"

"No."

"Not to the man who possesses it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I wouldn't take it from him."

"Why wouldn't you?"

"Because that man is yourself!"

In the instant of complete silence that followed they could hear that the monotonous patter of rain on the roof had ceased.

"Then all this was in my shaft, and the vein I thought I struck there was your lead, found three years ago in your tunnel? Is that your idea?"

"Yes."

"Then I don't *sabe* why you don't want to claim it."

"I have told you why I don't want it for my children."

I go further, now, and I tell you, Alvin Mulrady, that I was willing that your children should squander it, as they were doing. It has only been a curse to me; it could only be a curse to them; but I thought you were happy in seeing it feed selfishness and vanity. You think me bitter and hard. Well, I should have left you in your fool's paradise, but that I saw to-night when you came here that your eyes had been opened like mine. You, the possessor of my wealth—my treasure—could not buy your children's loving care and company with your millions, any more than I could keep mine in my poverty. You were to-night lonely and forsaken, as I was. We were equal, for the first time in our lives. If that cursed gold had dropped down the shaft between us into the hell from which it sprang, we might have clasped hands like brothers across the chasm."

Mulrady, who in a friendly show of being at his ease had not yet resumed his coat, rose in his shirt sleeves, and, standing before the hearth, straightened his square figure by drawing down his waistcoat on each side with two powerful thumbs. After a moment's contemplative survey of the floor between him and the speaker, he raised his eyes to Slinn. They were small and colourless; the forehead above them was low, and crowned with a shock of tawny reddish hair; even the rude strength of his lower features was enfeebled by a long straggling goat-like beard; but for the first time in his life the whole face was impressed and transformed with a strong and simple dignity.

"Ez far ez I kin see, Slinn," he said gravely, "the pint between you and me aint to be settled by our children, or wot we allow is doo and right from them to us. Afore we preach at them for playing in the slumgullion, and gettin' themselves splashed, perhaps we mout ez well remember that that thar slumgullion comes from our own sluice-boxes, where we wash our gold. So we'll just put *them* behind us, so"—he continued, with a backward sweep of his powerful hand towards the chimney—"and goes on. The next thing that crops up ahead of us, is your three years in the hospital, and wot you went through at that time. I aint sayin' it wasn't rough on you, and that you didn't have it about as big as it's made; but ez you'll allow that you'd hev had that for three years, whether I'd found your mine or whether I hadn't, I think we can put that behind us, too. There's nothin' now left to prospect but your story of your strike. Well, take your own proofs. Masters is not here; and if he was, accordin' to your own story, he knows nothin' of your strike that day, and could only prove you were a disappointed prospector in a tunnel: your letter—that the person you wrote to never got—you can't produce; and if you did, would be only your own story without proof! There is not a business man ez would look at your claim; there isn't a friend of yours that wouldn't believe you were crazy, and dreamed it all; there isn't a rival of yours ez wouldn't say ez you'd invented it. Slinn, I'm a business man—I am your friend—I am your rival—but I don't think you're lyin'—I don't think you're crazy—and I'm not sure your claim aint a good one!"

"Ef you reckon from that that I'm goin' to hand you over the mine to-morrow," he went on, after a pause, raising his hand with a deprecating gesture, "you're mistaken. For your own sake, and the sake of my wife and children, you've got to prove it more clearly than you hev; but I promise you that from this night forward I will spare neither time nor money to help you to do it. I have more than doubled the amount that you would have had had you taken the mine the day you came from the hospital. When you prove to me that your story is true—and we will find some way to prove it, if it is true—that amount will be yours at once, without the need of a word from law or lawyers. If you want my name to that in black and white, come to the office to-morrow, and you shall have it."

"And you think I'll take it now?" said the old man, passionately. "Do you think that your charity will bring back my dead wife, the three years of my lost life, the love and respect of my children? Or do you think that your own wife and children, who deserted you in your wealth, will come back to you in your poverty? No! Let the mine stay with its curse where it is—I'll have none of it!"

"Go slow, old man; go slow," said Mulrady, quietly, putting on his coat. "You will take the mine if it is yours; if it isn't, I'll keep it. If it is yours, you will give your children a chance to show what they can do for you in your sudden prosperity, as I shall give mine a chance to show how they can stand reverse and disappointment. If my head is level—and I reckon it is—they'll both pan out all right."

He turned and opened the door. With a quick revulsion of feeling, Slinn suddenly seized Mulrady's hand between both of his own, and raised it to his lips. Mulrady smiled, disengaged his hand gently, and saying soothingly, "Go slow, old man; go slow," closed the door behind him, and passed out into the clear Christmas dawn.

For the stars, with the exception of one that seemed to sparkle brightly over the shaft of his former fortunes, were slowly paling. A burden seemed to have fallen from his square shoulders as he stepped out sturdily into the morning air. He had already forgotten the lonely man behind him, for he was thinking only of his wife and daughter. And at the same moment they were thinking of him; and in their elaborate villa overlooking the blue Mediterranean at Cannes, were discussing, in the event of Mamie's marriage with Prince Rosso e Negro, the possibility of Mr. Mulrady's paying two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the gambling debts of that unfortunate but deeply conscientious nobleman.

## CHAPTER VI.

When Alvin Mulrady re-entered his own house, he no longer noticed its loneliness. Whether the events of the last few hours had driven it from his mind, or whether his late reflections had reaped it with his family under pleasanter auspices, it would be difficult to determine. Destitute as he was of imagination, and matter-of-fact in his judgments, he realised his new situation as calmly as he would have considered any business proposition. While he was decided to act upon his moral convictions purely, he was prepared to submit the facts of Slinn's claim to the usual patient and laborious investigation of his practical mind. It was the least he could do to justify the ready and almost superstitious assent he had given to Slinn's story.

When he had made a few memoranda at his desk by the growing light, he again took the key of the attic, and ascended to the loft that held the tangible memories of his past life. If he was still under the influence of his reflections, it was with very different sensations that he now regarded them. Was it possible that these ashes might be warmed again, and these scattered embers rekindled? His practical sense said No! whatever his wish might have been. A sudden chill came over him; he began to realise the terrible change that was probable, more by the impossibility of his accepting the old order of things, than by his voluntarily abandoning the new. His wife and children would never submit. They would go

away from this place—far away, where no reminiscence of either former wealth or former poverty could obtrude itself upon them. Mamie—his Mamie—should never go back to the cabin, since desecrated by Slinn's daughters, and take their places. No! Why should she?—because of the half-sick, half-crazy dreams of an old vindictive man?

He stopped suddenly. In moodily turning over a heap of mining clothing, blankets, and indiarubber boots, he had come upon an old pickaxe—the one he had found in the shaft; the one he had carefully preserved for a year, and then forgotten! Why had he not remembered it before? He was frightened, not only at this sudden resurrection of the proof he was seeking, but at his own fateful forgetfulness. Why had he never thought of this when Slinn was speaking? A sense of shame, as if he had voluntarily withheld it from the wronged man, swept over him. He was turning away, when he was again startled.

This time it was by a voice from below—a voice calling him—Slinn's voice. How had the crippled man got here so soon, and what did he want? He hurriedly laid aside the pick, which, in his first impulse, he had taken to the door of the loft with him, and descended the stairs. The old man was standing at the door of his office awaiting him.

As Mulrady approached, he trembled violently, and clung to the doorpost for support.

"I had to come over, Mulrady," he said, in a choked voice; "I could stand it there no longer. I've come to beg you to forget all that I have said; to drive all thought of what passed between us last night out of your head and mine for ever! I've come to ask you to swear with me that neither of us will ever speak of this again for ever. It is not worth the happiness I have had in your friendship for the last half-year; it is not worth the agony I have suffered in its loss in the last half-hour."

Mulrady grasped his outstretched hand. "P'raps," he said, gravely, "there mayn't be any use for another word, if you can answer one now. Come with me. No matter," he added, as Slinn moved with difficulty; "I will help you."

He half-supported, half-lifted the paralysed man up the three flights of stairs, and opened the door of the loft. The pick was leaning against the wall, where he had left it. "Look around, and see if you recognise anything."

The old man's eyes fell upon the implement in a half-frightened way, and then lifted themselves interrogatively to Mulrady's face.

"Do you know that pick?"

Slinn raised it in his trembling hands. "I think I do; and yet—"

"Slinn! is it yours?"

"No," he said, hurriedly.

"Then what makes you think you know it?"

"It has a short handle like one I've seen."

"And it isn't yours?"

"No. The handle of mine was broken and spliced. I was too poor to buy a new one."

"Then you say that this pick which I found in my shaft is not yours?"

"Yes."

"Slinn!"

The old man passed his hand across his forehead, looked at Mulrady, and dropped his eyes. "It is not mine," he said, simply.

"That will do," said Mulrady, gravely.

"And you will not speak of this again?" said the old man, timidly.

"I promise you—not until I have some more evidence."

He kept his word, but not before he had extorted from Slinn as full a description of Masters as his imperfect memory and still more imperfect knowledge of his former neighbour could furnish. He placed this with a large sum of money, and the promise of a still larger reward, in the hands of a trustworthy agent. When this was done he resumed his old relations with Slinn, with the exception that the domestic letters of Mrs. Mulrady and Mamie were no longer a subject of comment, and their bills no longer passed through his private secretary's hands.

Three months passed; the rainy season had ceased, the hillsides around Mulrady's shaft were bridal-like with flowers; indeed, there were rumours of an approaching fashionable marriage in the air, and vague hints in the *Record* that the presence of a distinguished capitalist might soon be required abroad. The face of that distinguished man did not, however, reflect the gaiety of nature nor the anticipation of happiness; on the contrary, for the past few weeks, he had appeared disturbed and anxious, and that rude tranquillity which had characterised him was wanting. People shook their heads; a few suggested speculations; all agreed on extravagance.

One morning, after office hours, Slinn, who had been watching the care-worn face of his employer, suddenly rose and limped to his side.

"We promised each other," he said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "never to allude to our talk of Christmas Eve again, unless we had other proofs of what I told you then. We have none; I don't believe we'll ever have any more; I don't care if we ever do, and I break that promise now because I cannot bear to see you unhappy and know that this is the cause."

Mulrady made a motion of deprecation, but the old man continued:

"You are unhappy, Alvin Mulrady. You are unhappy because you want to give your daughter a dowry of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and you will not use the fortune that you think may be mine."

"Who's been talking about a dowry?" asked Mulrady, with an angry flush.

"Don Caesar Alvarado told my daughter."

"Then that is why he has thrown off on me since he returned," said Mulrady, with sudden small malevolence, "just that he might unload his gossip because Mamie wouldn't have him. The old woman was right in warnin' me agin him."

The outburst was so unlike him, and so dwarfed his large though common nature with its littleness, that it was easy to detect its feminine origin, although it filled Slinn with vague alarm.

"Never mind him," said the old man, hastily; "what I wanted to say now is that I abandon everything to you and yours. There are no proofs; there never will be any more than what we know, than what we have tested and found wanting. I swear to you that, except to show you that I have not lied and am not crazy, I would destroy them on their way to your hands. Keep the money, and spend it as you will. Make your daughter happy, and, through her, yourself. You have made me happy through your liberality, don't make me suffer through your privation."

"I tell you what, old man," said Mulrady, rising to his feet, with an awkward mingling of frankness and shame in his manner and accent, "I should like to pay that money for Mamie, and let her be a Princess, if it would make her happy. I should like to shut the lantern jaws of that Don Caesar, who'd be too glad if anything happened to break off Mamie's match, but I shouldn't touch that capital—unless you'd lend it to me. If you'll take a note from me, payable if the

property ever becomes yours, I'd thank you. A mortgage on the old house and garden, and the lands I bought of Don Caesar, outside the mine, will screen you."

"If that pleases you," said the old man, with a smile, "have your way; and if I tear up the note, it does not concern you."

It did please the distinguished capitalist of Rough-and-Ready; for the next few days his face wore a brightened expression, and he seemed to have recovered his old tranquillity. There was, in fact, a slight touch of consequence in his manner, the first ostentation he had ever indulged in, when he was informed one morning at his private office that Don Caesar Alvarado was in the counting-house, desiring a few moments' conference. "Tell him to come in," said Mulrady, shortly. The door opened upon Don Caesar—erect, fallow, and grave. Mulrady had not seen him since his return from Europe, and even his inexperienced eyes were struck with the undeniable ease and grace with which the young Spanish-American had assimilated the style and fashion of an older civilisation. It seemed rather as if he had returned to a familiar condition than adopted a new one.

"Take a cheer," said Mulrady.

The young man looked at Slinn with quietly persistent significance.

"You can talk all the same," said Mulrady, accepting the significance. "He's my private secretary."

"It seems that for that reason we might choose another moment for our conversation," returned Don Caesar, haughtily. "Do I understand you cannot see me now?"

Mulrady hesitated. He had always revered and recognised a certain social superiority in Don Ramon Alvarado; somehow his son—a young man of half his age, and once a possible son-in-law—appeared to claim that recognition also. He rose, without a word, and preceded Don Caesar up-stairs into his drawing-room. The alien portrait on the wall seemed to evidently take sides with Don Caesar, as against the common intruder, Mulrady.

"I hoped the Señora Mulrady might have saved me this interview," said the young man, stiffly; "or at least have given you some intimation of the reason why I seek it. As you just now proposed my talking to you in the presence of the unfortunate Señor Esslinn himself, it appears she has not."

"I don't know what you're driving at, or what Mrs. Mulrady's got to do with Slinn or you," said Mulrady, in angry uneasiness.

"Do I understand," said Don Caesar, sternly, "that Señora Mulrady has not told you that I entrusted to her an important letter, belonging to Señor Esslinn, which I had the honour to discover in the wood, six months ago, and which she said she would refer to you?"

"Letter?" echoed Mulrady, slowly, "my wife had a letter of Slinn's?"

Don Caesar regarded the Millionaire attentively. "It is as I feared," he said gravely. "You do not know, or you would not have remained silent." He then briefly recounted the story of his finding Slinn's letter, his exhibition of it to the invalid, its disastrous effect upon him, and his innocent discovery of the contents. "I believed myself at that time on the eve of being allied with your family, Señor Mulrady," he said, haughtily; "and when I found myself in possession of a secret which affected its integrity and good name, I did not choose to leave it in the helpless hands of its imbecile owner, or his sillier children, but proposed to trust it to the care of the Señora, that she and you might deal with it as became your honour and mine. I followed her to Paris, and gave her the letter there. She affected to laugh at any pretension of the writer, or any claim he might have on your bounty; but she kept the letter and, I fear, destroyed it. You will understand, Señor Mulrady, that when I found that my attentions were no longer agreeable to your daughter, I had no longer the right to speak to you on the subject, nor could I, without misapprehension, force her to return it. I should have still kept the secret to myself, if I had not since my return here made the nearer acquaintance of Señor Esslinn's daughters. I cannot present myself at his house, as a suitor for the hand of the Señorita Vashti, until I have asked his absolution for my complicity in the wrong that has been done to him. I cannot, as a caballero, do that without your permission. It is for that purpose I am here."

It needed only this last blow to complete the humiliation that whitened Mulrady's face. But his eye was none the less clear and his voice none the less steady as he turned to Don Caesar.

"You know perfectly the contents of that letter?"

"I have kept a copy of it."

"Come with me."

He preceded his visitor down the staircase and back into his private office. Slinn looked up at his employer's face in unrestrained anxiety. Mulrady sat down at his desk, wrote a few hurried lines and rang a bell. A manager appeared from the counting-room.

"Send that to the bank."

He wiped his pen as methodically as if he had not at that moment countermanded the order to pay his daughter's dowry, and turned quietly to Slinn.

"Don Caesar Alvarado has found the letter you wrote your wife on the day you made your strike in the tunnel that is now my shaft. He gave the letter to Mrs. Mulrady; but he has kept a copy."

Unheeding the frightened gesture of entreaty from Slinn, equally with the unfeigned astonishment of Don Caesar, who was entirely unprepared for this revelation of Mulrady's and Slinn's confidences, he continued, "He has brought the copy with him. I reckon it would be only square for you to compare it with what you remember of the original."

In obedience to a gesture from Mulrady, Don Caesar mechanically took from his pocket a folded paper, and handed it to the paralytic. But Slinn's trembling fingers could scarcely unfold the paper; and as his eyes fell upon its contents, his convulsive lips could not articulate a word.

"P'raps I'd better read it for you," said Mulrady, gently.

"You kin follow me and stop me when I go wrong." He took the paper, and, in a dead silence, read as follows:—

"Dear Wife,—I've just struck gold in my tunnel, and you must get ready to come here with the children, at once. It was after six months' hard work; and I'm so weak I . . . It's a fortune for us all. We should be rich even if it were only a branch vein dipping west towards the next tunnel, instead of dipping east, according to my theory."

"Stop!" said Slinn, in a voice that shook the room.

Mulrady looked up.

"It's wrong, aint it?" he asked, anxiously; "it should be east towards the next tunnel."

"No! It's right! I am wrong! We're all wrong!"

Slinn had risen to his feet, erect and inspired. "Don't you see," he almost screamed, with passionate vehemence; "it's Masters' abandoned tunnel your shaft has struck? Not mine! It was Masters' pick you found! I know it now!"

"And your own tunnel?" said Mulrady, springing to his feet in his excitement. "And your strike?"

"Is still there!"

The next instant, and before another question could be asked, Slinn had darted from the room. In the exaltation of that supreme discovery he regained the full control of mind and body. Mulrady and Don Caesar, no less excited, followed him precipitately, and with difficulty kept up with his feverish speed. Their way lay along the base of the hill below Mulrady's shaft, and on a line with Master's abandoned tunnel. Only once he stopped to snatch a pick from the hand of an astonished Chinaman at work in a ditch, as he still kept on his way, a quarter of a mile beyond the shaft. Here he stopped before a jagged hole in the hillside. Bared to the sky and air, the very openness of its abandonment, its unpropitious position, and distance from the strike in Mulrady's shaft had no doubt preserved its integrity from wayfarer or prospector.

"You can't go in there alone and without a light," said Mulrady, laying his hand on the arm of the excited man. "Let me get more help and proper tools."

"I know every step in the dark as in the daylight," returned Slinn, struggling. "Let me go, while I have yet strength and reason! Stand aside!"

He broke from them, and the next moment was swallowed up in the yawning blackness. They waited with bated breath until, after a seeming eternity of night and silence, they heard his returning footsteps, and ran forward to meet him. As he was carrying something clasped to his breast, they supported him to the opening. But at the same moment the object of his search, and his burden, a misshapen wedge of gold and quartz, dropped with him, and both fell together with equal immobility to the ground. He had still strength to turn his fading eyes to the other Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready, who leaned over him.

"You—see," he gasped, brokenly, "I was not—crazy!"

No. He was dead!

THE END.

## The Coloured Illustration.

### "LITTLE MISS MUFFET."

If anyone's thinking  
Miss Muffet sat shrinking  
From a spider in fear,  
Or fled it in terror,  
He is surely in error,  
And wrongs the sweet dear.

Should a big one alight on her,  
Do you think it would frighten her?  
Not an atom of this.  
She scared by a spider!  
O foolish derider,  
You know not our Miss.

She is brave as she's charming,  
And sees naught alarming  
In spiders of girth;  
But, rather fastidious,  
Recoils from aught hideous,  
And gives it wide berth.

I think, though, our fair one—  
A sweet, lovely, rare one,  
As shown by Millais—  
So well-bred and sprightly,  
Might have said, quite politely,  
"Mr. Spider, good-day."

Ah! Little Miss Muffet,  
You'll sure have to buffet  
A worse ill than this:  
Don't reckon through life, dear,  
As maiden or wife, dear,  
To find perfect bliss.

Suppose, for example—  
One instance is ample—  
You're a lady full grown,  
Have made quite a dash in  
The gay world of fashion,  
With a house of your own;..

And in it one morning,  
Without any warning,  
Drops on you a Bore—  
Most tiresome of creatures,  
With a smirk on his features,  
And cringing all o'er.

The booby egregious  
Drawls slowly his tedious  
Dull stories for you;  
And, maundering, lingers,  
Until toes and fingers  
Fain beat a tattoo.

Or, worse, the sad vandal  
Weaves a thick web of scandal,  
As a spider for flies;  
Close-spinning it round you,  
Until he has bound you  
In a tissue of lies.

So, Miss, I beseech you,  
Let this lesson teach you;  
Pray, keep it in store:  
Bad though the present,  
Far less unpleasant  
A Spider than Bore.—J. L. LATEY.

"Little Miss Muffet" comes, in point of time, almost as the conclusion of the series of child-portraits in which Sir John Millais allowed his fancy to wander free. The picture was painted in 1884, and was intended for Mr. Wertheimer; but before it was seen by the public it passed into the possession of Mr. Thomas Maclean, and, with "The Mistletoe Gatherer" and "A Message from the Sea," formed the principal attraction of Mr. Maclean's autumn exhibition in the Haymarket in that year. It was at the time pronounced by general opinion as one of the most successful works of Sir J. Millais, a verdict which was fully confirmed when, a year later, it found a distinguished place in the artist's collected works at the Grosvenor Gallery. Engraved by Mr. Cousins, R.A., for Mr. Maclean—who, after disposing of the original work to Mr. T. Keiller, of Dundee, retained the copyright—it at once took with the public; and the demand for "Little Miss Muffet" in this form has equalled that for some of Reynolds' favourite works. The reason of this is not far to seek: it appeals to the public without affectation or exaggeration, and touches a chord of human sympathy which pervades every class.



1. We write out letters of invitation to the aristocracy and a lot more besides.  
2. Who all come to the party. 3. Our preparations are extensive.

4. The after-dinner speeches were a great success.  
5. And so was the ball.  
6. Some of the party seek amusement under the mistletoe.

7. Others we invite to a mouse-hunt.  
8. And the fun was fast and furious when we form a ring and play at hunt-the-slipper.

A KITTENS' CHRISTMAS PARTY.  
DRAWN BY LOUIS WAIN.

9. Also! In early morning we are compelled to sit in solemn council to devise a means to break up the party, as the kittens won't go. A terror ghost—the very thing!

10. Our plan is effectual.  
11. And we retire, worn out, and sleep the sleep of peace, and dream of mice and dicky-birds.

Seus Wain.

## CHRISTMAS CONTRASTS.

Our Christmas festival has always been more or less influenced by fashion, the usages in honour of its observance having varied in different periods of English history. Hence, it is interesting to contrast the customs associated with it; for however much these may have been unlike one another, their object in each case has been to do homage, with festive mirth, to the joyous season which proclaims "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." Although, at the present day, Christmastide is no longer marked by those too profuse exhibitions of conviviality which incurred reproach in olden times, the rejoicings are not less hearty or spontaneous. Happily, the excesses which only too frequently characterised the Christmas merry-makings of our forefathers have disappeared under the progressive refinement which has made its impress on the social life of the present century. It must be remembered, too, that if the hospitalities of modern days stand in vivid contrast with the prodigal heaps of dainties which were once consumed at the Royal and public entertainments on Christmas Day, far greater enjoyment is caused on this festival, now-a-days, by the family gatherings throughout the length and breadth of our land. We might mention, also, the large sums which are distributed in charities at this season, wherewith many a home of the poor and destitute is gladdened, in addition to the thousands in our hospitals and workhouses, whose sufferings and hardships are for once forgotten in the liberal fare supplied them, while efforts are made to cheer and brighten even the poorest man's fireside. Christmas may not be heralded in by the brilliant festivities of years gone by, but the spirit of munificent charity at this season imparts to it a grace and charm which have become proverbial throughout the civilised world. It is to be hoped, too, that the good old practice of family gatherings at this season will long survive in our midst; this custom, as it has often been remarked, going hand-in-hand with that kindly feeling of liberality to which we have referred.

On the other hand, we can scarcely conceive how, even when religious and political views were most strained, objection should have been made to the name and observance of Christmas. But we know how the Puritans styled the festival Christ-tide, in order to avoid using the word "mass." Henry Burton, the companion of Prynne and Bastwick in the Star Chamber and on the pillory, makes a great point of this circumstance in his "Appeal and Apology," 1636-7; so that Heylyn, in his "Answer" to him, remarks, "Christ-tide—take heed of Christmass, by all means." Furthermore, in Manningham's "Diary," 1602, a Puritan inviting his friend desired him to come and take part of a "nativity pie at Christ-tide." As most readers, also, are aware, during the Commonwealth the festivities connected with this season were suppressed, and Evelyn tells us how, as no church was permitted to be open, he "was fain to pass the devotions of this Blessed Day with his family at home." But with the Restoration there came a change, and Christmas Day was again celebrated as

heretofore; and Evelyn notes that Dr. Rainbow preached before the King, when the service was performed with music, voices, &c., as formerly. How far, too, as a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* has pointed out, the change extended may be estimated by such facts as the following. In the year 1725 even the inmates of the workhouse at Barking, Essex, had "roast beef at the three great festivals and plum-pudding at Christmas"; and at Findon, in Northamptonshire, "at Christmas they learn to make mince'd pies" for their own eating. But the prejudices of the Puritan party, even at the Restoration, were not forgotten, and many refused to eat mince-pies: a fact which caused Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of Butler," to write:—"We have never been witness of animosities excited by the use of mince-pies and plum-pudding, nor seen with what abhorrence those who could eat them at all other times of the year, would shrink from them in December." Indeed, so much were mince-pies considered as connected with Christmas that, adds Mr. Sandys, in his "Christmastide," they almost served as a test for religious opinions. Bunyan, when in confinement and distress for a comfortable meal, refused to injure his morals by eating mince-pies, when he might have done so. We may congratulate ourselves that such foolish antipathies have long ago passed away, and that the mince-pie is not a subject of quarrel; but there is a superstitious fancy that in as many houses as we eat them during Christmas, so many happy months shall we have in the ensuing year:—a piece of folk-lore which, equally applies to Christmas pudding.

One of the leading characteristics of our Christmas observances of recent years has been the transmission of cards with congratulatory wishes, a fashion which, whilst materially affecting the revenue of the Post Office, gives employment to thousands of hands, constituting as it does a new branch of trade. At the same time, in referring to the custom which has taken such a strong hold on English society, it is curious to note what Brady in his "Clavis Calendaria," 1812, says about "Christmas Wishes" at the commencement of the present century:—"The ancient, friendly, and benevolent custom of wishing a happy new year is so generally exploded that a person must either be helped with the favour of fortune, or well known as a man of talent to venture his consequence by now offering so familiar an address. Few above the lowest class of society attempt to intrude any good wishes for the happiness or success of his neighbour, lest, if they escape the imputation of unlicensed freedom, they be deemed vulgar and ignorant of what is called fashionable life. Even the modern expression of 'Compliments of the season' has given way before universal refinement, and is sanctioned only in family circles among intimate friends." It is difficult to regard these remarks as serious, especially after perusing Mr. Ashton's interesting volume "The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century," which gives such a graphic account of the manners of society at this period. Once more, of the numberless customs which have, in the course of years, clustered round our Christmas festival, none are more curious than those relating to many of our manors—Christmas having been one of the appointed seasons for rendering services for tenures. Thus, a Percy, a scion of the noble house of Louvain, held property at Levington, Yorkshire, by repair-

ing to Skelton Castle on Christmas Day, and leading the lady of the castle therefrom to chapel, and thence back again, afterwards dining with her before he departed. In the Boston municipal records mention is made of fat capons as part of an annual rent of Corporation land in the year 1601; and elsewhere we read of rendering a rose at Christmas.

## A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

A merry Christmas! May your cares  
In golden floods of joy be drowned;  
Forget awhile your worldly wares,  
And send the brimming love-cups round.  
The feast is set. Come, young and old,  
And laugh awhile at changeless fate;  
Secure within the Christmas fold,  
Where watchful Love maintains the gate.

Strong Love, that lives in spite of care,  
And laughs at time. The load of years,  
Our bitter strife, and cold despair,  
Our vain regrets, and idle tears,  
Are lost amid Love's cloudless light—  
All fare alike beneath Love's sway,  
And all are welcome—none may slight  
The wayward sheep that seek to stay.

All fare alike—the old and young,  
The rich and poor, the mean and great,  
From every land, of every tongue,  
For careful Love makes wide the gate;  
And led by Love's far-reaching light  
They come—a vast unnumbered throng,  
Whose hearts are tuned, this Christmas night,  
To sing the endless Christmas song.—R. M.

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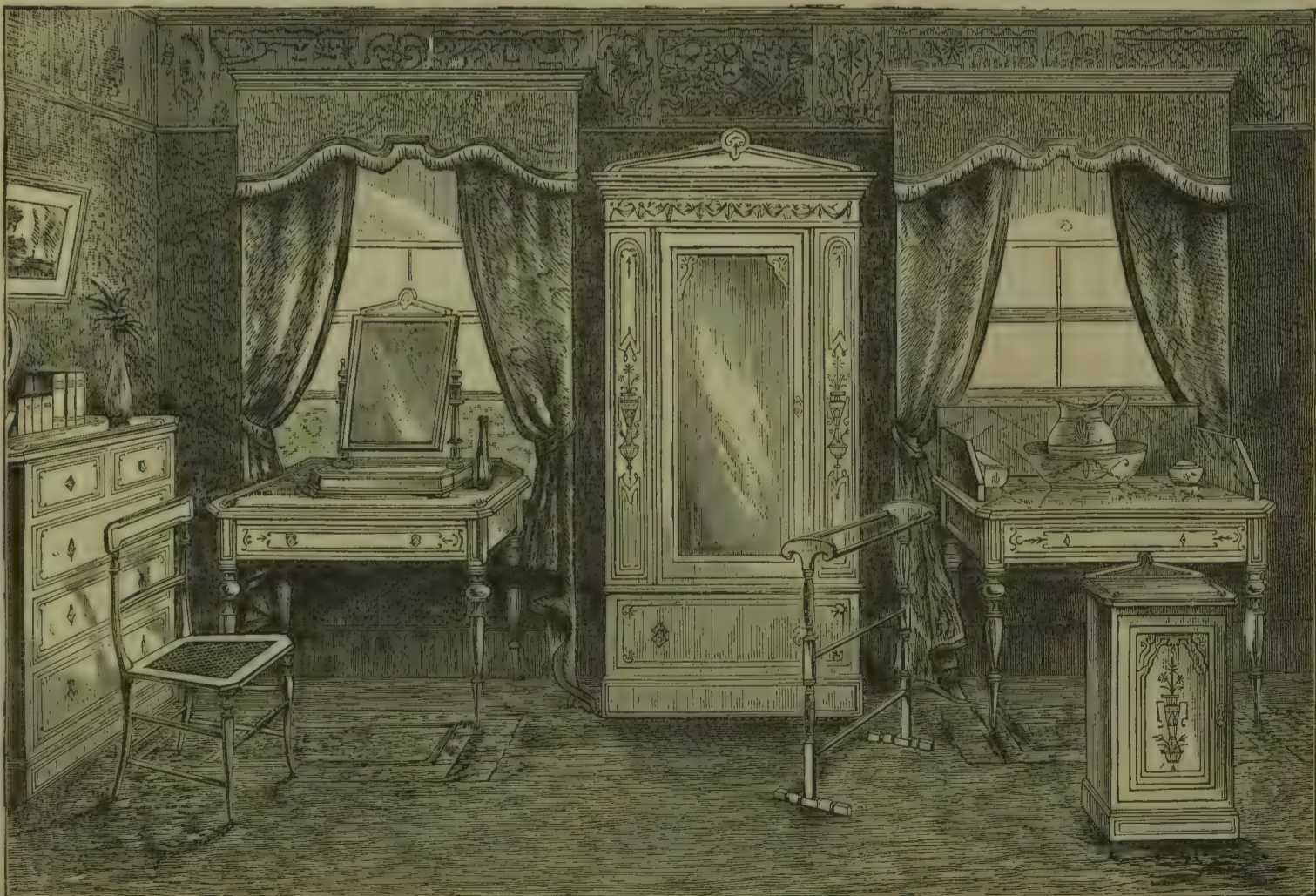
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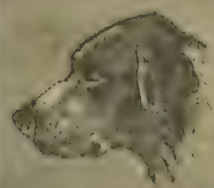
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Dec. 23, 1885.  
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with most satisfactory results. G. P. BLAKE, Colonel,  
Master of Surrey Union Foxhounds.

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and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also  
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for the last two years, and have suffered very little since  
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Master of the Radnorshire Hounds.

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From J. H. MACKENZIE, Esq., Bellerive, Whitehaven.  
January, 1886.

Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables;  
I find it most useful, and would not like to be without it. If  
used in time it always stops a cold or cough.

J. HUGH MACKENZIE,  
Master of Whitehaven Harriers.

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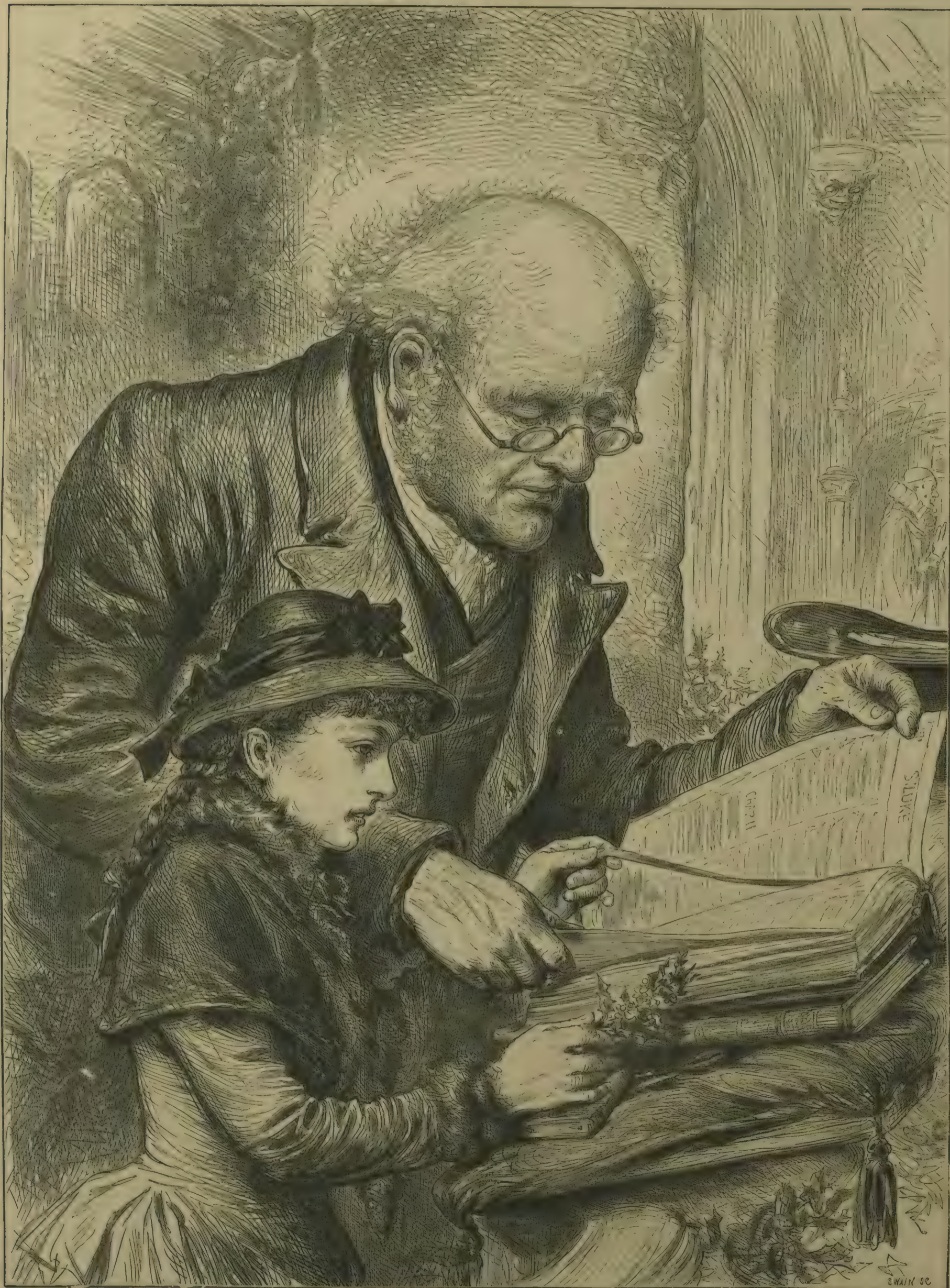
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On Christmas morn the clerk goes round  
Our parish church with extra care,  
All placing, as in duty bound,  
In order for the hour of prayer.

THE LESSON FOR THE DAY.

DRAWN BY A. HUNT.

Attended by his grandchild, he  
Marks, ready at the Rector's hand,  
Where First and Second Lessons be,  
And all the ritual, simply grand.



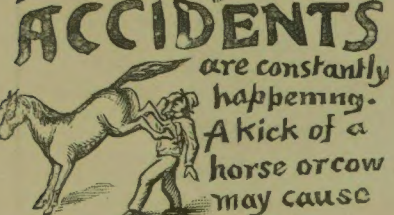
SOME OF MY PARTNERS.

Fanny's Fanny Sketches at Mrs. T.'s Dance. MEM.: The central group was not done by Fanny.

DRAWN BY HAL LUDLOW.



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8 Large Glasses of Delicious Custard at a Cost of 2D

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by using BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER. The Original and only Genuine. No eggs required. Saves half the cost, and is half the trouble. Sold Everywhere, in 6d. and 1s. Boxes and 2d. Packets. Recipes for tasty dishes enclosed in each box. To prevent disappointment, see that each packet bears the name of the Inventors and Manufacturers, ALFRED BIRD and SONS, Devonshire Works, Birmingham.

**PASTRY & SWEETS.** FREE PER POST. ALFRED BIRD and SONS, Birmingham, will send, post-free, on receipt of address, the new and enlarged edition of "PASTRY AND SWEETS," a little work containing practical hints and original recipes for tasty dishes for the dinner and supper table.

A Pure, Soluble Dry Soap, in fine powder. Softens Water. Lathers Freely in Hard Water—Cold Water—Soft Water—Hot Water. Packets, 1d. and upwards.



Use it Every Day. For Clothes, Linen, Knives, Forks, Dishes, Saucepans, and all Domestic Washing. Refuse Imitations—Insist upon Hudson's.

## JAMES' "DOME" BLACK LEAD.

Used in the Royal Household.

This Black Lead has distanced all Competitors at the International Exhibitions; obtaining in EVERY CASE the HIGHEST AWARDS on account of its brilliancy and rapidly polishing properties.

CAUTION.—Its great popularity has led to a flood of Imitations. To avoid disappointment, purchasers should see that each block bears the name "James'."

E. JAMES and SONS, Sole Makers, PLYMOUTH.

## Rowlands' Kalydor

is a most soothing, healing, and refreshing wash for the face, hands, and arms; it eradicates freckles, tan, sunburn, redness and roughness of the skin caused by cold winds or the use of hard water, relieves chilblains, inflamed eyes, burns, scalds, eczema, erysipelas, etc., renders a chapped and rough skin delightfully smooth and pleasant, and produces a

BEAUTIFUL AND DELICATE COMPLEXION.

It is warranted to be perfectly free from all lead, mineral, or poisonous ingredients. And, to prevent fraud, has on the stopper a 6d. Government stamp. Beware of cheap noxious imitations, as Rowlands' Kalydor is the only genuine article. It can now be had in bottles of half the usual size at 2/3, including Government stamp.

## ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

prevents the hair falling off or becoming dry during cold weather, and can be also had in a golden colour for fair-haired people.

## ROWLANDS' ODONTO

whitens the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, and eradicates tartar; contains no acid or gritty substances. Ask anywhere for Rowlands' articles, of 29, Hatton Garden, London, and avoid spurious imitations.

## S. SAINSBURY'S LAVENDER WATER.

Prepared from the finest ENGLISH LAVENDER, without any Foreign whatever.

The strength, refinement, and great lasting quality of this Perfume render it one of the most economical as well as elegant Scents extant.

176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON;

and at the Railway Bookstalls, Haberdashers, &c. Prices, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s. 6d., 6s. Post-free, 3d. extra.

## MENDS EVERYTHING. LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE



Is used by Pullman Palace Car Co., Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., & by thousands of first-class m'frs. & mechanics throughout the world, for all kinds of fine work on Wood, Ivory, Leather, Paper, Glass, Marble, &c.

Awarded GOLD MEDAL at World's Ex'n, London, 1883. Pronounced the

STRONGEST ADHESIVE KNOWN

Sold in tin cans for mechanics and Amateurs, & in bottles for Family use

IT MENDS EVERYTHING.

Wood, Leather, Paper, Ivory, Glass, Chita, Rubber, Stone, Jewellery, Metals, Shoes, Books, Card Albums, Toys, Musical Instruments, Statuary, Farmers' Implements, Furniture, Bric-a-Brac, etc.

STRONG AS IRON. SOLID AS A ROCK.

No Heating—No Preparation—Always Ready. Indispensable every Family. Sold in tin cans for Mechanics and Amateurs. Half Pints, 1s. 6d., Pints, 2s. 9d., and Quart, 4s. 6d. each, and in bottles for family use, at 6d. and 1s. Samples free by post on receipt of stamps or postal order. Sold by the wholesale trade generally, and retailed by Stationers, Fancy Goods Dealers, Grocers, Ironmongers, Chemists, etc., etc. Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

## Allen & Hanburys' A Castor Oil

Tasteless. Pure. Active. Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/1, 1/9 & 3/4.

## EAU DE SUEZ COMFORTABLE TEETH

The only Dentifrice which has solved the problem of how to preserve the Teeth, and is therefore the only Dentifrice which immediately and permanently puts a stop to Toothache.

There are three kinds, distinguished from each other by a Yellow, Green, and Red Silk Thread.

**Eau de Suez Yellow Thread** instantly removes Toothache, however violent it may be, without the slightest inconvenience.

**Eau de Suez Green Thread** must be used as a daily mouth-wash. Those who suffer periodically from toothache, sensitiveness of the teeth and gums, decay, and offensive breath will be entirely relieved, and never suffer again, by using ten or twelve drops in a wineglass of water, to rinse the mouth well night and morning.

**Eau de Suez Red Thread** is used in the same manner as the Green, but is specially adapted for children.

**Suez Tooth Brush.**—This Brush is soft, being made of the finest badger hair. A hard tooth-brush is not only a foolish but a criminal instrument, so to speak. For, by rubbing a soft substance like the gums with a hard brush, the former will evidently become spongy and weakened, thus being no longer of any use in protecting the roots of the teeth, which naturally become exposed, and impart an offensive smell to the breath.

**Suez Orange Tooth Paste** secures the permanent removal of tartar, and by daily use restores the whiteness of the teeth.

The above may be obtained through any Chemists, or direct from **Wilcox and Co.** Green Thread, 3s. 6d.; Yellow Thread, 2s. 9d.; Red Thread, 3s.; Orange Tooth-Paste, 4s. 6d.; Suez Tooth-Brushes, 1s. 6d. Free by Parcels Post.

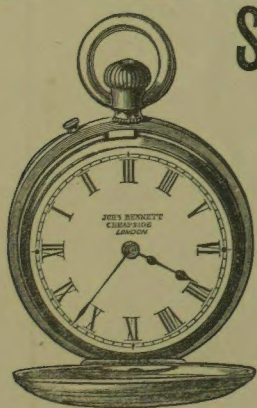
CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each Label bears the name "Wilcox and Co., 239, Oxford-street, London."

## NUBIAN WATERPROOF BLACKING

IS SELF-SHINING. No brushes required. Easily applied with a sponge attached to the cork. Gives an instantaneous elastic polish, lasting a week, which rain, mud, or snow does not affect. Mud can be washed off, and the polish remain the same.

For LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS and SHOES of every description. BAGS, PURSES, HARNES and MILITARY ACCOUTREMENTS, PATENT LEATHER, and all leather articles. Beware of imitations.

The original and only WATERPROOF BLACKING is the NUBIAN. Sold everywhere.



£10.

In return for a £10 Note, free and safe per post, one of

BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS HALF-HUNTING WATCHES.

Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight. Gold chains at manufacturers' prices.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65 & 64, Cheapside.

## SIR JOHN BENNETT,

Watch & Chronometer Manufacturer, 65 & 64, Cheapside, London.

NO MORE WATCH-KEYS.

SIR JOHN BENNETT offers the remainder of his choice and valuable stock of KEY-WINDING WATCHES at 20 per cent discount.

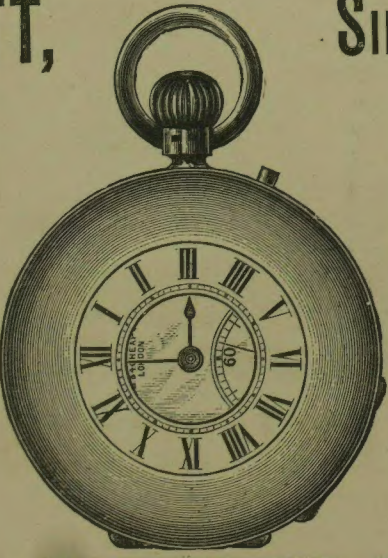
£5.—The CHEAPSIDE 3/4-plate KEY-LESS LEVER WATCH, with chronometer balance, and jewelled in thirteen actions, in strong silver case, with crystal glass. The cheapest watch ever produced. Air, damp, and dust tight. Free and safe per post for £5, at

Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65 & 64, Cheapside.

£15.—In return for Post Office Order, free and safe by post, one of BENNETT'S GENTLEMEN'S GOLD KEYLESS LEVER WATCHES, with chronometer balance, and jewelled in thirteen actions; in all respects a thoroughly sound, useful watch.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65 & 64, Cheapside.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, Watch, Clock, and Jewellery Manufacturer, 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.



£25.—The "SIR JOHN." A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 3/4-plate HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embossed. Free and safe per post.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65, Cheapside, London.

## SIR JOHN BENNETT,

Clock and Jewellery Manufacturer, 65 & 64, Cheapside, London.

CLOCKS.

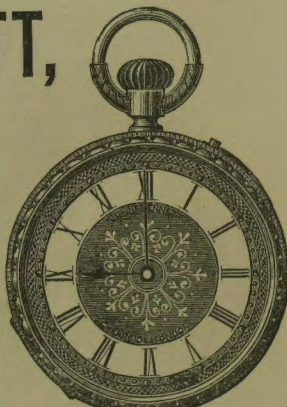
THE FINEST STOCK IN LONDON.

DRAWING-ROOM, DINING-ROOM, HALL, LIBRARY, OFFICE, and other CLOCKS at prices lower than ever. Estimates given for Church, Turret, and other Public Clocks.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, Watch, Clock, and Jewellery Manufacturer, 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

EVERY KIND OF JEWELLERY.

LADIES' GOLD NECKLETS, GUARDS, and ALBERT CHAINS, from £2. GOLD BROOCHES and EARRINGS, from £1. GENTLEMEN'S GOLD ALBERT CHAINS, in all patterns and quantities, from £3. GENTLEMEN'S DIAMOND and SIGNET RINGS. GENTLEMEN'S LINKS, SOLITAIRE, STUDS, &c. Gold Lockets Mounted with Precious Stones, LADIES' GEM, KEEPER, and WEDDING RINGS. A large assortment from £1.



£10.

In return for a £10 Note, free and safe per post, one of

BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES.

Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight. Gold chains at manufacturers' prices.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65 & 64, Cheapside.

## UMBRELLAS FOR PRESENTS.

REASONABLE and SEASONABLE,  
DURABLE and PROCURABLE,

AT  
**SANGSTER AND COMPANY'S,**  
140, Regent-street; 75, Cheapside;  
94, Fleet-street; 10, Royal Exchange.

## CIGARS DE JOY

**ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS**

One of these Cigarettes gives immediate relief in the worst attack of **Asthma, Cough, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, and Shortness of Breath.** Persons who suffer at night with coughing, phlegm, and short breath, find them invaluable, as they instantly check the spasm, promote sleep, and allow the patient to pass a good night. Are perfectly harmless, and may be smoked by ladies, children, and most delicate patients. In Boxes, of 35 Cigarettes, 2s. 6d., from **Wilcox and Co.,** and all Chemists.

**CAUTION.**—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each Box bears the name of "Wilcox and Co., 239, Oxford-street, London."

## WILLIS' OLD ENGLISH QUALITY BRUSSELS CARPETS.

Sold by all Carpet-Dealers  
and Upholsterers in the  
United Kingdom.

WARRANTED FREE FROM SHODDY AND DELETERIOUS DYES.

## What shall I Drink?

The "Lancet" says—"We counsel the public to drink their Lime-juice, a far more wholesome drink than any form of alcohol. We have subjected the samples of the 'Lime-Fruit Juice' of the Montserrat Company to a full analysis, with a view to test its quality and purity. We have found it to be in SOUND CONDITION, and ENTIRELY FREE FROM ADULTERATION."

**MONTSERRAT** Aromatic, Clove,  
LIME-FRUIT JUICE Strawberry, Rasp-  
& CORDIALS. berry, Pineapple,  
Jargonelle, Sarsa-  
parilla, Quinine,  
Peppermint.

LIMETTA, OR PURE  
LIME-JUICE CORDIALS.

Retail from Grocers, Druggists, Wine Merchants, &c., Everywhere.

**CAUTION.**—Great care should be taken to see that the MONTSERRAT COMPANY'S Lime-Fruit Juice and Cordials are supplied, as there are many worthless imitations. The Trade Mark is on Capsule as well as Label of each Bottle.

28 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

# FRY'S PURE COCOA



### TESTIMONIALS.

*The Lancet*—"Pure, free from added starch and sugar, not too rich, and very soluble; in fact, its description agrees exactly with its composition. We wish we could say as much for every popular article of food."

*The Medical Times*—"It is eminently suitable for invalids, as well as for that steadily growing portion of the population who cannot take tea or coffee."

Sir C. A. CAMERON, M.D., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, &c.—"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak; and I strongly recommend it as a substitute for tea for young persons."

Dr. NICHOLAS C. WHYTE, Coroner for the City of Dublin—"There are innumerable varieties of Cocoa, but to my mind incomparably the best is FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. I have been using it myself for some time with manifest advantage. A persistent use of this Cocoa as a substitute for tea would, I am certain, greatly conduce to health. I can only say that it has made a wonderful improvement in my own since I adopted it."

E. M. SHELDON, M.R.C.S., &c.—"It is a very elegant preparation, and about as near perfection as possible. The delicate aroma of the Cocoa is well retained. To invalids, its great solubility and absence of sediment will render it very attractive."

ALFRED CRESPI, M.D.—"The Concentrated Cocoa is excellent; its flavour, solubility, and wholesomeness leave nothing to be desired. I heartily recommend it."

## FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

Prepared by a new and special scientific process, securing extreme solubility, and developing the finest flavour of the Cocoa.

**SOLUBLE — EASILY DIGESTED — ECONOMICAL.**

J. S. FRY and SONS, BRISTOL, LONDON, and SYDNEY, N.S.W.,  
MANUFACTURERS TO THE QUEEN AND PRINCE OF WALES.

"ALWAYS YOUNG."



"ALWAYS FAIR."

BOTTLES, 1s., 2s. 6d., of all CHEMISTS and PERFUMERS.

Sole Makers: **M. BEETHAM and SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.**

## Beetham's AND Glycerine Cucumber

is the Most Perfect Preparation for Preserving and Beautifying THE SKIN ever produced.

ITS EFFECT IN REMOVING ALL  
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, &c.,  
IS ALMOST MAGICAL,

and by its use THE SKIN is rendered

**SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE,**

and preserved from all the ill-effects of

FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER.

No Lady who values her COMPLEXION

should be without it at this Season of the Year.

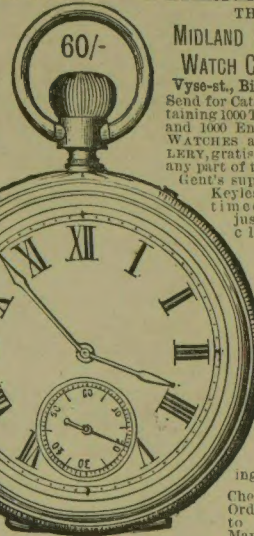
If used after Dancing or visiting heated apartments, it will be found

DELIGHTFULLY COOLING and REFRESHING.

For the NURSERY it is INVALUABLE, as it is PERFECTLY 'HARMLESS.'

### CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

MARVELLOUS  
VALUE!  
THE  
CHEAPEST  
WATCH EVER  
SOLD.



PERCY. Send for our Catalogue, 1000 Illustrations and 1000 unsolicited Testimonials. Gratis and post-free to any part of the world.

**Tonga** The Specific for NEURALGIA. "Tonga maintains its reputation in the treatment of Neuralgia."—Lancet. TONGA is sold at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. Of all Chemists.

THE

## WATERBURY.

THE

BEST THING OF ALL

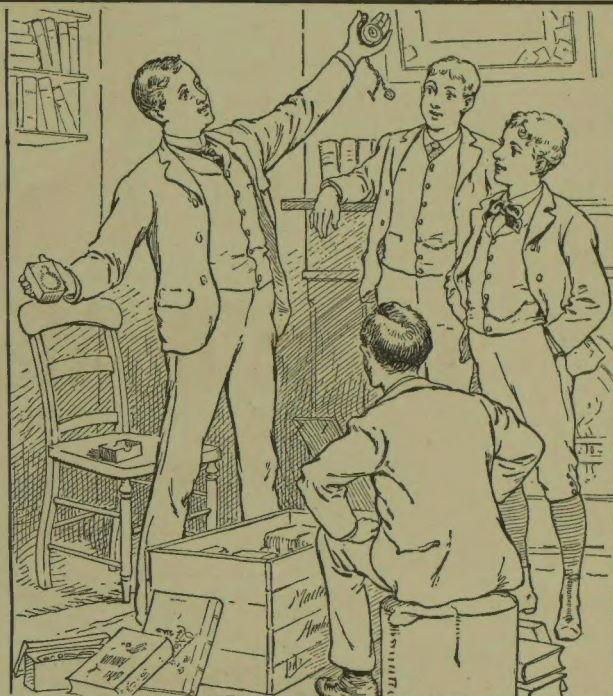
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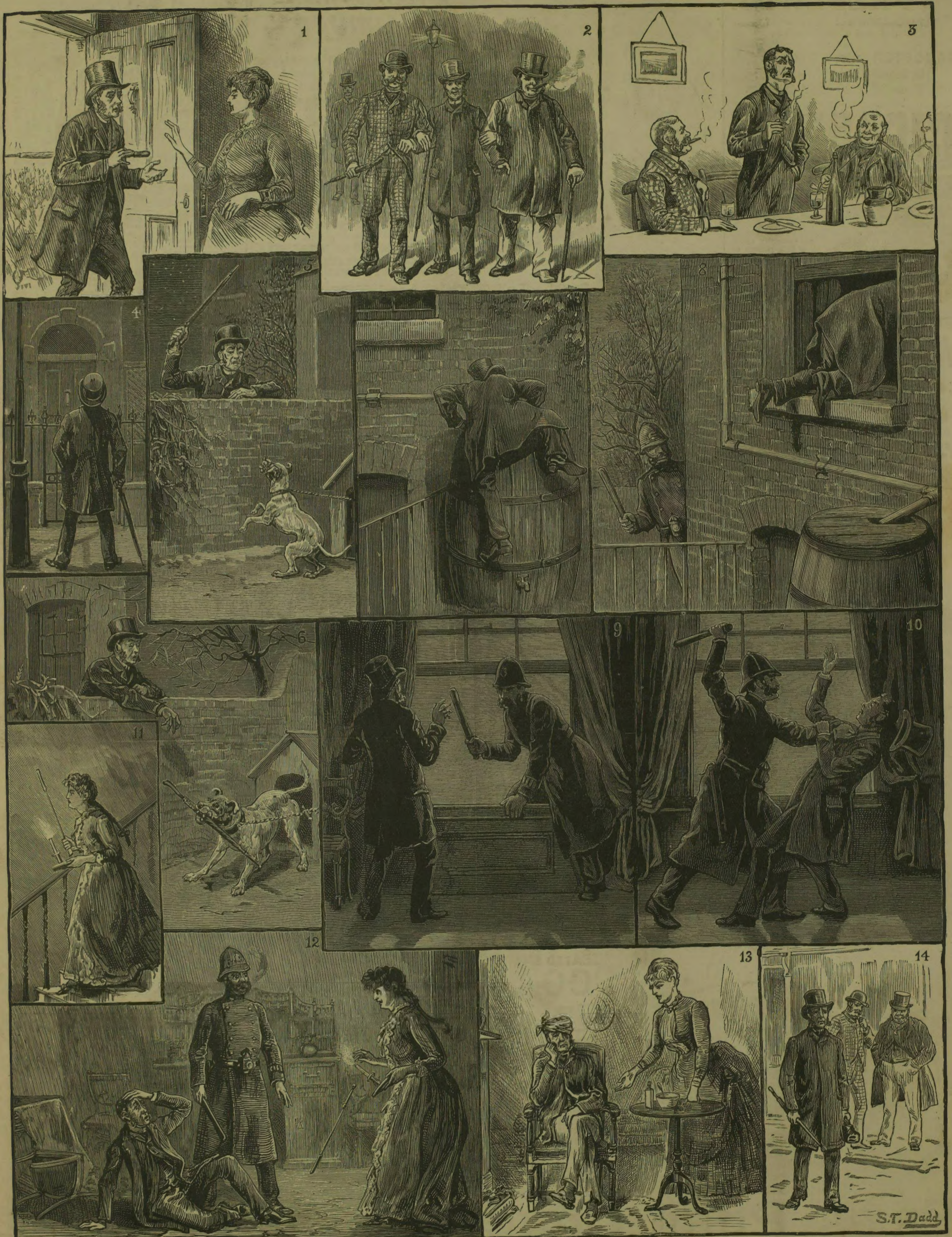
## CHRISTMAS BOX.

Cheapest Time-keeping

WATCH

IN THE WORLD.





1. Mrs. Tompkins' system of Home Rule forbids the use of latch-keys.
2. Tompkins spends the evening with Bodger and Raffles and a few friends.
3. They are convivial, and Tompkins sings a comic song.
4. Arrives home, 2.30 a.m., having purposely left breakfast-room window unfastened.
5. Proceeds to back of house to enter by window. Neighbour's dog is threatening.

6. The animal gets hold of Mr. T.'s umbrella, which somewhat appeases it.
7. And Tompkins, by the water-butt, climbs to window.
8. And enters. But not unobserved. No. 211 Z sees the supposed burglar, and follows.
9. Tompkins turns to close window, and sees a dark form close upon him.

10. He feels an iron grip on his throat, and some hard substance is applied to his head.
11. Mrs. Tompkins, awakened by the noise, determines to know what's up.
12. General consternation.
13. Tompkins did not spend "A Merry Christmas."
14. But the New Year saw him an altered man; and the wiles of Bodger and Raffles are powerless.

## MR. TOMPKINS' ATONEMENT.

DRAWN BY S. T. DADD.